REAL WEST

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
JULY 1973 50¢

Blood Brother of COCHISE

GRATTEN Massacre
The Battle of the Ten Dollar Cow

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

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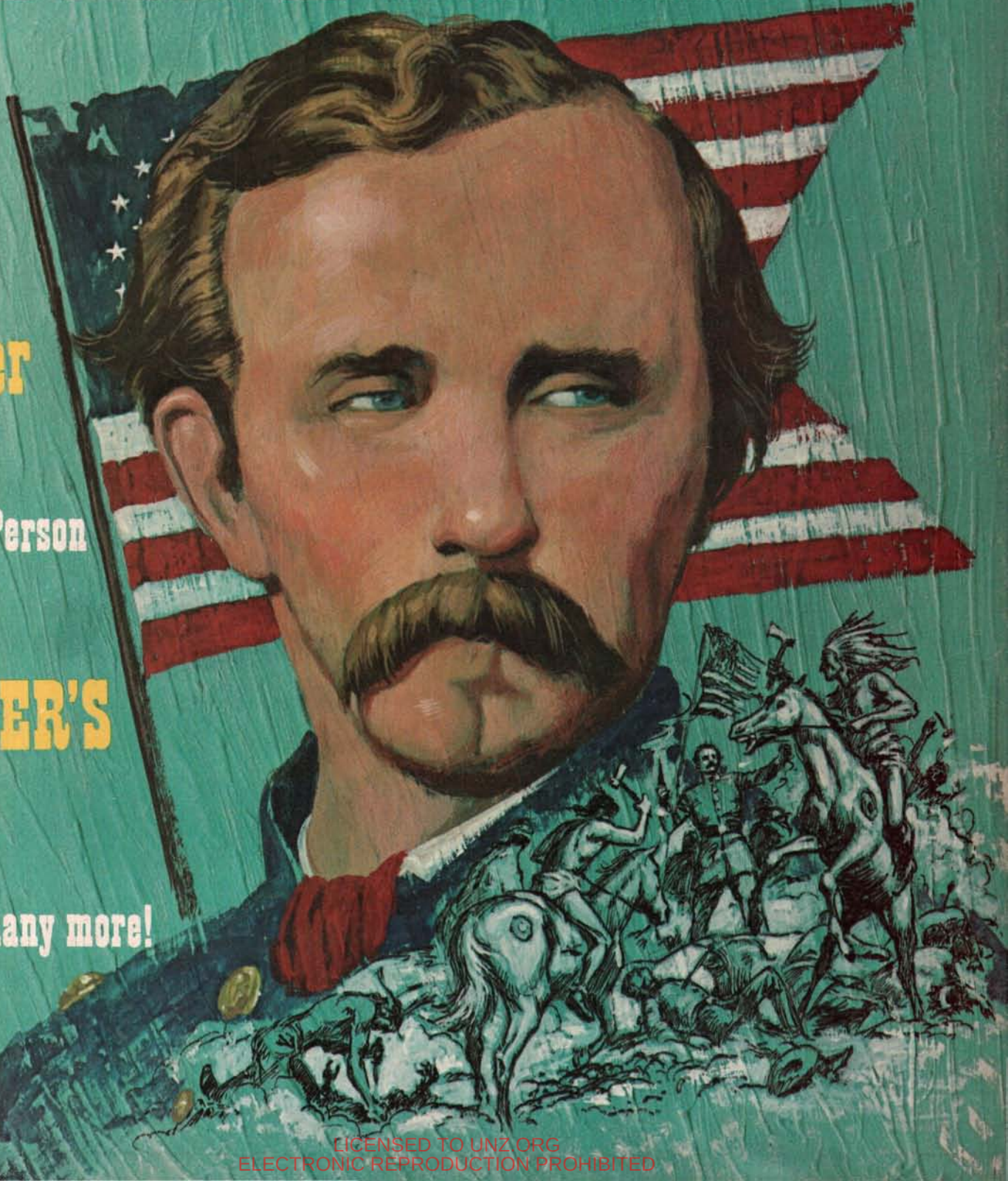
and many more!



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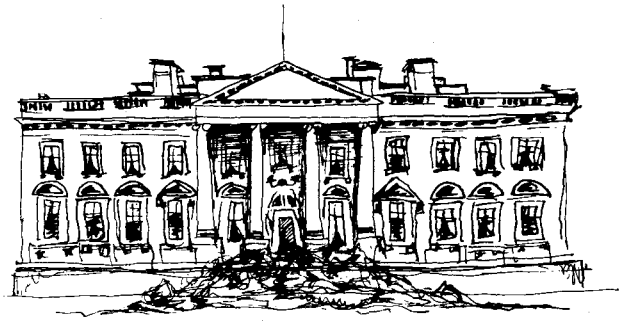

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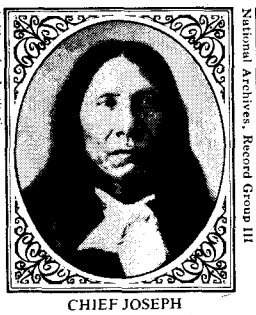

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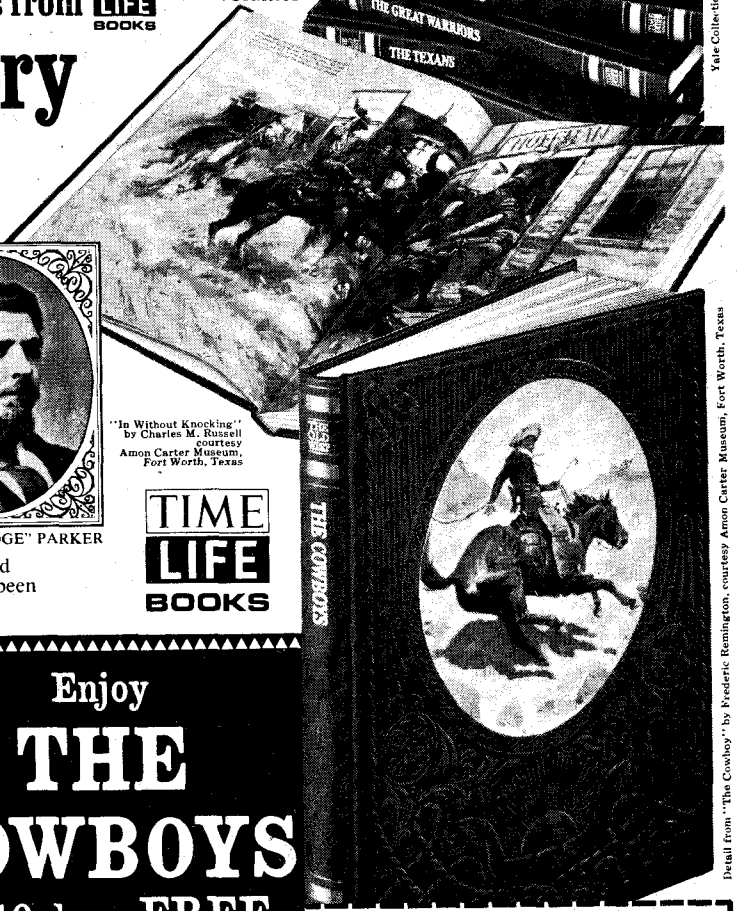

"In Without Knocking" by Charles M. Russell courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

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Detail from "The Cowboy" by Frederic Remington, courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

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Volume XVI
Number 117
July, 1973

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By Richard E. Holben

THEY STARVED THE INDIANS
By Cy Martin

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN
By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

CAPTAIN JOHN, ILL-FATED INDIAN CHIEF
By T. W. Paterson

THE DEFENSE OF FORT RIDGELEY
By Earl V. Chapin

SWEN BERYMAN — TEXAS LEGLESS HERO
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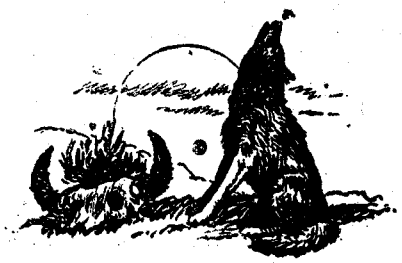

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Dear Sir,

I would like some information about selling old newspapers. It was suggested to me that I write to your firm for information concerning this matter.

I have four complete, consecutive years running from 1875 thru 1879 of the Elko Weekly, Elko, Nevada. These copies are in perfect condition and each year is in a separate binder. The paper was printed for ten years from 1875 to 1885. There are many good articles and historical information in these issues.

I am interested in selling these publications. I would appreciate any information you could give me as to whom I could contact about this matter.

Thank you for your help.

Sincerely,

Robert S. DeVries
965 No. Liberty,
Ogden, Utah 84404

ENJOYS RESEARCHING OLD NEWSPAPERS

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading the article, Who Was Billy the Kid's Mother, in the September 1964 issue of Real West which I found in an old house I was wrecking. While researching the history of Wichita in the Wichita Beacon, I found an item stating Mrs. Catherine McCarty was operating a boarding house here in town. I do not recall the date, but it was before she went to New Mexico. The Historical Society has micro-filmed every issue of the Beacon and it would be easy for some interested person to do a real job of research on Mrs. McCarty at our library.

I will now be a regular reader of Real West and may send some bits of history from this part of the country. I was born and raised here in the west, saw it grow from the horse and buggy era to moon walking. I served in both wars, made most of the oil boom towns, worked in hard rock mines and shipyards, explored in Mexico and up north in Alaska. I served as a machine instructor in a Mexican revolution and spent several months in a Mexican prison because of my service in the Mexican army. I followed a circus one year, rode and roped in rodeos, was a deputy sheriff in Oklahoma and Texas at different times. I am now retired and think that was the wrong thing to do. I just may pack my things and ramble southwest for the winter.

Keep up the articles you now have. I went out and bought up all the back issues I could find.

Sincerely,
Carl F. Walker
2321 W. Graber
Wichita, Kansas
67217

PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE WEST

Dear Sirs:

Most people think the only pioneer photographer was Mathew Brady and his associates due to their photos of the Civil War. There were many of them all over the U.S. and a few are still living, but not active in the photo business. There is L. D. Lindsley of Seattle, Washington who has been taking photos for 80 years and is almost 100 years old. Also J. Boyd Ellis of Arlington, Washington who started the Ellis Post Card Co. over 50 years ago and still operated by descendants. Another one is Otto Henderson who took many photos of early day farming in central Washington state. The late Asabel Curtis took thousands of scenery photos for the Great Northern Railway Co. plus many others. Several thousand of his glass plate negatives and lantern slides are in the State Historical files at Tacoma, Washington. The late Darius Kinsey took thousands of "on the spot" photos of logging in the "big woods" of western Washington plus some in Idaho, Oregon and northern California. They were photos of "bull teams", yarders, skidders, camps, horse teams, steam yarders, sawyers and many other photos. His cameras ranged from 5" x 7" to 11" x 14" in size and all were taken with him right at the scene. The photos from his glass plate negatives are now valuable collectors' items and a photographer in Seattle owns many of them and of course won't sell them. For a Missouri boy he did quite well. Many of his photos are reproduced in the book "This Was Logging" by Ralph Andrews and published by the Superior Publishing Co. of Seattle.

Sincerely,
Walt Thayer,
Box 75,
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

BELIEVES JESSE JAMES WAS NOT SHOT BY BOB FORD

Dear Sir:

In an old magazine of yours, February 1970, in the article about Belle Starr by Bill Stiles as told to Earle Repp, he says he knew that it was Jesse James who was killed on April 3, 1882 because the index finger was missing, that it had been bit off by a wild mare. In True Frontier, June 1972, the article "I Was the Last of the James Gang" as told to Ed Earle Repp by Bill Stiles, he claims Jesse's finger was shot off during the gun fight at Northfield. In Golden West, a story entitled, "King of the Outlaws", by Carl Breihan, claims the finger was shot off in a shooting accident as a boy.

Both of these authors write for you. You had better tell them to get together if they want to carry on this Jesse James hoax. This is one reason so many people believe it is a hoax. Your damned authors can't get together on anything and you don't seem to give a damn as long as you sell magazines. It is my opinion that the real Jesse James never lost a finger, that this was all started because the dead man had a finger or part of one missing on his right hand. There are a good many more discrepancies that I could mention but I will mention just one more. In every story written by Carl Breihan, Jesse is always described as 6' 1 or 2" tall and this is a bunch of crap. I confronted Mr. Breihan with this and he wrote saying Jesse was a short man & Frank was 6' 1" tall but in all his stories Jesse is 6' 1" tall. Could it be the man in the grave is 6' 1" and he has to use this description to keep the hoax going? Mr. Breihan was very clever when he admitted this to me as he typed it on the back of the letter I sent him and was careful not to sign it. As far as I am concerned, Carl Breihan, Earle Repp and authors like them are a bunch of damn frauds in their writings.

Sincerely,

Warren J. Kelly, Jr.
1427 15th St.
Corpus Christi, Texas
78404

All noted historians agree that Jesse James was killed by Bob Ford in 1882. We tend to agree. Both Earle Repp and Carl Breihan are reputable writers.

●RW

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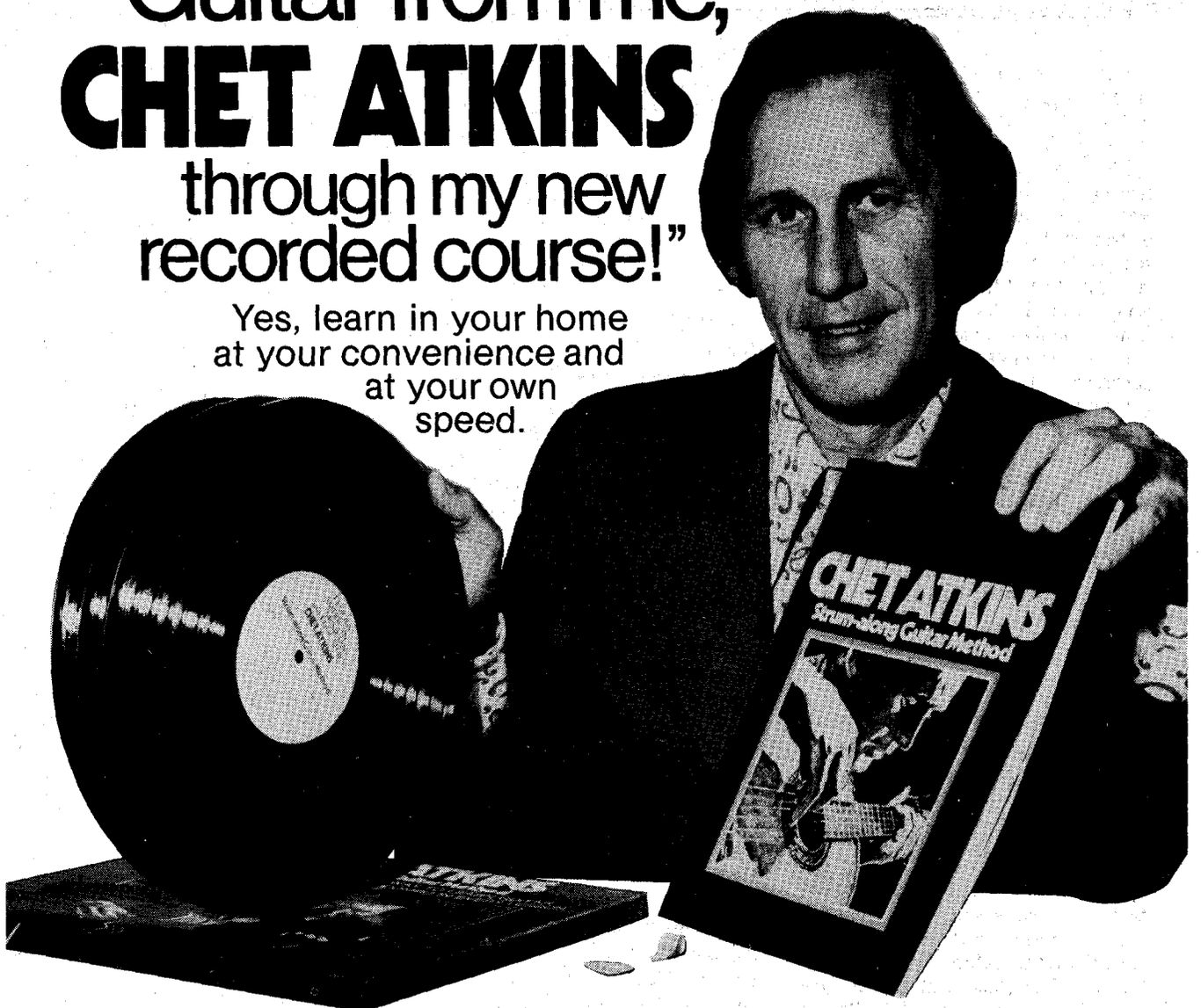

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Blood Brother Of COCHISE

Tom Jeffords was the only white man that Cochise, the Apache war chief, trusted. Cochise made the Indian Agent his blood brother, an honor bestowed on no other white man. Their friendship brought peace at last to a frontier long reddened with Apache and white men's blood.

Mangus Colorados, Apache leader.

By Carl W. Breihan

The mighty Dragoon Mountains lay quietly under a blistering Arizona sun, waiting for an Indian to speak. Nothing moved except perhaps a handful of mixed-colored leaves here and there as they swayed gently in a quiet breeze, like a handful of mixed gems cast carelessly upon the mountainside.

As the tall Indian unfolded his legs with the stealth and litheness of a cunning mountain lion, a tiny wisp of copper-colored smoke arose from the small fire where he was seated, as if beckoning the brave to speak.

Seated motionless across from the Indian sat a lanky red-bearded frontiersman and an army officer. Neither made an attempt to speak, but carefully watched every move of the warrior. The Indian rose to full height, towering majestically above his two companions. Silently he folded his arms and turned his face toward the east, the home of the great Indian spirit.

"Patience, General Howard," the redheaded one whispered to the army man. "Time has no value to an Indian and you cannot rush or push an Apache."

The bronze shadows danced on the Apache's face as the sun played tricks with its rays. Slowly and concisely he spoke.

"There can be no peace between Cochise and the white man unless Jeffords becomes Indian agent, and the Apache nation is to have its reservation in its own country, embracing the Sulphur Springs Valley and the Chiricahua Mountains."

General Howard unhesitatingly accepted the terms Cochise offered, but Thomas Jeffords was reluctant to accept the position of Indian agent, knowing full well the political pressures which accompanied such a position.

"Unless Jeffords is agent, there can be no peace and this council talk is all wasted," said Cochise.

The large redheaded man simply shrugged.

"All right, but I have several stipulations to make. As agent I must have full control. My word will be final concerning Indian affairs on the reservation. I shall not be subjected to any outside interference, and no whiteman shall come inside the reservation, not even the commander of the United States Army, if he is requested to remain outside."

This strange meeting between two white men and an Apache Indian chief set a precedent never equalled in the history of the world. It was also strange in that the entire matter had a strange background; a background of death, distrust and vengeance.

Tom Jeffords was not a strange man but he was different than most men of the raw frontier. He never had time to argue or fight about any issue; he was too busy with other things. Jeffords was a man who simply had a job to do and he did it with keen perception and human dignity to all concerned. Of all the many Arizona Territory settlers, he alone was never discriminated against, nor did he betray an Indian's trust in him.

The Apaches were at war with the whites, and woe to anyone who dared to enter their domain. Yet the lone rider with the heavy mop of red hair and a similar type beard appeared unconcerned as he leisurely rode his mount steadily across the sunparched desert toward the

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foreboding Pinaleno Mountains. His lanky body draped lazily over the tired horse's back, the rider appeared to be bent on going on a picnic rather than riding into hostile Indian territory.

But Tom Jeffords well knew that he was being watched all the time. Yet he told himself that he must do something about the Indian raids on the stage coaches. Within sixteen months, the Apaches had killed over twenty drivers. It was now impossible to find anyone daring enough to chance the run. Jeffords was government supervisor of the mail service between Fort Meade and Tucson, and the stage lines were his means of transporting this mail. As it was now, the movement of United States mail had stopped completely, and Jeffords knew too well that this situation had to be corrected quickly.

People told him he was crazy when he informed them that he was going to seek a personal parley with Cochise to see if the raids on the stages could be stopped. They said he would never come back alive.

But Jeffords was a clever man and knew the ways of the red man. Along the way he sent up smoke signals to indicate that this was a peaceful mission, realizing naturally that this would not be a deterrent if the Apaches chose to kill him. Jeffords saw no answering signals to his messages, but well he knew that his every movement was watched and being relayed to Cochise.

National Archives

Cochise, great Apache chief who was friendly toward the whites until the fiasco of Lt. Bascom.

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Jeffords reached the low slopes of the hills just as dusk was casting its gray shadows over the landscape. He headed into a steep-walled canyon which ended in a narrow gorge. There was no sound on the evening air, just the steady thump of his horse's hooves as they ground the earth of the canyon floor.

Suddenly the lodges of the Apaches loomed up before him. This was the end of his journey, for there sat Cochise in front of his lodge showing neither a sign of welcome or surprise. Jeffords stopped his mount in front of the Indian's lodge, dismounted, and handed the reins of his horse and his weapons to a squaw, he then seated himself alongside Cochise. The Apache's silent features revealed nothing to the visitor.

Jeffords knew well enough not to speak for awhile, and patiently awaited his opportunity to do so. Finally, after a long silence that seemed like an eternity, Jeffords said, "Cochise, I have come to see you and to know you better. I would like to talk over some matters of importance with you."

Cochise, his features somewhat obscured by the fast-falling shadows of evening, studied his visitor with a keen eye. Somehow he liked this big red-headed man; he was straight-forward, fearless, and willing to risk his life for his purpose. The faintest flicker of a smile turned up the corner of Cochise's mouth; this man had won his respect.

Jeffords was aware that the transaction he hoped to resolve was not as time-consuming as the long waits Cochise made between each conversation. Yet he knew the ways of the Indian. He knew he must be patient and show no indication that he wished to rush matters.

Cochise at length ordered several squaws to build a shelter for Jeffords. Surrounded by hostile Apaches, Jeffords slept as peacefully that night as he would have in his own bed.

For two days and two nights the talks between Cochise and Jeffords went on. The Indian chieftain, with a hint of sadness and pain in his voice, told stories of the white man's deceit and his many broken promises. Jeffords urged Cochise to order his warriors not to molest the stage line. He and his people were at war with the soldiers and not the mail carriers. He argued that Cochise lost many good men destroying the stages; men destroyed for a useless purpose. Leave the stages alone, Jeffords pointed out, and use your men elsewhere.

Finally, Jeffords had managed to explain the crux of the matter; it had taken two days. Cochise was convicned that this lanky redheaded white man was his friend, even to the extent that Jeffords was given the blood-brother treatment with Cochise. On the third day Jefford's weapons were returned to him. Silently and solemnly he and Cochise shook hands as Jeffords rode forth from the Apache camp, returning home safely. Cochise was a man of his word. Never again were any of Red Beard's stages attacked, even though the Indians continued to pillage and murder at will. The newspapers back east said this: "Tom Jeffords is the only white man with whom Cochise and his Apache nation is at peace!"

The troubles between the Apaches and the white man began back on a hot October afternoon in 1860. The violent events which followed were the result of a case of mistaken identity; plain bullheadedness savagery and were carried out with all the intensity each side could muster. So personal did it become that it was even labeled: "Lieut. Bascom's War!"

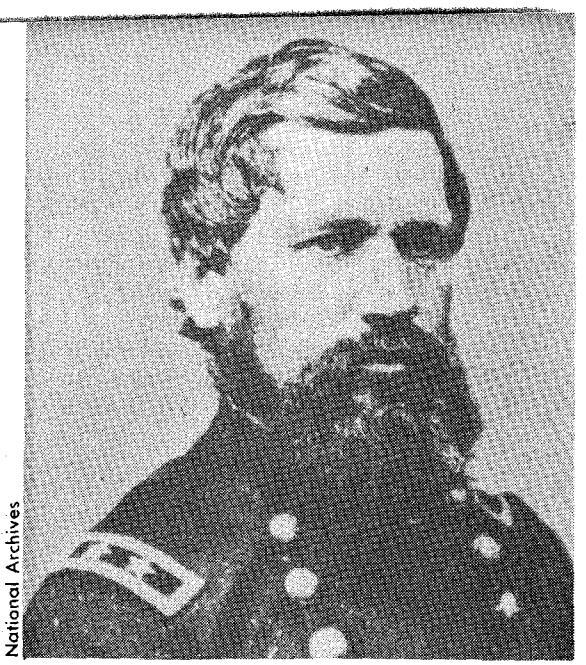
Near the Sonisto River that afternoon, rancher John Ward had tried to escape the terrific heat by retiring to his house. With him was his Mexican housekeeper and her young son.

Suddenly, out of the afternoon heat waves appeared a band of Apaches painted with various colors of war paint and howling like a band of drunken fiends. Their goal was the corral. Posting several warriors in front of the house, the remaining Indians rounded up the few horses in the corral.

The rancher, practically helpless in the house, grasped his rifle and sighed with relief, "Thank goodness, they are only after the horses".

The Mexican woman and her son huddled in the corner of the cabin, fearful of what might happen. Then the lad heard the terrified yelp of his little dog, which was tied to one of the corral posts. With only the thought of rescuing his pet, the boy dashed from the house in such a surprise move that John Ward or his mother could not prevent it.

When the boy appeared in view the Apaches acted instantly. One of them raced his mount down the incline leading to the ranch house, leaned low over the side of his horse, scooped the boy onto the animal's back and rode off with him.



National Archives

General Oliver Otis Howard, the general who finally made peace with Cochise.

Ward raced into Fort Buchanan where he immediately accused Cochise and his Chiricahua Apaches of the kidnapping. It was just that, an accusation, for in 1860 Cochise was at peace with the white man. He was a wise chief and preferred diplomacy to warfare. It was not until January of 1861, however, that the commandant at Fort Buchanan decided to recover the Mexican boy from the Indians.

Lieut. George N. Bascom, newly graduated from West Point, totally green to frontier matters, and actually unfit for the assignment, was given command of a patrol of twelve soldiers to bring back the boy. He handled the situation in such a terrible manner that his action was the direct cause of Cochise and his people breaking the peace.

Bascom and his men located Cochise at Apache Pass and asked him to bring his sub-chiefs to a conference under a flag of truce.

Cochise agreed. A few days later, the delegates of the Apaches appeared at the commander's tent. Lieut. Bascom had his mind set in the belief that Cochise's warriors were responsible for the kidnapping of the boy, and refused to listen to the chief's denials and explanations.

Intolerance, hatred, and bigotry flashed from Bascom's eyes as he flatly accused Cochise of the act and wanted the boy returned at once. Cochise could see this, and it made him unsteady and nervous. He was not accustomed to carrying on talks with people like Bascom. He

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wanted peace. Because of this he was on bad terms even with other Apaches tribes, especially those of his uncle, the great Mangus Colorados.

Lieut. Bascom was impatient and cocksure of himself. Why waste time on these lying Indians, he thought. Conveniently forgetting that Cochise and his sub-chiefs had entered his camp under the flag of truce, Bascom suddenly turned and commanded, "Arrest them!"

Cochise was the only one of the Apaches who could understand English, and as the soldiers pressed forward, he ducked behind his six sub-chiefs. Wild confusion quickly followed as the space within the Sibley tent became filled with struggling men. Jumping backward, Cochise whipped out a knife which he had hidden in his breechclout, slit open the rear wall of the tent, and raced out into the open. One of the sentinels, spotting a moving shadow, fired. Cochise received a slight wound in the leg but he managed to make good his escape.

The sub-chiefs were made prisoners; one was knocked unconscious with a rifle butt, another stabbed with a bayonet. All this occurred under the "white flag of truce", still fluttering above the entrance to the conference tent.

Lieut. Bascom shouted with rage when he discovered that Cochise was not among the prisoners.

Turning savagely upon his sergeant, he shouted, "Detail a courier to the agency at once. Have them notify every Indian to remain on the reservation."

Government runners covered all parts of the reservation that night, but they didn't find a single Indian. All the Chiricahua Apaches had already taken flight to join Mangus Colorados in the mountains.

The scouts of Colorados. perched like eagles on the rocky mountain peaks, spied a thin thread of smoke rising skyward as daylight drifted across the flats of Sulphur Springs Valley. As the sun rose, Cochise and his warriors could be seen riding in from the north. The Indians were armed with lances, rifles, and bows and arrows.

Muscular brown legs moved in rhythm with the trotting ponies. In the rear ranks came the squaws and the children with travois on which their luggage was packed.

As the column moved forward, one of the outriders would leave the ranks and climb to the rocks above a pinnacle until he stood outlined like a figure in bronze against the sky. There he kindled a flame into which he tossed powdered resin. Over the blaze he held a square of blanket and allowed puffs of black smoke to rise into the air. Then green leaves were applied to the flame, which in turn sent white puffs of smoke into the air. By this means of communication, the brave informed Mangus Colorados what had taken place in the Sibley tent, and of the treachery involved.

After his arrival at Colorados' camp, his first duty was to attempt to free his sub-chiefs. Gathering a band of a hundred anxious warriors, he returned to Apache Pass whereupon he captured two Americans. Cochise then offered to exchange his captives for these men. Lieut. Bascom refused to listen.

Later Cochise captured Mr. Wallace, the stage station manager, and with his three prisoners, again rode within shouting distance of Bascom's headquarters and repeated his terms of exhange.

Wallace and his two companions pleaded with the arrogant young officer. The young shavetail refused to listen.

"No media of exchange can be discussed until Cochise releases the Ward boy, that's my final word."

Cochise had taken enough frustration. Seizing the rope which bound Wallace, he sent his pony into a mad gallop, dragging his victim behind him over the sharp rocks and to his death. The other two men were tortured to death; their mangled bodies then hung within plain sight of the horrified garrison.

Lieut. Bascom then ordered the six sub-chiefs brought into the yard of the post. Each of the prisoners was then hanged, marking one of the darkest spots in the history of Arizona. It is hardly fair to compare Bascom with Cochise, the latter thought it justifiable to kill one's enemies, while Bascom was supposed to be a civilized man.

Joining the bands of Mangus Colorados, Cochise reverted to the customs of his ancestors. Customs which had come down to the Apaches from the days when the first of their race had drifted south from Athabasca, fighting their way through the lands of other tribes until they reached the deserts of Arizona. They were nomads who knew no permanent homes, their lodges constructed by bending the bushes together, tying them in place, then throwing animal skins or blankets over them. Long marches and the art of ambush were ingrained habits. Under the skillful tutelage of Mangus Colorados, Cochise became one of the greatest strategists of any Indian nation. He outwitted the best trained officers in the entire American Army. He evaded every trap set for his capture and outmaneuvered all the forces sent against him.

With the outbreak of the War Between the States, nearly all of the troops were withdrawn from the frontier posts. Cochise and his men made southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico places of terror.

During the war the Butterfield Stage Lines, which had carried the mail to California and was the most important northern route for the United States mail, was put out of business. Ranches were wiped out and agriculture ceased entirely. The large pueblo of Tubac was raided, and in terror the inhabitants fled to Tucson.

After the war fresh troops arrived to garrison the various frontier outposts. Mangus Colorados was captured and confined to an army post. There he was bayoneted to death by one of his guards. Other hostile bands were destroyed but Cochise remained free. Ther was no safety for the settlers as long as he was roaming the Territory.

In 1872 President U.S. Grant detailed General Oliver O. Howard as his special delegate to confer with Cochise and to bring about a lasting peace. It was not long before the general learned only one man could bring about a meeting for him with Cochise. He was Tom Jeffords.

"I'll take you under my own terms. We go alone," Jeffords told General Howard.

The general agreed but talked Jeffords into allowing one more man to accompany them. He was Captain Sladen. The trio left for the Dragoon Mountains the following morning.

The fall of 1872 witnessed all the Apaches under Cochise on the reservation, under the supervision of Indian Agent Thomas Jeffords. Any Indian who broke a law was punished. Thieves and whiskey peddlers were vigorously dealt with; not many law-breakers were willing to risk coming into Jefford's bailiwick.

The friendship between Jeffords and his red brother never wavered. Two years after he entered the reservation Cochise died. ●**RW**

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CUSTER'S LUCK

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

Custer Battlefield Museum

George Armstrong Custer in Civil War uniform, 1863.

Once in a while, a man comes along whose life is so marked by fortune that people call him "lucky" - "Leif the Lucky," "Lucky" Baldwin, and "Lucky Lindy" are a few familiar names of this kind. But Dame Fortune is a fickle lady, and the nickname of "lucky" can sometimes have a very hollow ring.

People used to say that George Armstrong Custer was lucky. Custer the youngest American general since Lafayette, a handsome, dashing cavalier with a spectacular personality, was always surrounded by a group of admiring friends; everything he touched seemed to go his way. But it turned out that Custer's luck, like everybody else's, could cut in two directions.

To begin with, it was Custer's luck to be born poor. It wasn't all bad, however. The oldest surviving child of Maria and Emanuel Custer, "Autie", as he was called, was one of a large, close family. His father was a blacksmith and had his hands full keeping his big brood going. They were living in a rambling but humble house in New Rumley, Ohio, when Goerge Armstrong was born on December 5, 1839.

From babyhood, Autie Custer was a charming youngster. Fair and freckled, with deep-set blue eyes and curly, copper-colored hair, he was an imp who could have his way with everybody, and was the pet of the family. Mischief came naturally to him, but he could usually talk his way out of trouble, whether it was leaving a horseshoe nail in somebody's chair, or reading a forbidden novel in school instead of a geography book. Although he was of a slim build and not very tall, he starred in athletics and was always very popular with other boys and with the girls.

When he was 10 years old, Autie was sent to Monroe, Michigan, to live with a married sister. The schools were better in Monroe, and his sister, Lydia Reed, was lonesome for her family. Autie attended school there, and although he was a lazy scholar, he began to think seriously about the advantages to be gained from a real education. For a boy of limited means with no brilliant scholastic record to attract financial aid, college was a practical impossibility. However, even a poor boy might attend the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. Autie Custer decided to try for it, and he was admitted on probation in 1857.

Custer's record as a West Point cadet was more hilarious than brilliant. He described it ruefully later:

"My career as a cadet had but little to commend it to the study of those who came after me, unless as an example to be carefully avoided."

With 100 demerits per term the cause for automatic expulsion, he usually managed to pile up more than 90, mostly for infractions of the rules. Three months was the longest period he ever went without collecting a single demerit. However, Custer was a superb horseman, considered the best jumper since U. S. Grant had attended the Academy, and was somehow able to keep up with his studies well enough to graduate with his class in the fateful year of 1861, although he was at the very bottom of the list.

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Custer Battlefield Museum

Elizabeth Bacon Custer from a photo taken before her marriage to Custer.

To some people, it would seem unlucky to graduate from a military academy at the start of a civil war, but to Custer it was an opportunity. At 21, the young lieutenant, like many other officers, was burning with ambition to advance both the cause of the Union and his own military career as much as possible. He got his first taste of war in the disastrous Battle of Bull Run, in which he was cited for bravery. From this time on to the end of the war, Custer was conspicuous in nearly every major battle. His charge at Gettysburg was a factor in the victory, and he led others that defeated the great Jeb Stuart, including the one during which Stuart was killed.

Custer's daring and effectiveness became legendary, and he was promoted, first to brigadier and then to major-general. Fighting under Generals Pleasanton and Sheridan, Custer became the most brilliant and effective cavalry commander for the Union. In the forefront of his brigade of Michigan volunteers, wearing a picturesque black velvet uniform with a red tie, a jaunty hat, and his long hair flying, he would lead every charge, crying out in a shrill voice, "Come on, you wolverines!" There were also daring missions inside enemy lines. On one such, Custer captured a Confederate officer sitting on his own front porch reading the newspaper, then called all the ladies out of the house to apologize for the inconvenience, flashed his famous smile, bowed, and made a hasty escape to keep from being taken by the Confederate soldiers who swarmed the area.

There was no doubt about it: "The Boy General" had style, and if he was afraid of anything, nobody ever knew it. During the war, he captured a sword which peculiarly suited him, one he carried and often used. It had these words engraved on it in Spanish:

"Draw me not without cause. Sheathe me not without honor."

Naturally, such a spectacular and dashing soldier had plenty of feminine admirers. Custer, who had a romantic and emotional nature, always craved the admiration and company of attractive women, and he had them sighing wherever he went. He enjoyed a gay social life, but there was one special girl, a tiny beauty named Libbie Bacon, back in Monroe. Her father was a judge, and didn't exactly approve of the match, but there was nothing he could do about it. The two, who had seen each other as children many times, met formally at a party in the autumn of 1862. Custer's description of his impression:

"... in that throng of youth and beauty she reigned supreme ... when she left, Armstrong Custer went home to dream ..."

Libbie Bacon had style, too. An intelligent, spirited, and rather willful only child, she fell hard for Autie Custer, and was the envy of many other girls when she captured him. Their wedding on February 9, 1864, was a brilliant affair, the beautiful Libbie exquisitely dressed in a pale green gown trimmed with gold military braid and carrying a bouquet of red roses. Custer was, as always, a commanding, electric figure, vividly alive and arresting. He stood about 5'9", was lean and muscular, and with his energetic military bearing and laughing blue eyes, he was considered quite a catch. They were indeed a glamorous pair.

Soon after their marriage, Libbie followed her husband to Virginia, the first of many such trips to the front during their married life. From their marriage to his death, the two were together whenever it was humanly possible.

But Custer's marriage didn't dull his craving for military action. He continued to lead his cavalry to the bitter end of a bitter war, even in the final charge that was followed by Lee's surrender terms were signed and sent it to Libbie, with a note, saying:

Lee's surrender. General Sheridan purchased the table on which the surrender terms were signed and sent it to Libbie, with a note, saying:

"I respectfully present to you the small writing-table on which the conditions for the surrender of the

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Custer Battlefield Museum

Custer with Army scouts during the Indian campaign of 1873.

Confederate Army of Northern Virginia were written by Lt. General Grant - and permit me to say, Madam, that there is scarcely an individual in our service who has contributed more to bring about this desirable result than your very gallant husband."

Peace was sweet, but the end of the war brought unwelcome inactivity, and even more unwelcome military cutbacks. Custer's brevet rank of major-general had suddenly shrunk to captain.

General Sheridan, who was much attached to Custer, tried to get him a promotion, but his efforts failed. After a brief tour of duty in Texas on a mop-up of die-hard Confederate activities, the Custers returned to Monroe to think things over.

About this time, President Andrew Johnson was planning a tour of the country by train to bring his case for Lincoln's post-war policies to the people. He invited the Custers to join him, along with other illustrious names including General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and Secretary of State Seward. The invitation was accepted with pleasure, and for a while the journey was fun. At each scheduled stop, the President would make a brief speech from the train's platform, and the other luminaries on board would be introduced. There was always a rousing cheer for Custer.

But as the train neared Ohio, the stronghold of Johnson's most bitter opposition, ugly mobs were on hand everywhere. The President was interrupted and insulted, and at one point, an effort was made to derail the train. Custer was still greeted with cheers, but near his home town in Ohio, after Johnson had been insulted, he jumped before the crowd and shouted, "I was born two miles from here, and I am ashamed of you."

Opposition newspapers were not silent in their criticism of Johnson's traveling companions, and the first of many published slanders of Custer were seen in this campaign. Both Libbie and Autie were horrified by what they had witnessed, and when they got off the train to return to Monroe, Custer hastily

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wired some political backers, who had offered him support if he would run for Congress, that he was not at all interested in a career in politics.

After this unsettling experience, Custer was especially happy when General Sheridan offered him the job of lieutenant-colonel in the newly formed 7th Cavalry.

By comparison with life in the East, the far West, even with all its hardships and the unknown dangers of Indian warfare, offered a bright prospect. He accepted gratefully, and was soon on his way to join his regiment.

The 7th Cavalry had been formed to fight Indians, but so far things were not going very well. The incomparable warriors of the plains were more than a match for Civil War strategies, and Indian depradations continued unabated. When Sheridan was placed in command of western operations, the army had not won a victory against the Indians in three years. "Little Phil" was determined to reverse this trend and, for this sort of work, he knew Custer was his man. He ordered the cavalry leader to attack the Indians in their winter camp on the Washita River where the army had never before penetrated, hoping to catch them by surprise in their most vulnerable location and condition.

Heavy snow was falling when the command was scheduled to ride out, but undaunted, the colorful Custer greeted the weather by saying cheerfully, "Just what we wanted!" He ordered the regimental band to play "Garryowen," an old Irish drinking song, which was to become the trademark of the fighting 7th. The Indians were destined to hear it in many a battle, just as the fearless Scottish highlanders heard the bagpipes of their enemies, "Garryowen" had several verses, but these were among the popular words the men sometimes sang as they marched along:

"Oh, we are the pride of the Army,
And a regiment of great renown,
Our name's on the pages of history,
From sixty-six on down,
Our hearts so stout have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came,
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory."

After a long and arduous journey through deep snow, Custer's men attacked the Indians' camp, taking it completely by surprise. More than 100 braves were killed, 53 women and children were taken prisoner, and the village with all its equipment was burned to the ground as Sheridan had ordered. A large pony herd was shot and winter meat supplies were destroyed. But when Indian reinforcements appeared on the horizon, Custer decided that the point had been made, and he and his column returned the 200 miles to General Sheridan at Camp Supply. The band was playing "Garryowen" as the command including scouts in full battle dress and the Indian prisoners paraded into camp, a sight that was later described by Sheridan as the most picturesque he had ever seen.

Although this victory had its negative side, especially in the loss of Major Joel Elliott and his detachment of 15 men who were caught and killed by the Indians, it was still the first time the fight had been carried to the Indians' home ground, and it was a victory. However, now that Custer was an Indian fighter, he was automatically drawn into the fracas between factions seeking to use "the Indian problem" for political purposes. His personal enemies, such as every successful commander has, used this to condemn him for everything he did, and some of the controversy was carried into the newspapers. Custer's tendency to disobey inconvenient orders and his tough handling of deserters had already resulted in a court martial. The charges had stemmed basically from a long unauthorized forced march he had led his men through, and he was convicted on all counts. The sentence was suspension without pay for one year.

Custer's luck had seemed to be at a low ebb, and he began to regret refusing the many attractive business offers he had received after the Civil War. However, he was a tireless writer, and his articles on the outdoors and his exciting experiences were becoming popular reading. Best of all, before the year was up, Sheridan had arranged to have him reinstated, and Custer began to pile up victories against the Indians who greatly respected "Pahuska" (Sioux for "Long Hair") and his amazing powers of endurance. One Indian leader even said that Custer thought like an Indian, he seemed to understand the Indians and anticipated their moves. This was an impressive compliment, coming from a very capable enemy not given to flattering the opposition.

On a campaign that was launched to persuade the Indians to return to their reservations, Custer's extremely clever handling of a delicate situation saved the lives of two Kansas girls, who had been kidnapped a year before. A large, emotionally-charged force of Kansas volunteers had come along with the Army, but Custer managed to prevent hasty action, and negotiated skillfully and successfully for the safe return of the captives. He also persuaded many of the Indians to go back to their reservations.

However, the Indians had growing reason to doubt the good faith of the government. In 1874 Sheridan ordered Custer to explore the Black Hills, which had been given to the Indians "forever" in a treaty. A large party including miners, scientists, and a photographer, went along on this trip, during which gold was discovered in French Creek. Custer emerged from the Black Hills to find himself more famous than ever as an Indian fighter, an author (his articles having been published in book form as MY LIFE ON THE PLAINS), and because of the discovery of gold on his late expedition.

General Custer didn't like the idea of letting prospectors stampede into Indian lands, but there was no stopping them in the summer of 1875. Although he wrote letters urging respect for the Indians' rights, if only as a matter of sensible policy, he was not allowed to stop the hordes of gold seekers who rushed to the Black Hills. The Indians were understandably and thoroughly aroused, and Custer didn't blame them. He knew that an all-out Indian war would be the inevitable result, but no one listened as he wrote to Libbie:

"I wrote a very strong letter recently *against* an Indian War, depicting as strongly as I could the serious results that would follow ... all of which would be a national calamity. I regard the recent outrages as the work of small groups of irresponsible young men, eager for war ..."

But it became more and more clear that the Indians were getting ready to fight for their treaty rights, so a great campaign was launched against the hostiles for the centennial summer of 1876. However, that winter, Custer, who had been vocal and persistent in his criticism of fraud in the Indian department, was

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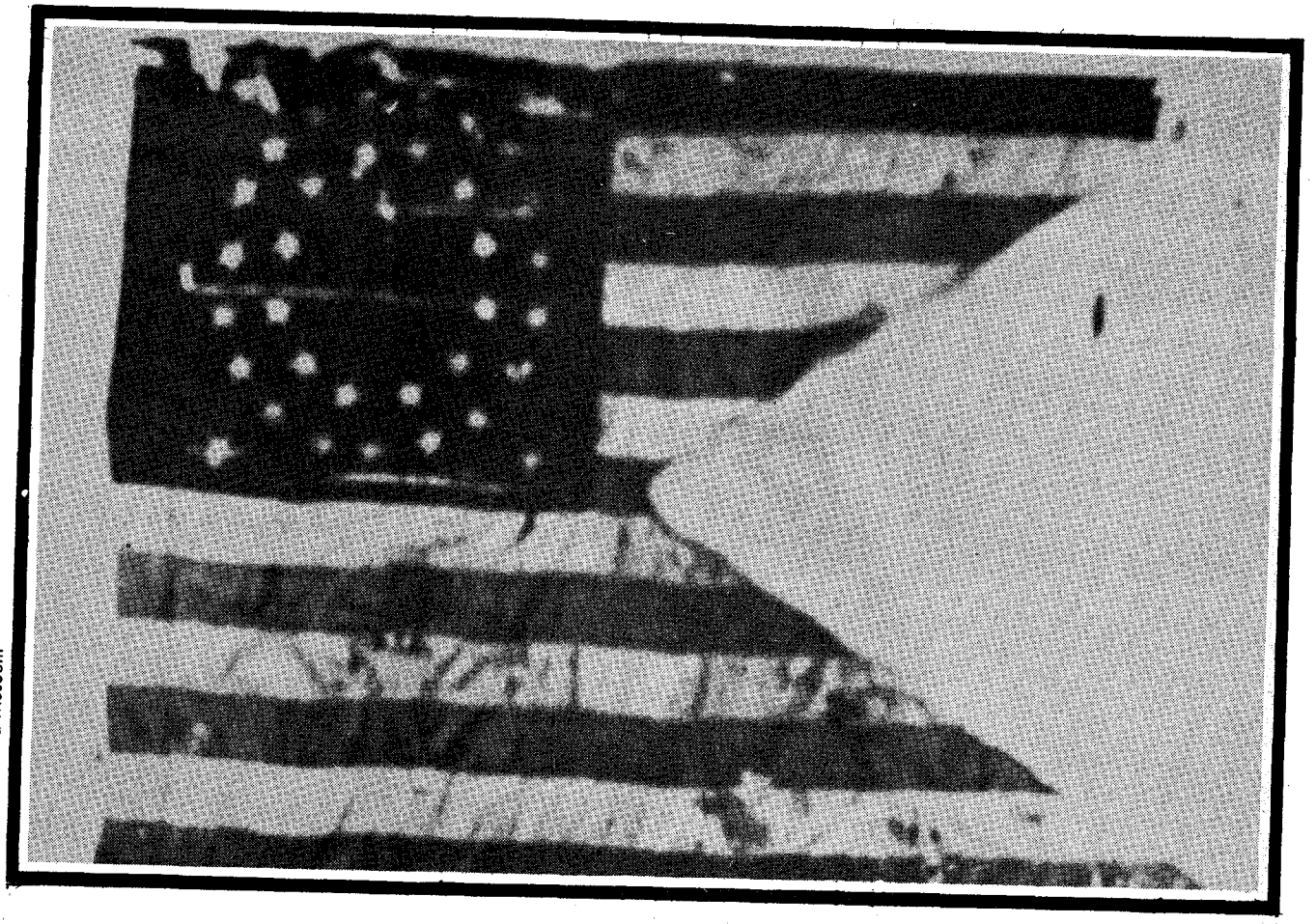

Custer Battlefield Museum

The Custer Battle Guidon

ordered to Washington to testify against Secretary of War Belknap, who eventually resigned under fire. President Grant angrily detained Custer, but finally permitted him to return to the 7th when, after refusing to see him, Custer wrote him this plea:

"I appeal to you as a soldier to spare me the humiliation of seeing my regiment march to meet the enemy and I not to share its dangers."

When Grant finally gave in, Custer was elated. His book and his adventures had made him one of the most celebrated men in America. Major Pond of the prestigious Redpath lecture circuit personally offered him a contract to lecture at $200 per night as soon as he would care to start. It was something to look forward to after this important summer campaign. Meanwhile, he paid up his life insurance, naming Libbie and his aging parents as beneficiaries, and hurried to help in his regiment's preparations.

On June 25, 1876, George Armstrong Custer rode into everlasting glory — and everlasting controversy — against an overwhelming force of Indians near the Little Big Horn River in Montana. His luck had run out. Libbie Custer faced almost 60 years of lonely widowhood in which to shed tears over his last letter, written on June 22:

"My Darling — I have but a few moments to write as we start at twelve, and I have my hands full of preparations for the scout. Do not be anxious about me ... I hope to have a good report to send you by the next mail.

...Your devoted boy Autie."

Betrayed by inadequate intelligence reports which vastly underestimated the opposing forces, Custer died in the flower of his manhood, only 36 years old and in perfect health, loving and beloved, famous for his exploits, and with a choice of several promising careers opening up for him on the near horizon. There is a sad irony in his fate, which is one of its great fascinations.

Nevertheless he won immortality, and with it a unique, permanent place in American history and folklore for himself and his 7th Cavalry. The light-hearted Custer, who had boldly laid his life on the line in many battles, might even have found it possible to agree with Walt Whitman who sang;

"To die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier."

●RW

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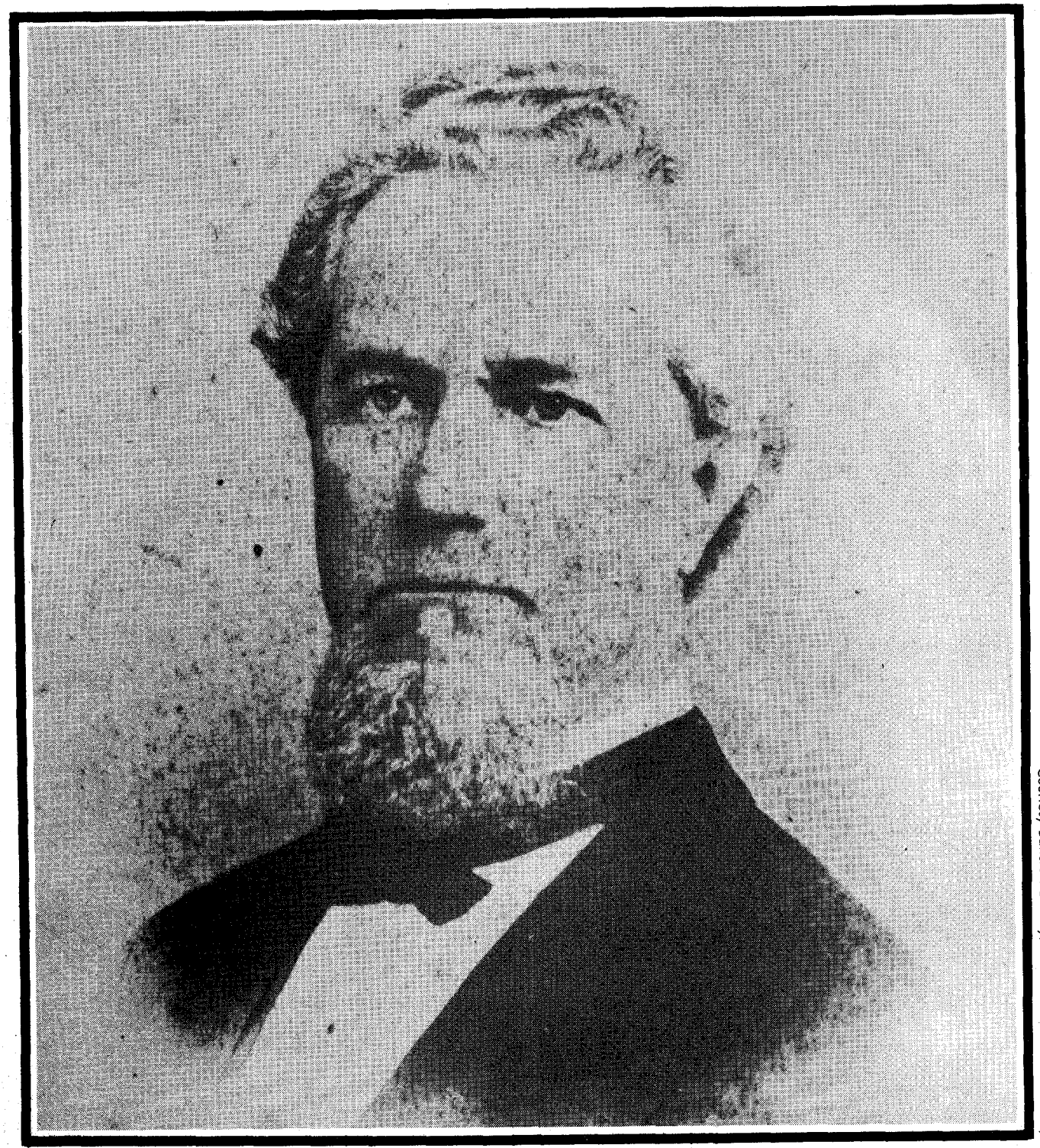
The House Of TERROR

By Clarence M. Fink



Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California Berkeley.

William H. Rhodes, San Francisco lawyer and newspaper man who investigated the supernatural happenings at the Manrow house on Russian Hill in 1856.

William H. Rhodes, popular lawyer and writer of science fiction under the pseudonym of "Caxton", allowed his admiring eyes to linger on the tall, beautiful, and natural teak wood panels of his host's library. It faced west in this attractive white Swiss Chalet home on Russian Hill, San Francisco. The time was 1856.

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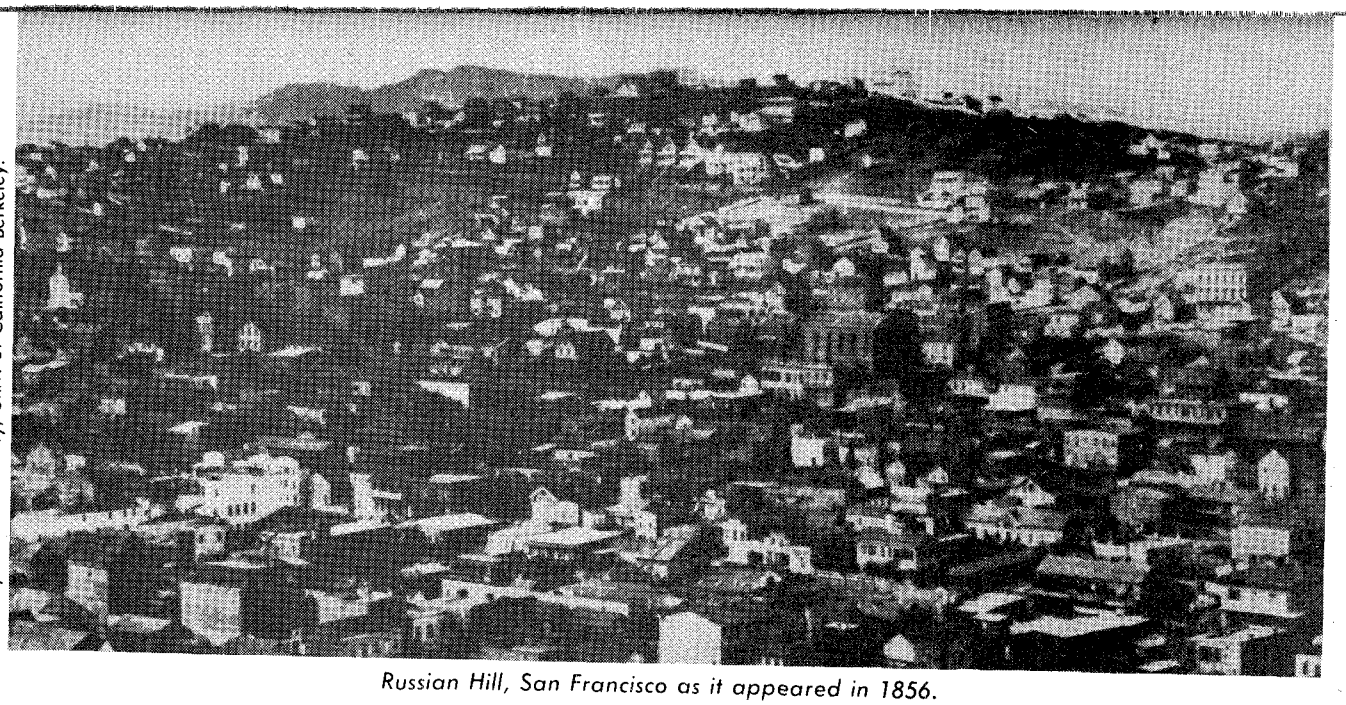

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California Berkeley.

Russian Hill, San Francisco as it appeared in 1856.

The hill he knew derived its name from Russian sailors who had been buried there. His visit here was more than just an invitation to a social call, for he with his friend Almarin Brooks Paul, a mining engineer, had come mainly to debunk the claim that the house was haunted. The spirit doings regularly upset the routine of the household of Colonel J. P. Manrow, celebrated official of San Francisco's feared Vigilante Committee.

Rhodes and Paul were both members of the town's Vigilantes who had accepted the Colonel's challenging insistence to prove him wrong more out of curiosity than any belief in psychic phenomena in any shape or form. Rhodes couldn't imagine such peaceful surroundings being marred or invested by "hateful haunts" as his superstitious handyman had so fervently described ghosts or restless spirits. He scoffed mentally at the eerie-minded people who actually believed in such things that were supposed to exist in what they called the unconventional world.

The San Franciscan lawyer possessed a first-rate, razor-sharp mind full of laws and facts, and it was ridiculous to him that intelligent people believed such adult fairy tales. Neither deeply religious nor an atheist he figured the dead were dead, and that was the end of it. Rhodes was living in a worldly world in which San Francisco figured prominently.

The town was like a firm and nice appearing apple on the outside, whose insides were rotten to the core with slime and corruption of vicious crime. Criminals throughout the numerous neighborhoods intimidated the law abiding citizens at every turn with bowie knife, revolver, and slingshot. Honest police officers who couldn't be bribed were killed or maimed, fire bugs were controlled and directed by evil land grabbers, and brazen murder by shooting became common in the streets. The law in the Golden Gate town had become a mere mockery.

William Rhodes wrote numerous newspaper articles against the criminal elements in the San Francisco "Bulletin" under the name of "Caxton". In a short time he became the acknowledged champion of public and private morality, scourge of villainy, and friend of every reform. When the ex-banker and well-known newspaper editor James King was deliberately assassinated by the ex-convict James P. Casey in the Montgomery Block, his death immediately stirred up mobs of decent citizens who wanted to catch Casey and hang him to the nearest lamp post. King's sudden and untimely demise was like a clear and loud trumpet call to the Vigilantes to arm themselves for quick action.

Colonel Manrow was one of the main and energetic cogs in preparing the Vigilantes to renew their determined fight against the evil saturation that was fast flooding all of San Francisco. But the ex-army officer couldn't understand why he was being haunted by "things" as he called them that made shambles of his peace and quiet. He was at his wit's end and he hoped and prayed that Rhodes and Paul would come up with some kind of solution for their removal before he went out of his mind.

His close Russian Hill neighbors regarded the expatriated Englishman as somewhat of an eccentric who rode across their lands like a man possessed. They could almost set their clocks by his early morning appearances at daybreak galloping madly across the sand dunes in frantic pursuits of frightened rabbits and other terrified wild creatures on his hunter stallion with his hounds and other stray dogs who cared to mingle with his on the chase. His shrill cries of "Tallyho!" and "Yoiks!" regularly echoed across the base of Russian Hill.

The Colonel was known to remark to some friends in all seriousness "I had a deer cornered one morning last week, and some bloody ghost unhorsed me as I was closing in for the kill. I've got a house full of them to pester and frighten me, yet some of them even want to spoil my early morning romps in the sand with their devilish tricks as well. It's more than any sane mortal can take." Manrow dressed smartly for these chases by wearing a red velvet hunting coat, white cord breeches, and black English riding boots.

Upon their arrival at the Manrow residence, the two amateur ghost investigators were greeted cordially by the Colonel's wife and her sister and niece who had just returned that day from Honolulu. After being seated in the library it was suggested by the ladies that they form a complete circle of hands for a seance. Rhodes was to remember the night of September 19th all the rest of his life, for he and Paul were suddenly swept into a whirlwind of unnatural events over which they had no control and didn't believe in until then. At that moment fighting crime seemed insignificant and far away. Both were aghast at what followed.

(continued on page 78)

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The BOX SUPPER RIOT

The author was one of the three boys who brought on one of the fiercest riots in the history of the Southwest. They meant it as a joke but before it ended not many folks in Clarita were laughing.

by Maurice Kildare

The auctioneer picked up a box supper from the pile pyramided on the stage. A stir went through the crowd packing the school auditorium. It was larger than a shoe box, with small gold and silver paper bells attached to red and blue ribbons, and fan-shaped dangles on the corners.

Everyone present seemed to know that it belonged to the beauteous Alene Westover. Buck Griss, her current boy friend, promptly made a bid of ten dollars. He was a showoff.

Brian O'Neal made it eleven bucks. When Griss raised that, Brian's brother Cody went to fifteen. When the anxious Griss raised a buck, the O'Neal's youngest brother, "Skinny" topped him. Between the three brothers they made Griss pay $21 for the box supper.

Wearing a triumphant grin on his handsome mug he marched through the center aisle to the auctioneer and forked over his money. Just as smug he returned to his seat bearing the fancy box.

In the far back against the end wall I thought *for $21 he could have bought three wagon loads of gravel for the handful that's in the box.*

It was empty except for heavy paper stuffing, a heavy rock and a big handful of gravel. Elmer Ray, Charley Plummer and I had removed the goodies: baked ham, roast beef and pork, three kinds of pie, cake, glazed fruit, assorted jellies and jams, and refilled it. At the time we didn't know the identity of the girl who brought it.

For weeks the event had been widely advertised as a "SING FEST AND BOX SUPPER SOCIAL." When the propitious night dawned, we three didn't think we would be able to bid on the boxes of the girls of our choice. Usually at box supper socials the price ranged from 50¢ to $1.50.

The event was for some worthy cause and had created considerable excitement. We were right from the beginning: bids did climb when by some means the gaudily decorated boxes, from shoe size to valentine hearts and squares, were recognized by erstwhile swains. For a two-bit piece, perhaps they had been tipped off by the girls' small brothers.

Before the auctioneering started, while the singing went on we three went into action. Our small change wasn't going to get us anywhere. Too many people were present, mostly men with money.

"But I ain't going away from this school house hungry," Charley declared. "Come on!"

We went out and around to the side where a single window opened onto the stage. A curtain concealed the highly stacked boxes from the crowd below until the dramatic moment arrived. The curtain would then be pulled aside and prospective bidders obtain their first view of the magnificent display.

Before the window Charley said, "Elmer, go bring that filled garbage can and the stack of papers from the far corner of the building." Then he used a knife blade to spring loose the inside window catch.

When Elmer came back toting the stuff, Charley raised the lower half of the window and crawled in on hands and knees. Instructions were given as to what we should do. He then began passing out boxes filched from the pile.

It was a simple matter to slit the paper covering and pasteboard box full length on the bottom with a razor sharp knife. The varicolored ribbon that had to be pulled aside would go back into place to conceal the cut. Through this opening we extracted the goodies and refilled the boxes with garbage, mostly dry melon rinds and moldy bread and paper to keep anything from rattling.

When Alene's box was handed through the window Charley whispered, "This one's too fancy to suit me. Must be somebody's who's important. Stuff in plenty of paper and load it with gravel!"

When each box was emptied and refilled they were handed back inside to Charley who restored them to the pile. Why we failed to pick up already doctored boxes I do not know. But it turned out that there were plenty of them in that big pile. Maybe they were all at the opposite end. Charley did not try for them, taking only those nearest.

When we had two large pasteboard canned goods boxes filled Elmer said, "For gosh sakes! Tell him to quit. We can't eat all this provender in a week."

Most of the songs were of a religious nature. While the crowd was singing "Bringing in the Sheaves", I told Charley to desist. Replacing the last emptied box he came out through the window, pulling it down slow so as not to create any noise.

"How did we do?" he wanted to know.

"We got maybe fifty chicken breasts," Elmer told him. "Fifty sliced turkey breasts, two hundred fancy and assorted sam-wiches, nineteen different kinds of pie including pumpkin, forty jars of jam and jelly, pickles, preserves, salted nuts, roast beef, ham, pork, plum puddin' —"

"Shut up," Charley cut him short. "You got me hungry already."

"Well, let's go taste a little of it."

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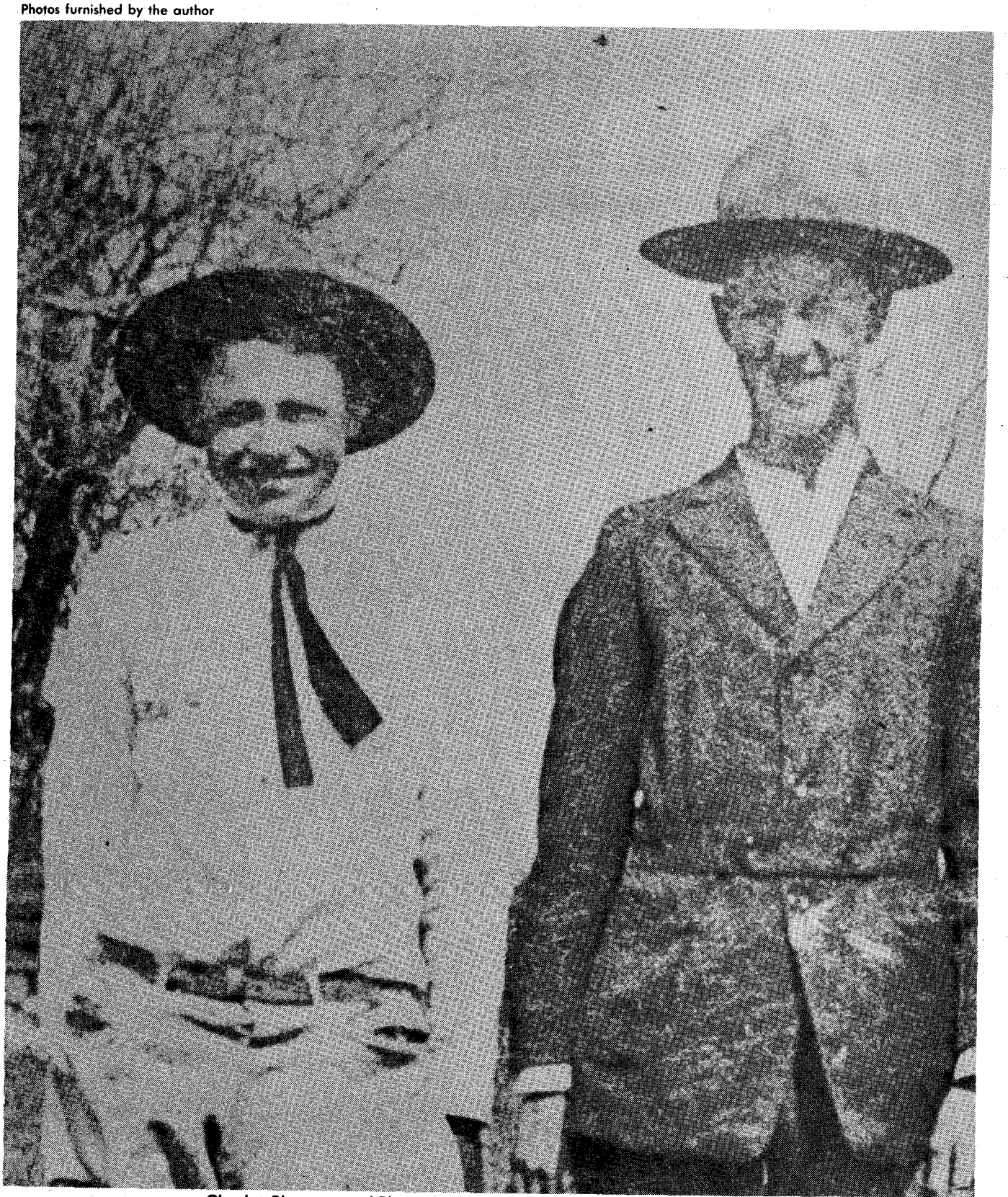
Photos furnished by the author



Charley Plummer and Elmer Ray. These two and the author perpetrated a hoax which ended in a riot.

"What, leave now and miss all the fights that are going to come off over this?"

"Okay, so what do we do with all this stuff we can't eat in a week? Maybe give it to the starving Injuns?" Elmer was an Indian.

"We'll hide it over in the cornfield and get back into the auditorium for they're about to end the singing."

The boxes were carried fifty yards to a wire fence and inside a growing field of corn. It was hidden between two rows to be retrieved later.

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Photos furnished by the author

Main Street, Clarita, Oklahoma. Box supper socials were events looked forward to by everyone in town.

When we returned to the auditorium there was standing room only, against the end wall. The master of ceremonies finished leading the throng in "Lead Kindly Light".

The portly auctioneer, a famous hog caller, assumed control. On the stage he drew the two piece curtain. Revealed in the overhead light was the dazzlingly decorated boxes. For all of five minutes he extolled them and the probable unmatchable contents.

Finally picking one off the peak he shouted, "What am I offered for this choice box? It was prepared with loving care by a beauteous damsel with her own dainty hands.

"For this worthy cause, dig deep into your pockets, boys!"

The box was most likely put together by the girl's mother who did all the cooking anyway. It sold for 75¢ which was about the average price but caused the auctioneer to look pained. The next one brought a dollar. The bids dropped down to 50¢ and 75¢ before swinging upward to $2.

Then came Alene's fancy box off the end towards the window from which Charley had worked. After the O'Neal brothers deliberately jobbed Griss, bidding from the hilarious crowd dropped down to $3.50.

When Beatrice O'Neal's heart-shaped red covered box came into being I bid $1 much too quickly. She was my current girl friend and opening my mouth revealed the fact it belonged to her.

Promptly her three mischievous brothers got into the act. Others joined them in great glee. My limit on money was quickly reached. The box went to some hayseed farmer from Goose Creek for $10.

The same thing happened with Charley when he began bidding on his girl's box. Elmer did not bid on a single box but offered us money to help out in our bidding.

At the same time he declared, "Why waste dough on them boxes when we got plenty of grub cached in the cornfield?" That was Elmer, always ready, able and willing to eat.

The auctioneering continued. No other box brought $21 but several did go for $12. When the final one went under the hammer the song leader took over again.

"Folks, before we enjoy this wonderful repast, let us have one more song. It will be 'In the Good Old Summer Time,' the words of which I am sure you all know."

There was no organ or piano in the auditorium so he tuned up his fork, listening to it with the deaf ear. Then with arms in the air keeping time he led off.

When the song finished, the successful bidders tore off the small envelopes on top of the boxes to read the name on a card. Thereupon they carried the box to the girl or woman, as many were married, and sat down with her to open and eat the goodies. Fifty people there should never have opened their boxes.

Those few moments of cutting ribbons and tearing paper were the last peaceful sounds in the auditorium that night. Pandemonium was just around the corner.

The ruckus started near the stage up front. A stocky farmer opened a box sitting beside a neighbor's fat wife. When he removed the lid a large white pigeon fluttered out. Hitting the overhead metal ceiling it kept flying around in great fright trying to find an opening to freedom.

Not far from them, at almost the same instant, an opened box revealed nothing but a large chicken snake. Uncoiling, it crawled out fast trying to find some dark place. The lady owner of the box started screaming hysterically and kept it up. Maybe she was the timid type.

Closer to where we three leaned against the end wall a woman let go with a sudden shriek of terror. From her box, when opened by the successful bidder, sprang six or eight squeaking field mice. They caused her to leap onto the school desk seat. Along with half a dozen

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other nearby women she began screeching in terror, "Mice! Mice!"

Halfway down the auditorium a man opened a box beside his supper companion, stared aghast and then dumped out a collection of melon rinds over her braided hair. In a great huff he stalked through the suddenly noisy crowd and never spoke to the woman or any member of her family again.

Elmer glanced at me dumfounded and yet greatly amused. Charley's look had meaning as he gestured that we should leave. Some real experts at skull duggery had beaten us to the supper boxes for we had put no birds, snakes or mice in any of them. The melon rinds we used were dry, not wet like those the poor woman got over her head.

Coming close Charley whispered, "Let's go before real bad trouble starts!"

"We'd better stay put. Our absence might point the finger of suspicion in our direction. We'd be blamed for all the boxes."

"Maybe you're right. But I sure didn't count on all that's going to happen now."

Then the first free-for-all fight started. Having opened his box sitting with Alene, the rugged Griss stared long and hard at the contents. His swiftly rising anger exploded. Rising he looked around to locate the O'Neal brothers. They were enjoying themselves scoffing fried chicken, assorted sandwiches and pie.

Moving forward fast, not yet uttering any accusation he hauled off and hit Brian. So hard did he deliver the blow that Brian was lifted off his seat and over against the side wall.

Turning on Cody he cried hotly, "So you O'Neal boys sold me some gravel. Think you're smart but I'll take it out of your ornery hides."

Griss struck him on one side of the head. Coming onto his feet Skinny grabbed his arm and threw him ten feet away into several men who leaped out of the way to let him fall.

Although groggy, Brian was back on his feet. The three brothers and Griss went to it in a real slug-fest. Several bystanders didn't think three on one was fair and joined in. More took a hand until it became just anybody's fight.

Up front towards the stage women and girls were screeching bloody murder. They began fighting each other to get up on the low stage out of the crush below. Someone was yelling about more mice come to the banquet. At least fifteen men were fighting in that end of the auditorium, overturning desks and chairs, breaking them in a mass riot that kept increasing.

We didn't know what started that fight but near them a boy from Sandy Creek had spent good plowing money for a box. Standing up on a seat he threw his three dollars worth of horse apples high in the air. They were pretty fresh and scattered down over the combatants.

Between us and the O'Neal fight an eighteen year old boy who had spent $2 for a box stared all this time at the contents. Abruptly he stood to his feet, hurling it in an arching curve at the ceiling. The box turning over, spilled the contents down on the men struggling around the O'Neal brothers.

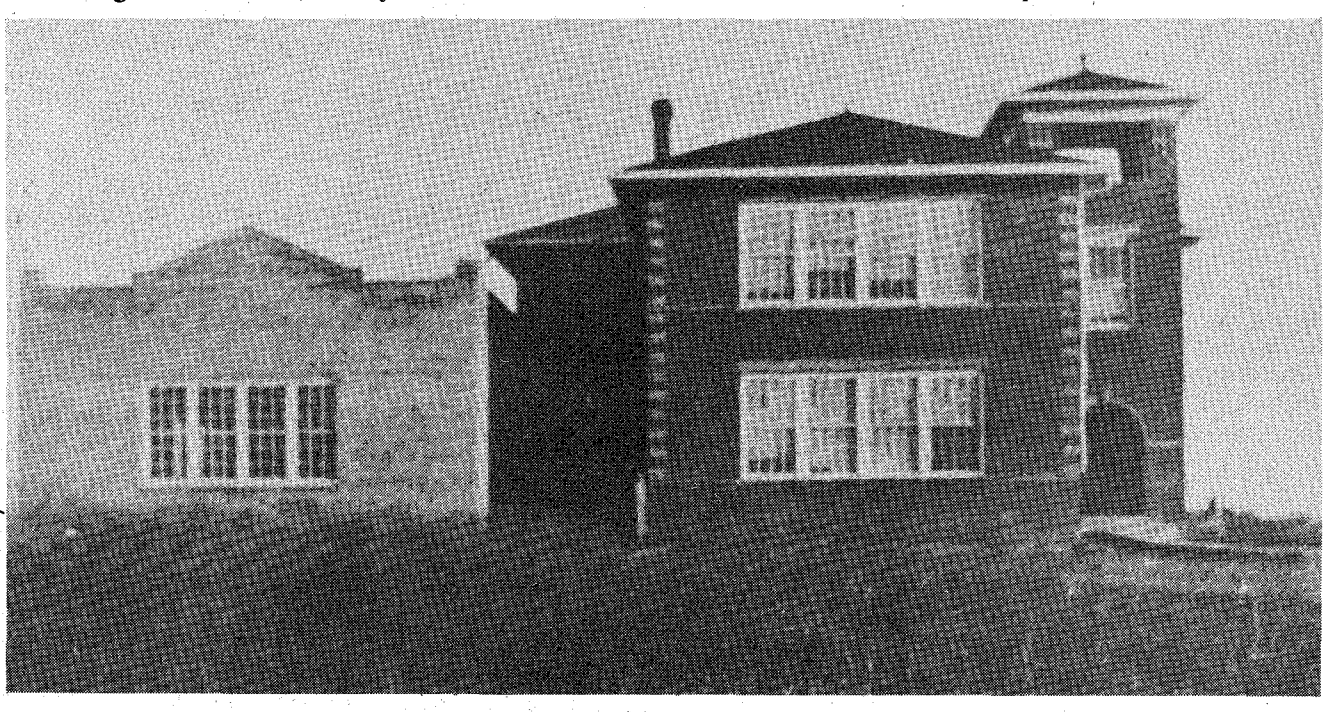
A sickening stench filled the air as rotten eggs broke against the heads of fighting men. It was not one of our boxes.

Charley groaned, "This is one night I wish I'd stayed home. There's going to be murder or worse happen over this."

Laughing at him Elmer declared, "This is the most fun I've had since the hogs et my little brother!"

The noise was terrific, echoing off the metal ceiling in ear-splitting thunder. Two prominent men gained the edge of the stage yelling at the crowd below to calm down and behave. In that bedlam they might as well have been whispering. Too many women had crowded onto the stage seeking safety. Close packed, they bulged dangerously close to the edge. The would-be peacemakers were shoved over into a mass of struggling men. Knocked down, they were tromped on indiscriminately. Something like that usually happens to peacemakers.

When the first ruckus began, a number of sitting couples halted all proceedings to watch. Now a man opened his box. Out came scorpions and centipedes. A new rush in a



Photos furnished by the author

The box supper social was held in the auditorium of the Clarita School. The brick addition on the left was added about ten years after the riot.

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Photos furnished by the author

The first graduating class from Clarita school, 8th grade. The author is fourth from the left.

formerly quiet area was on, those nearest stampeding when the small critters started spreading fast.

Over at the wide wall Griss, his nose broken and bleeding, managed to dispatch Cody. He was about to vanquish another when he was struck from the side. Down he went like a poled ox. The fighting there quieted down a little, only to erupt a little farther away when one man accused another of deliberately kicking him in the belly.

Screaming women and girls were gone from the seats, most of which had been overturned. Maybe about 300 were trying to get through the only two doors into the auditorium at the same time. One was near the stage up front, the second in the rear where we boys continued holding up the end wall.

The women nearest us, some real fat, only blocked the exit and none could possibly get out of the melee. The same condition prevailed near the stage.

"Did you ever see the like?" Elmer yelled to be heard, really enjoying the terrible scene of wild chaos.

"Never," declared Charley. Then wistfully, "Why didn't we think of all them stunts somebody else pulled. They sure done a good job. Who done the real wrecking do you think?" His attitude having changed from running, he wanted to see the end.

"Them O'Neal boys, most likely," Elmer asserted. "They been after Buck Griss a long time. That fancy dan, using rice powder and rouge. Maybe they didn't know which box belonged to Alene. They just loaded plenty of them to be sure of taking him."

"It took a lot of time and I can't imagine how they did it unless maybe there was some woman in on the put up job."

We were in the late teenage bracket whereas the O'Neal brothers were past twenty-five, two of them married. Some of those phoney boxes must have been already loaded, with the snake, bird and rotten eggs when brought in.

Up front middle aged Jess Guinnes the town ne'er-do-well and probably half drunk as usual, jerked a hogleg from under his coat and started blasting at the ceiling. Fortunately there was no one in the classroom above.

"Stop it, you fools!" he shouted between shots. "Stop it!"

Bang went another bullet. Then bang! again.

A fat woman carrying a bustle and most of her ripped off clothing before her body charged through towards the near door.

"Wait until I tell my man!" she squalled. "He'll kill somebody for this. Just wait and see if he don't!"

Getting past us she was stopped cold by the mass of women still fighting each other to get at the door. Charley stared at her huge behind.

He gasped incredulously, "I say again, never saw the like!"

She was a member of the Campbellite Church and along came the pastor. "Sister," he said to the bare behind woman, "I'll go to my buggy and get you a blanket."

Not realizing that he couldn't possibly get through the door either the devout church woman screeched at him, "Attend to your own business and keep your damned hands off me, you bastard!"

The preacher fell away in sheer astonishment. "Well, I declare!" he gasped. "Oh, goodness gracious, oh, my Lord!" and fainted to the floor. A dozen high button shoes promptly tramped over him.

Up front storeman Andy O'Neal, father of the three brothers, stopped Guinnes from reloading his sixgun. Taking it away from him he somehow managed to get on the stage. He then began beating the wooden sidewall partition on which hung the drawn curtain.

"Stop this nonsense!" he shouted. "Quit it right now. Have you men gone completely crazy?"

No one paid any attention to him and the final disaster was to come.

One gangling youth had bought what really turned out to be a phoney box with a girl's false name on it. Unable to find the girl he had not opened it.

In the fighting the box was knocked from a desk when over-

(continued on page 68)

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REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

ART ACORD

By Mario A. DeMarco

As I have written about the great western stars in the past issues, I realized that it was very unfortunate that I had only seen two of Art Acord's pictures in my life and these were seen sometime after his untimely death. Few of his fans realized that Art was small in stature, but this fact didn't limit the action that he was accustomed to producing in his pictures. The pictures that I saw were chock full of daring riding and stunt scenes, and Art was a master when it came to riding. Many people with good authority place him in the class of such riding greats as Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard and Hoot Gibson, all champions in their own rights.

Art was born in 1890 in Stillwater, Oklahoma, the part of the west that was known as Indian Territory. Like the other youngsters of that part of the country, Art learned to ride at a very early age. He became a cowpuncher and worked the ranches breaking horses and other duties that the cowboys had. His skill as a broncho buster and cowboy was so great that he was entered in rodeo competition and in no time became an all around champion consisting of broncho-riding, calf-roping and bull-dogging. He really distinguished himself when he rode a wild and rough mustang named "Cyclone" that had the reputation of having been ridden only by a few cowboys.

While appearing in a Wild West Show in 1909, which was appearing in New York, Art became acquainted with Adam Kessel. Adam was putting together his own movie company in New Jersey called the Bison Film Company. Kessel needing a good rider, lured Art to do the stunts and also to play bit parts in his pictures. After about a year with Bison, Art received a better offer to perform in the "Buffalo Bill" Cody Wild West Show. This great show made the tour around the United States, Canada and crossed the Atlantic to play before the crown heads in Europe.

It was while on this tour that Art met a young actress named Edythe Sterling and they were married a short time later in 1913. The following year was a good one for Art, he was lured to perform in a group of two reel westerns for a newly formed studio named Mutual Film Corporation. His pictures were put together rather fast and inexpensively but the quality of his riding and stunt work attracted fans, and he quickly rose to fame as a leading cowboy star.

When the war broke out in 1917, Art joined the service and was assigned to the Army and later saw action in France. He was discharged and sent back to the states in 1919 and joined the Stanley-Atkinson Wild West Show. This show toured the United States and Australia. The fans in Australia loved Art whenever he performed. At this time Universal Studios was looking for cowboys for leading roles in their western pictures. After viewing some of Art's daring riding, they signed him. His first picture was part of a serial entitled the "Moon Riders" which proved to be a great hit and spurred the heads of the studio to sign Art to a contract.

He made several more action-packed serials and a group of first grade westerns which were called the "Blue Streak" series. These pictures were superbly done and contained some of Art's greatest trick riding and stunts. Along with Art Acord, Universal western stars Harry Carey and Hoot Gibson provided the studio with great profits on their pictures and became their most valuable property. While the westerns at the other studios were facing a slump, Universal was "reaping the harvest" on their three cowboy stars.

Several years later when sound was introduced in pictures, this media proved to be the downfall of many top grade actors and actresses and Art was one of these unfortunate people. His voice proved to be inadequate for sound and he tried to sign with independent producers. He managed to make a few more westerns but here again he didn't last. He became despondent and began to drink.

He left Hollywood and started bootlegging whiskey. Art was caught, arrested and sent to prison for a short term. Quite a downfall for a man who had reached the height of a star. He attempted once again to perform and after being released from prison he put together an act which played in Mexico in 1930. It was while here in 1931 that he was discovered in his room in a cheap Mexican Hotel dead of a dose of cyanide. The authorities ruled it a case of suicide, but Art's friends who knew him better state it was a case of foul play.

Although Art made only twenty or so pictures in his bright career, his name will always be associated with the other great western cowboy stars of yesteryear. They gave their all to portray to the public that the cowboy was still one of the great images in this great country of ours.

His films were: The Squaw Man, North of the Rio, Moon Riders, Winners of the West, The White Horseman, In the Days of Buffalo Bill, The Oregon Trail, The Scrappin Kid, The Call of Courage, Three in Exile, Rustler's Ranch, Circus Cyclone, Man From the West, Lazy Lightning, The Terror, The Riding Rascal, Sky High Corral, The Set Up, Western Pluck, Toco Luck, and Cactus Cyclone. **RW**

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GRATTAN MASSACRE

Denver Public Library, Western History Department

Conquering Bear or Brave Bear, the only Sioux casualty in the Grattan fight near Fort Laramie in 1854.

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The Battle Of The TEN DOLLAR COW

By Stephen Eastin

It began with a Mormon's cow that ran away to become Indian stew and it developed into an Indian massacre that in turn was avenged a year later when the Indians in turn were slaughtered.

The years from 1851 to 1854 were peaceful ones on the Central Plains. But an incident in late summer, 1854 involving the unlikely combination of a ten-dollar cow, Mormon immigrants, a band of Brule Sioux and the United States Army resulted in the death of thirty soldiers, and the beginning of the conflict between the Army and the Sioux that would not end until 1890 at Wounded Knee.

Fort Laramie was the focal point of Indian white relations on the Central Plains during the mid-1800's. It sat in a valley surrounded by rolling prairie close to the home ranges of the Sioux (or Lakota), the Cheyennes and the Arapahos. The famous Oregon-California Trail of the 1840's passed nearby. The Fort Laramie Treaty, partly concluded at the Fort and partly at Horse Creek, gave the Indians of the Central and Northern Plains a yearly annuity or payment in return for allowing the whites to pass through their country on the Oregon Trail unmolested. Fort Laramie was to be the agency for these tribes and the spot for the yearly distribution of annuity goods and money, which the Indians termed the "Give-away".

The Indians accepted the conditions and made Fort Laramie the central point toward which they traveled each year at the "give-away" time. But as 1853 turned into 1854, the Indians grew concerned and then angry at the hordes of whites that passed through. The Indians' hostile actions at the time were limited to occasionally riding up and demanding that the frightened wagontrain people treat them to coffee and biscuits.

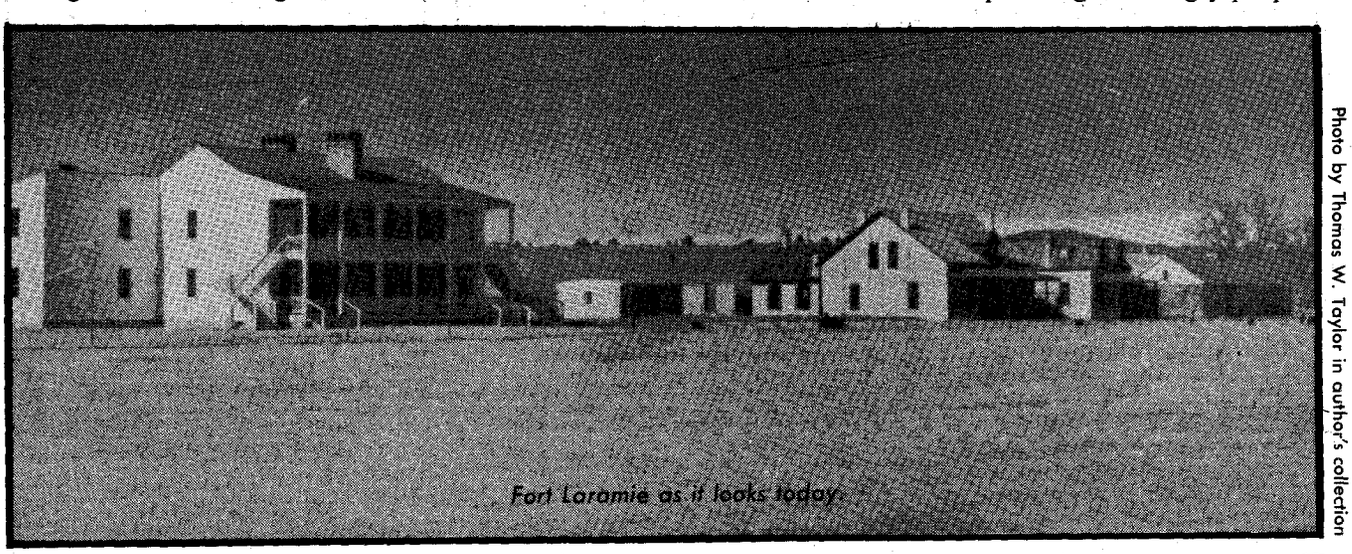
Once, some Cheyennes ran off three head of cattle that belonged to Lucien August, a civilian at Fort Laramie. But that was more the Indian style of fun or practical joke, for Lucien was well-known to them, having married a Sioux woman. It was at "give-away" time in late summer, 1854 that the fun stopped.

By mid-August, about three thousand Sioux were camped east of Fort Laramie. They were impatient because the give-away was one week overdue and the agent who was to conduct it was still not there. The Oglala Sioux were camped five miles east of the Fort and their kinsmen, the Brule Sioux, were camped three miles further down the North Platte River, near James Bordeau's trading post.

On August 18, 1854, a wagon train of Mormons or Latter-Day Saints, plodded up the trail, passing within a stones-throw of the Brule camp. One of the cows with the caravan seemed to have a sense of destiny. She chose that moment to become frightened, broke from the train and ran directly into the Brule camp.

There has been quite an amount of controversy over why this was, if the Indians did anything to cause her fright, but there seems to be no reason to doubt the Latter-Day Saints' *Journal History* account of it as quoted in Hafen and Young's *Fort Laramie:* "at Sarpy's Point, eight miles east of Laramie, while a company of Saints were passing a camp of Indians, about 1000 strong, a cow belonging to the company became frightened and ran into the Indian camp, where she was left; some of them killed and ate her."

The account says nothing of an Indian plot to lure her into the camp. Regardless, a Miniconjou Sioux named High Forehead, who was visiting the Brules, killed the cow. She soon became soup among the hungry people.



Fort Laramie as it looks today.

Photo by Thomas W. Taylor in author's collection

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The Mormons, who were immigrant converts from Denmark under the leadership of Hans Peter Olson, hurried the eight miles to Fort Laramie and reported the incident to the commanding officer, Second Lieutenant Hugh Fleming. At approximately the same time, the chief of the Brules, whose Lakota name has variously been translated as Conquering Bear, Bear-that-Scatters (his enemies) and Brave Bear, rode into the fort.

He had found out about the cow and was eager to avoid trouble. The Bear met with Lieut. Fleming and offered to pay the Mormon cow-owner for his loss out of the annuity amount that the Brules were soon to receive. Fleming refused the offer and the Bear returned to his camp.

Fleming, one year out of West Point, decided that the Indians were to be punished. Fort Laramie, however, did not have a garrison strong enough to do much punishing. The Army underestimated the amount of men needed to maintain a force of adequate size to intimidate the Indians. The garrison at the time consisted of 39 men, ten of whom were employed in tending the post livestock the afternoon of the 18th.

Tom Fitzpatrick, an able old-time mountain man and the agent for the Upper Platte tribes at one time, observed of Fort Laramie that "so small is the force usually at their disposal, that they maintain their own position in the country more by the courtesy of the Indians than from any ability to cope with the numbers that surround them. Instead of serving to intimidate the red man, they rather create a belief in the feebleness of the white man."

The junior officer at the fort was a Vermont native, Second Lieutenant John L. Grattan, fresh out of West Point. Grattan had strong ideas on the way to deal with Indians, mainly that the Indians should be convinced of the absolute dominance of the white man. One of his contemporaries at the fort characterized him as "a young officer of much promise, full of military enthusiasm, ambitious for distinction in his profession, and of undoubted gallantry".

However, the Lieutenant had his detractors. One said of him that he was "inexperienced, hotheaded and a sort of blow-hard". The post trader said that "if ever Grattan gets into a difficulty with the Indians, I hope he may come out safe, but I doubt it". One of Grattan's own remarks is telling: "With thirty men, I can whip the combined force of all the Indians on the prairie."

The news of the cow spread rapidly around the parade ground of the fort. Grattan apparently itched to command the expedition to punish the Brules. He spoke to J. H. Reed, a civilian, the afternoon of the 18th. Reed asked him if he wanted to be sent against the Sioux.

"I would like very well to go, but I won't go unless I have orders to bring in the offender, anyhow."

Reed said ironically, "If you go after the Indian, don't return to the Post without him."

Grattan got his wish the next day when Lieut. Fleming put him in command of the patrol to arrest High Forehead, the cow-killer. The precise orders that Fleming gave Grattan are unknown, but Fleming later wrote in the official report that he sent "Brevet - second Lieutenant (J.) L. Grattan, 6th infantry, with the interpreter, Sergeant Faver, Corporal McNulty and twenty privates to receive the offender."

Actually, twenty-nine soldiers volunteered and were accepted. The men were infantry and armed with Springfield muskets. Lucien August was sent as interpreter. Two cannons, a twelve-pounder and a mountain howitzer, rounded out the patrol. Grattan and Lucien were mounted while the soldiers rode in a wagon drawn by a team of mules.

The excitement disturbed one of the men lounging outside the adobe-walled store run by the post trader, or sutler. The man was Young - Man - Afraid - of - His - Horses, a rising young man among the Oglala Sioux. He volunteered to accompany the patrol, hoping to be the mediator between the Sioux and the soldiers.

Lucien, the interpreter, was in no way eager to go and find himself between the soldiers and his wife's angry kinfolks. One of the sutler's store crowd gave him a bottle of trade whiskey to fortify his spirit.

The patrol started down the Oregon - California trail in the direction of the Indian camps. In his book on Fort Laramie, Remi Nadeau told of one account that maintained that the troopers in the wagon also had a bottle, which they passed around among themselves. When the party reached the American Fur Company's trading post five miles from Fort Laramie, Grattan halted them and ordered the soldiers to load but not to cap their percussion muskets.

Obridge Allen, a civilian who accompanied the soldiers part of the way, remembered that Grattan instructed his men "to obey only his orders or those of the sergeant; said he, 'When I give the order, you may fire as much as you d—d please!" He told them he didn't believe a gun would be fired but he hoped to God they would have a fight.

The soldiers passed the Oglala camp and came to Bordeau's post, eight miles from the fort. Grattan put the men through the exercise of dry-firing the cannons. Then Grattan called for the proprietor, Bordeau, the long-time Indian trader who had married into the Brules. Grattan ordered Bordeau to summon the chiefs of the Brules with whom Bordeau had some influence. While waiting for the Indians, Grattan ordered his men to cap their muskets and to load the cannons with grape and cannister shot.

At that time the disastrous chain of events started. Lucien was feeling his liquor and had somehow found another bottle to replace the one he had emptied. On the strength of the alcohol, Lucien gained in bravado and started threatening the on looking Sioux in the Lakota language with the promise that the soldiers were soon to eat the raw hearts of the Indians. Grattan did not understand any of Lucien's words, but when he realized that his interpreter was drunk, he grabbed the bottle and smashed it against his saddle.

Bordeau rode up with two of the influential men of the Brules, Conquering Bear and Little Thunder. Bordeau sized up the situation and volunteered to act act as interpreter, for he realized that Lucien was capable of turning the conference into a dangerous confrontation with his drunken threats.

The impatient Lieutenant straightaway demanded that the Miniconjou cow killer be surrendered, that he would be taken to Fort Laramie to receive punishment. Conquering Bear was crafty and evasive, saying that he had no authority to surrender anyone against the person's will. The Bear again offered to pay for the ten-dollar cow, which was correct procedure as out-lined in the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1851 for settling disputes between whites and Indians. There had been no provision for taking prisoners in that treaty. Grattan realized that he would have to directly confront the Miniconjou, High Forehead. The Brule chiefs returned to their camp.

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From McCann, *The Grattan Massacre*

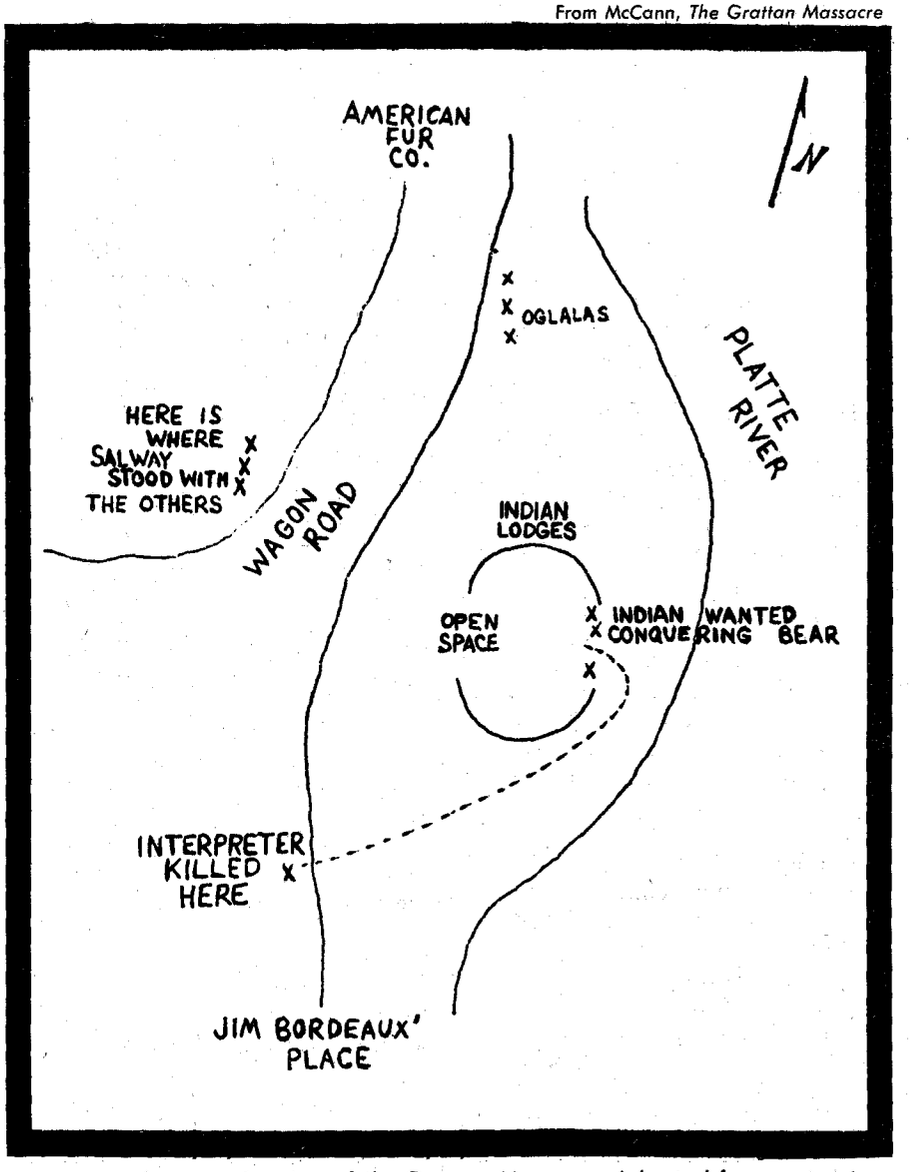

Diagram of scene of action of the Grattan Massacre. Adapted from a sketch made by eyewitness Frank Salway and recorded by Judge E. S. Ricker in 1906.

Grattan must have had some idea of the danger of approaching the camp where an estimated 1000 Brules were preparing to return any violence offered by the soldiers. The women and children were silently leaving the backside of the camp near the river, and the men were finding fighting places in the marshy area to the side of the village. Grattan is reputed to have told his men that "I am going within sixty yards of the lodge. I must have him, dead or alive. When I give the word, you must fire on every man who is not a white man."

Bordeau again sized up the situation and decided that Grattan's inexperience with Indians was going to get him into deadly trouble. With a parting warning to be careful, Bordeau disappeared into his log trading post. Grattan advanced on the village, accompanied by Lucien and Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses. By that time Lucien had worked up to the choicest insults in the Lakota language. The men walked up close to High Forehead's lodge and stopped and again demanded that the cowkiller be surrendered.

At this point, the accounts of the events become as numerous as the people who watched from Bordeau's. All agree that there was a council in front of the tipi that lasted about half an hour. High Forehead refused to surrender. He started his death song. By then the pitch was fevered. The Brules were standing, armed. The soldiers had approached and faced the Indians. Hafen wrote that Grattan produced his watch and said:

"I can't wait any longer."

Conquering Bear turned and said, "Try and take him, if you will".

Nadeau wrote that Man-Afraid was trying to save the situation by arguing that calm heads should prevail, Lucien interpreting his words, and that Grattan said the Lakota word of agreement, "Hou!". The soldiers took it that he had said "Now!", and fired as they had been instructed.

Whatever caused it, the soldiers fired and conquering Bear fell, wounded in three places. The Brules then fired and Grattan went down. The soldiers fired one of the cannons, but the shot went high, knocking down a tipi. The enraged Brules rushed out of their hiding places and poured withering arrow and musket fire into the soldiers.

The survivors ran to the wagon and frantically whipped the mules, heading toward Bordeau's. The mounted Brules gave chase and caught the soldiers, killing all but one, Pvt. John Cuddy. Lucien found no mercy at the hands of his wife's people. He tried to beg but was struck down.

The victorious and still enraged Indians swarmed into Bordeau's like ants over a hill. Bordeau, wise in the ways to deal with Indians, gave them anything they wanted, emptying his shelves of all the coffee and cloth and tobacco, but saving the scalps of all the whites there.

From there, the Brules headed up the trail toward Fort Laramie and stopped at the American Fur Company's trading post, where the undistributed annuity goods were stored. The Sioux waited no longer for the agent. They took a large portion of the goods and rode back to their camp. The village of 1000 people was gone in a few hours, leaving only the camp's rubbish and the mutilated bodies of thirty whites. Grattan's body was found with twenty-four arrows in it, and could only be identified by his watch.

The whites at Bordeau's fled up the trail to Fort Laramie, taking the seriously wounded Pvt. Cuddy with them. At the fort, they joined the few remaining soldiers in taking refuge in the crumbling adobe trappers' fort on the south side of the parade ground, waiting for the attack on the fort that they thought would surely come. But the Brules were heading toward the relative safety of the White River area, to the northeast, toward the Black Hills.

On the 22nd of August, Pvt. Cuddy died. Four days later, up on the Niobrara River, Conquering Bear died of his wounds. The remains of Grattan's soldiers were buried in a shallow mass grave near where they fell. A traveler on the nearby Oregon Trail who passed the place one month later wrote that the

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dirt had blown or had been washed away and that the bodies were exposed to view.

The sky of the Brules did not last unclouded for long. Just one year and two weeks after the Grattan fight, a force of 600 men under Gen. William S. Harney surrounded a Brule camp at Ash Hollow, near presentday Lewellen, Nebraska. In this band of Brules were some who had certainly participated in the Grattan fight, but just as sure, many who had not. Harney's men overran the camp and killed 86 men, women and children. Harney claimed revenge for Grattan.

Eighty-seven Sioux (including Conquering Bear) and thirty-five whites (includes the Grattan party and Harney's losses at Ash Hollow): That is expensive payment for one ten-dollar cow. ●RW

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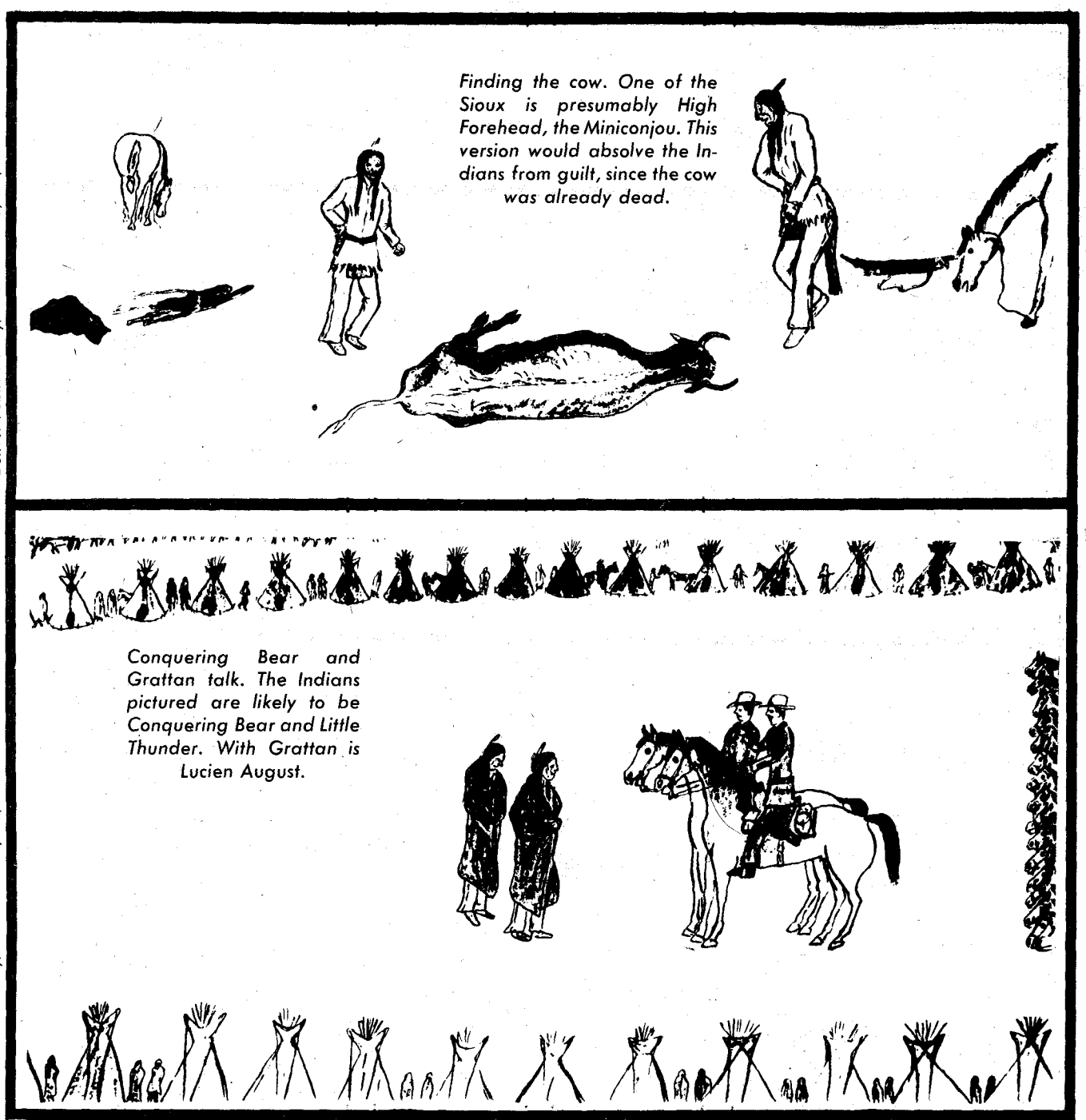
A series of Indian pictorgraphs depicting a version of the Grattan massacre. Artist is unknown.



Finding the cow. One of the Sioux is presumably High Forehead, the Miniconjou. This version would absolve the Indians from guilt, since the cow was already dead.

Conquering Bear and Grattan talk. The Indians pictured are likely to be Conquering Bear and Little Thunder. With Grattan is Lucien August.

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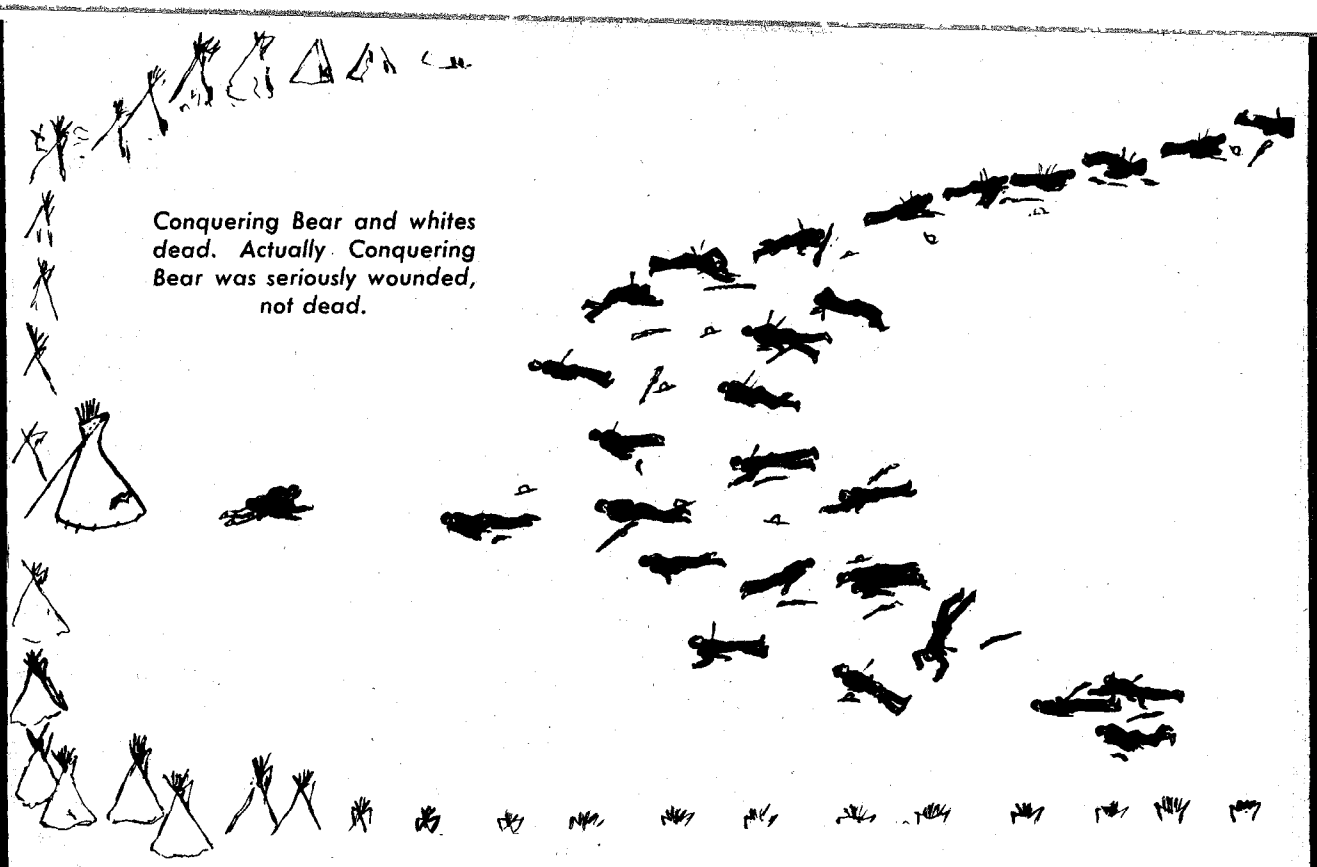
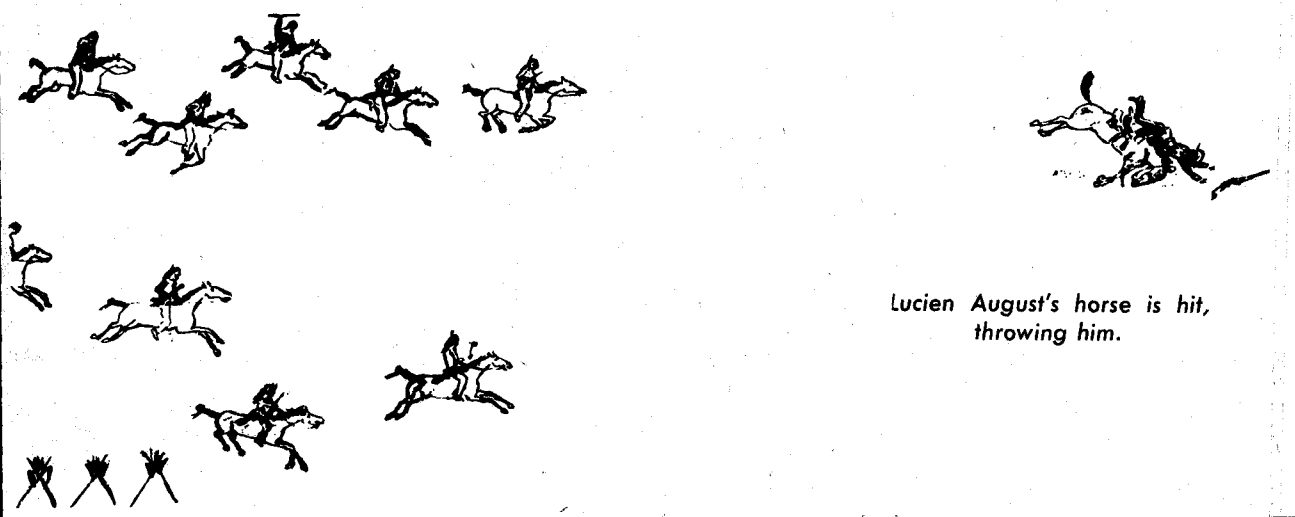
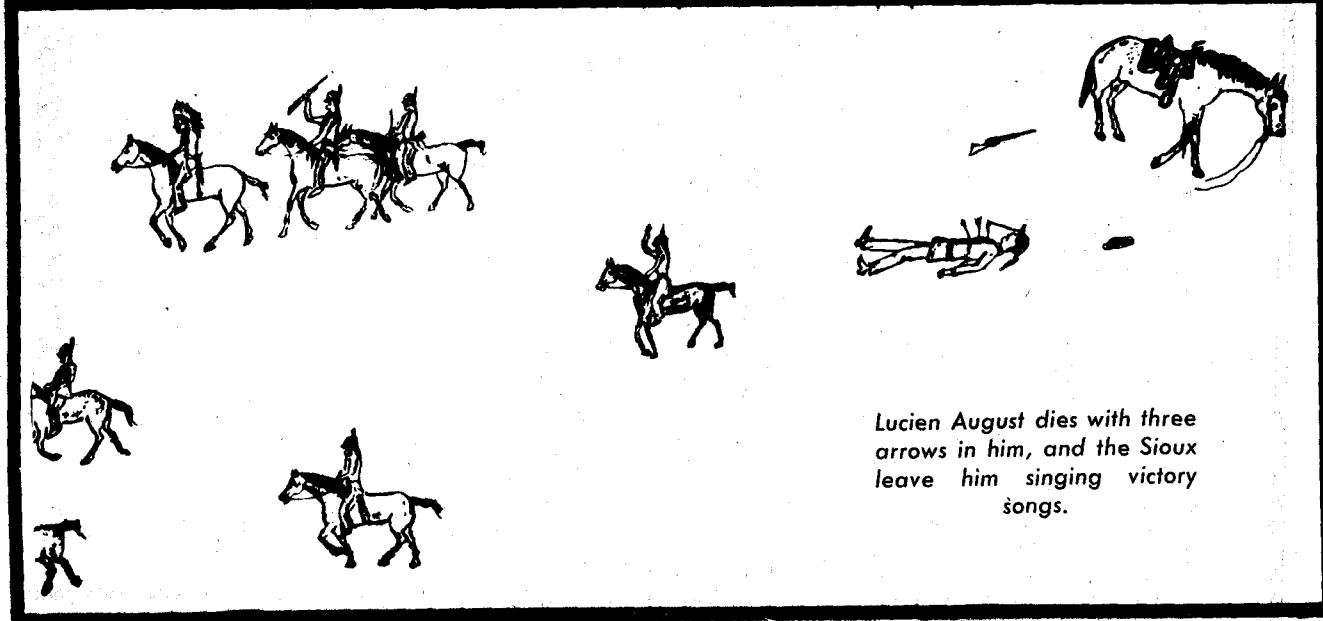


Conquering Bear and whites dead. Actually Conquering Bear was seriously wounded, not dead.



Lucien August's horse is hit, throwing him.



Lucien August dies with three arrows in him, and the Sioux leave him singing victory songs.

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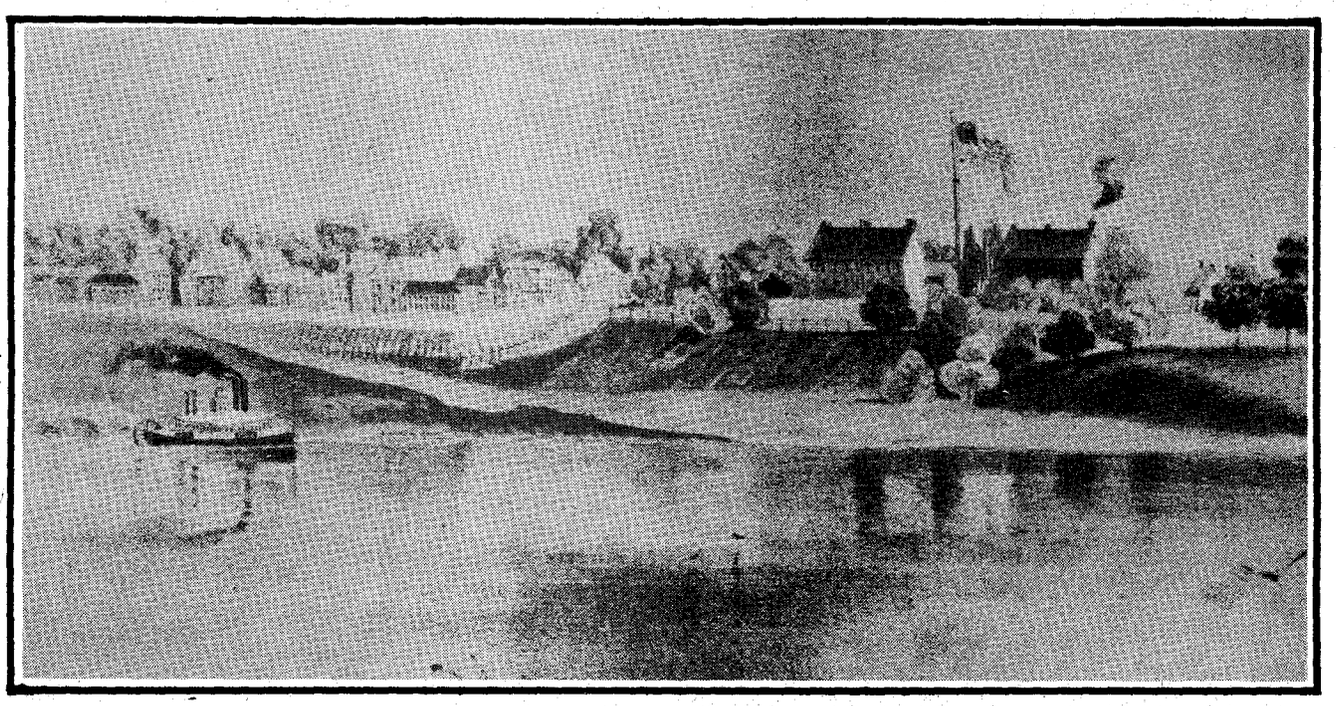
FORTS OF THE WEST

By Louise Cheney

FORT SMITH Carried Our Flag



National Archives, U.S. Signal Corps photo

Fort Smith was built at the confluence of the Poteau and Arkansas Rivers to keep peace between the Osage and the Cherokee Indian tribes.

In the very heart of downtown Fort Smith, Arkansas, stands Fort Smith National Historic site, a monument to one of the earliest military posts in the Southwest and one of the most vital. Once within the sound of the dread Indian war drum, it is identified with the advent of civilization and law and order on the vast frontier it once governed.

Established to keep the peace between the Osage and the Cherokee tribes and to prevent the encroachment of the white man on Indian Territory, Fort Smith served first as a U.S. military garrison and later as a court for the Western District of Arkansas with jurisdiction over a vast area of Indian Territory. Through here passed a flamboyant parade of history; soldiers, missionaries, outlaws, traders, mountain men, explorers, law officers, white settlers and the Indians. For eighty years Fort Smith held the reins on the great frontier it embraced.

The post was first established in 1817. Major Stephen H. Long of the U. S. Army selected a spot on a sandstone bluff at the confluence of the Poteau and Arkansas Rivers for the site of the proposed new military garrison. It was Christmas day when Major William Bradford arrived on the scene to start construction of the post. His orders were to "select the best site — and — thereon erect as expeditiously as circumstances would permit a blockade."

Using plans that Major Long had drawn up, Bradford put his seventy man detail to work building a wooden blockade with two block houses. It was decided to call the fortification Fort Smith after General Thomas A. Smith, commander of the Army west of the Mississippi. Work progressed slowly and it was not until 1822 that the post was near completion and a good defense against invaders.

As has been noted earlier herein the site for Fort Smith was chosen to keep peace between the Osage and Cherokee Indians and to prevent white settlements from extending beyond the boundary line of Indian Territory. Some of the members of the Cherokee Nation had moved to what is now northwestern Arkansas. The Osage tribe already in that region bitterly resented the penetration of their hunting grounds by these Cherokees. Even after the erection of Fort Smith it was impossible to stem conflict between the two tribes until 1824.

Although at the time of its erection no one was sure in what territory the garrison lay, the first Fort Smith was actually and wholly in what is now the state of Oklahoma.

When completed, the fort was typical of the military posts of the early nineteenth century. The walls consisted of squared timbers set close together in the earth. These walls ten feet high and eight feet thick provided a good defense against Indian arrows. The two block houses set at opposite corners, north and south.

It was when the post was two years old that it became

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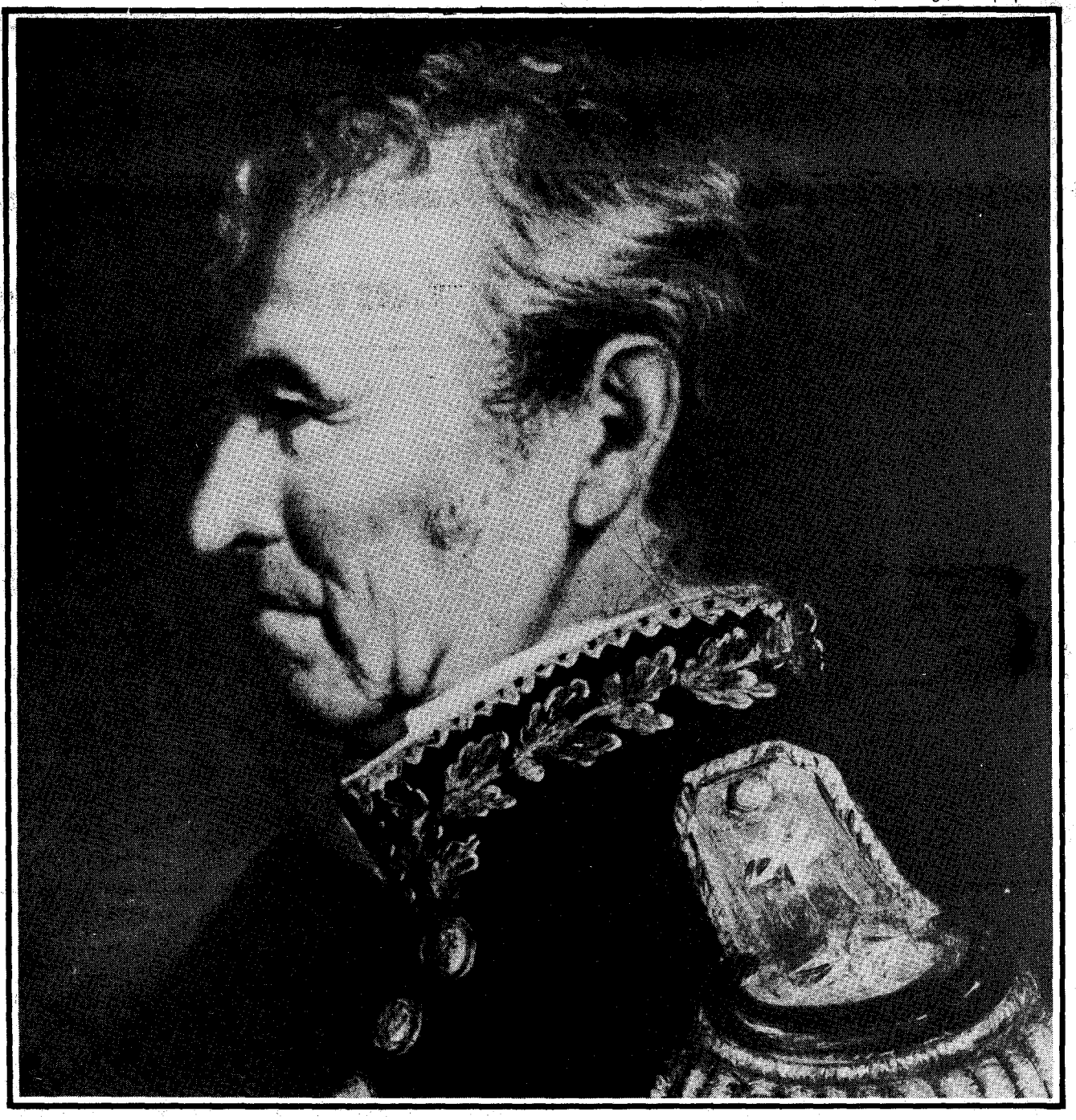
National Archives, U.S. Signal Corps photo



President Zachary Taylor, then General, visited Fort Smith in 1846 and brought to a halt the grandiose plans and expensive design that had been earlier approved. The fort was completed along more conservative lines.

the scene of a peace council between the Osages and Cherokees. Major William Bradford, post commander, acted as mediator. Herbert Hart in his book, FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST, describes the meeting vividly.

The Cherokees had captured some Osages and were holding them. The chiefs of the two tribes met at Fort Smith and the Osages demanded the return of their people. The Cherokees refused. At last an ultimatum was handed to the Cherokees: return the captives in ten days or be punished.

Ten days passed and the morning of the eleventh day dawned. Still the Cherokees held their Osage captives. Five Cherokee chiefs were at Fort Smith and the Osages threatened to take them as hostages. The Osage chief vetoed the idea saying that the hostages would be killed for spite.

Major Bradford sternly sent word for the Cherokees to come to the garrison and parley. The next day the two tribes held a council in the presence of Major Bradford. The American officer informed the Cherokees that they must free the captives. The Cherokees gave in, the prisoners were released and a bloody Indian war was averted.

Three years later some 400 Osages came to Fort Smith and took a stand across the river, fully armed and threatening the post. In command at that time was Colonel Mathew Arbuckle. With his men covering him with heavy artillery on the bank the colonel crossed the stream in a small boat. Seeing the lone man the Indians admired his bravery so much that they promised to send some of their tribesmen to talk with him. They then dispersed and returned to their camp.

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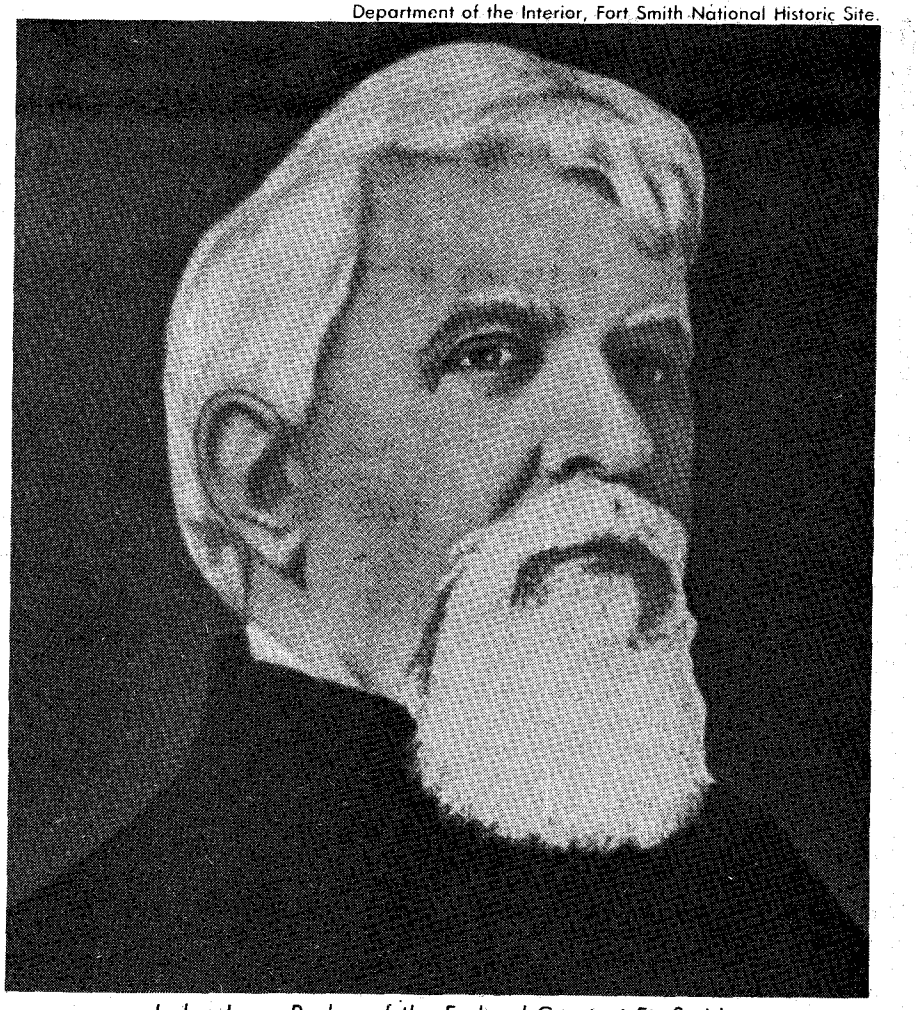
By 1824 the frontier had moved further westward and the post moved eighty miles up the Arkansas River. (near present day Muskogee, Oklahoma) and established Fort Gibson. This site was nearer the Indian tribes. It was planned to set up an Indian Agency in the old Fort Smith buildings but this never came about as the departing troopers left the place a wreck, without floors, windows and doors. Small detachments of men returned from time to time to the old fort but it was finally shut down in 1839. The buildings fell prey to the consuming efforts of time and weather and disappeared completely. Its location was lost until 1958 when archeologists discovered the ancient foundations of the old garrison.

The inhabitants of western Arkansas demanded troop protection from the government and in 1838 Congress authorized the War Department to re-establish Fort Smith. The original plans called for a larger post, in fact a real fortress to be erected near the site of the first Fort Smith. It is said that the French expert in fortification construction, Marshal Vauban, helped design the new garrison. Certainly it was done in the style of his distinctive architecture. The plans called for an installation of 450 x 600 with cannon and bastions at each angle of the wall. It was not until 1846 that the fortress was complete but the original plans had not been followed. Herbert M. Hart in his FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST notes that in that year General Zachary Taylor arrived at the post but found it incomplete, $120,000 already spent and the men living in temporary huts in a camp called Belknap next to the fort. He decided that a stone fortress was not essential and halted the expensive designs then and there. He also ordered that which had been started be finished but stipulated that he wished nothing elaborate.

Two of the bastions were put into use as storehouses. One was converted to a magazine and two were never fully completed. Soon after the United States and Mexico went to war, volunteers began drilling at the post. One compnay went from the town of Fort Smith, some 128 strong. They reached Vera Cruz, but only thirty returned as the majority fell prey to disease and died.

Although Arkansas suffered no serious uprisings during the lifetime of the second Fort Smith, it was extremely useful as a supply depot for other posts extending further out on the frontier. Two of the buildings, a barracks and a commissary, remain standing today.

Department of the Interior, Fort Smith National Historic Site.



Judge Isaac Parker of the Federal Court at Ft. Smith.

In 1861 the Civil War touched Fort Smith. A company of Union forces was stationed there but withdrew on April 23, 1861 when 300 Confederates armed with ten pieces of artillery challenged the garrison. The post served both the Confederate and Union armies during the war but no blood was shed there. Both armies used the fort as a hospital.

When the Confederates were stationed at the garrison, one of the companies was known as the "Hemstead Hornets", containing eighty men who carried not only double barrel shotguns but long, deadly knives as well. The union forces came back and recaptured the post and it was used by Northern troops as a stronghold in Southern territory. One battle, that of Massard Prairie, was fought near Fort Smith. Two thousand Confederates on horseback defeated a superior force of 5,000 Union Soldiers.

In 1871, since there was no longer any danger from Indians in the region, the War Department gave orders that Fort Smith be abandoned. In 1856 a new Western District for the Federal Court System in Arkansas had been established in Van Buren. In the same year that Fort Smith was closed the court moved from Van Buren to Fort Smith, Arkansas and set up rented quarters in the Post Office. In November of that year fire destroyed the building housing the court and it was moved into the abandoned barracks inside old Fort Smith.

The court held jurisdiction over what is now modern Oklahoma as well as western Arkansas. One writer said of the conditions in Oklahoma during the seventies, "there was no Sunday west of St. Louis—No God west of Fort Smith." The eastern half of the country was inhabited by the five civilized tribes, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and

(continued on page 69)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

LITTLE KNOWN INDIAN TRIBES

by Nono Minor

When the white man arrived in America there were many different tribes of Indians, some quite small and others numbering in the thousands. After the arrival of the Europeans, some of these tribes became extinct due to battles, disease, and the fact they were forced to join other larger tribes for survival. The smaller bands who remained independent soon numbered only a few hundred and eventually vanished completely, so that today their tribal names are almost forgotten.

The Massachuset Indians, part of the Algonquian linguistic stock, were the Indians visited by several voyagers beginning with John Cabot. However, these Indians were first mentioned in 1614 by Captain John Smith. Many from this tribe were killed by fighting and by pestilence. In 1629 the Puritans settled among them; and with zeal, John Eliot converted many to Christianity, even writing a bible called "Eliot Bible" in the Massachuset language. Many of this tribe died from smallpox in 1631.

The Nipmuc were part of the Algonquian linguistic family. From time to time, part of this tribe was attached to the more powerful tribes in their neighborhood, such as the Massachuset, Wampanoag, Narraganset and Mohegan. When the white man settled Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay these Indians were mentioned. In 1674 there were seven villages of Christian Indians among this tribe. In 1675 practically all the Nipmuc took part in the King Philip War against the Colonists. Most of the tribe fled to Canada or to the tribes living on the Hudson River at the close of this war. The 1910 census showed only 81 members of this tribe left.

The Eno Indians were probably of Siouan linguistic stock, and were first mentioned by Governor Yeardley of Virginia. They formerly lived near the Enoree River in South Carolina. Mention was made of this tribe in 1671 and also in 1701. In 1714 they began to move towards Virginia, and in 1716 Governor Spotswood of Virginia proposed to settle the Eno along with the Cheraw and Keyuawee at Eno, a town near North Carolina. The project was defeated and the tribe was moved to South Carolina. They kept their own dialect. In 1743, most of them united with the Catawba.

The Hatteras belonged to the Algonquian linguistic family. Some historians thought these Indians showed traces of white blood and therefore may have been the Croatan Indians with whom Raleigh's colonists are supposed to have taken refuge. They soon disappeared as a distinct tribe and united with the Algonquians.

regarded as Siouan but are sometimes classed with the Cusabo. No words of their language have survived. Possibly Xoxi, pronounced Shohi or Shoshi, one of the provinces mentioned by Francisco of Chicora in 1521 is a synonym of Sewee. The name Sewee is first mentioned by Captain Ecija in 1609. These also might have been the Indians met by the English expedition who founded the colony of South Carolina in 1670. The early Spanish had carried off many of the Sewee as slaves; and the English were aided by the Sewee against the Spanish, by giving them corn. The tribe was large, but smallpox and the indulgence in alcoholic liquors soon reduced their numbers. A large proportion of their able-bodied men were lost at sea when they attempted to open closer trade relations with England. They were living in a single village just before the Yamasee War which put an end to them as a distinct tribe. Many of them united with the Catawba, and in 1715 there were only about 57 members left.

The Tiou has often been misprinted Sioux, causing confusion with the Sioux of Minnesota and Dakota. The Tiou belonged to the Tunica linguistic group and lived near the upper course of the Yazoo river and later south of Natchez. In 1697 they appeared to have two villages along the Yazoo River. They were driven from their homes by the Chickasaw in 1699, and settled among the Natchez. They lived along the Mississippi for a short time, where La Salle spoke of them as the Koroa. In 1731 the Tiou were defeated by the Quapaw and destroyed as a tribe.

No word of the language of the Opelousa Indians remains, but it was believed to be allied to that of the Atakapa group. This tribe was first mentioned in an unpublished report about the Indians of the Mississippi and Gulf regions. The Opelousa were few in number and led a wandering life, but were able to remain somewhat a distinct tribe until the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

By 1910 only a single member of the once powerful Tawakoni tribe remained. This tribe belonged to the Caddoan linguistic family and were closely connected to the Wichita although each spoke a slightly different language. The Tawakoni were first found on the Canadian River, a little north of the upper Washita. Soon they moved southward and in 1772 were settled in two groups on the Trinity and Brazos rivers. In 1779 the group on the Trinity joined those on the Brazos, but by 1824 many had returned to the Trinity location. In 1855 they were established on a reservation near Fort Belknap on the Brazos, but were forced from their homes in 1859 by the hostility of the Texans. They moved north into Southwestern Oklahoma where they were officially incorporated with the Wichita.

The Kohuana is also given the name Cajuenche, Cawina, or Quokim. They belonged to the Yuman branch of the Hokan linquistic stock and spoke the Cocopa dialect, but were closely related to the Halyikawamai. They were mentioned by Hernando de Alarcon, who ascended the Colorado River in 1540, as the Coana Indians. They were probably the Cutganas of Kino mentioned by Juan de Onate in 1604 and 1605. Francisco Garces reported in 1776 that they were numerous and at enmity with the Cocopa. The Kohuana later joined the Halchidhoma, then lived for a period near the Mohave. They moved near the Yuma, but when one of their members was killed by a Yuma they

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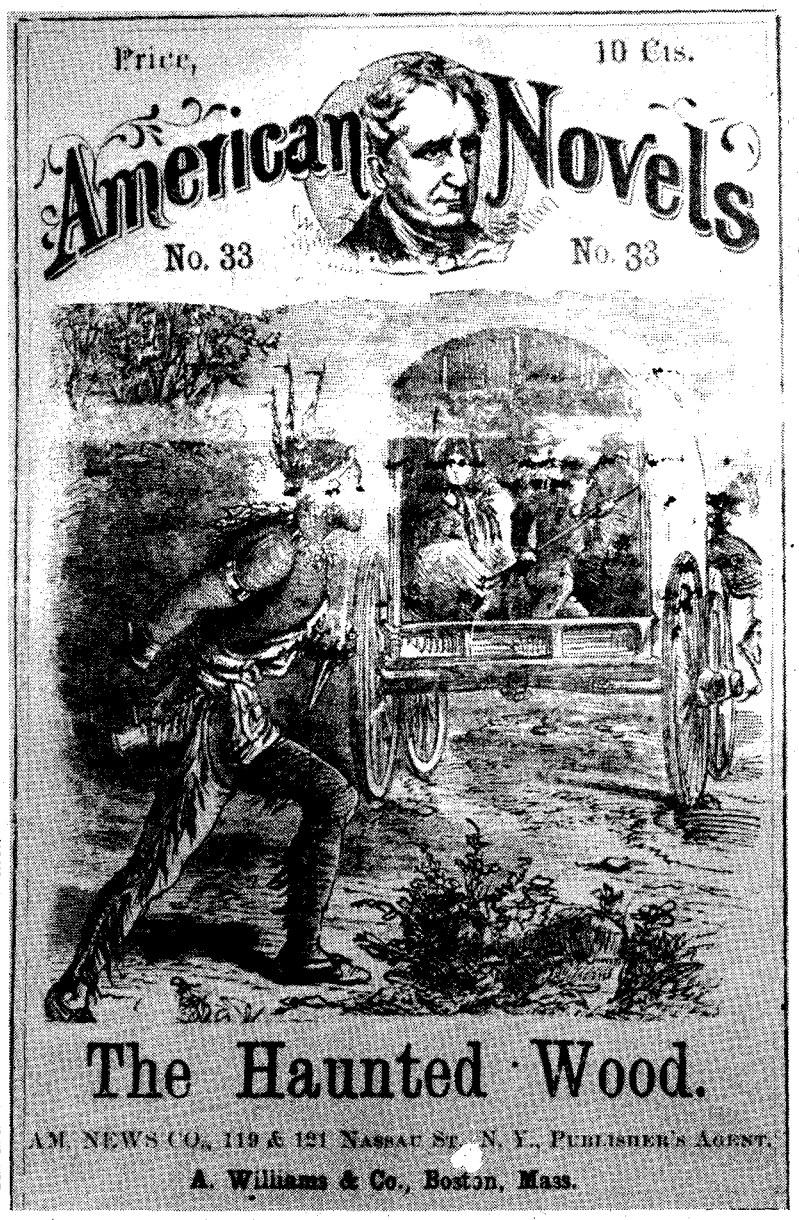
REAL WEST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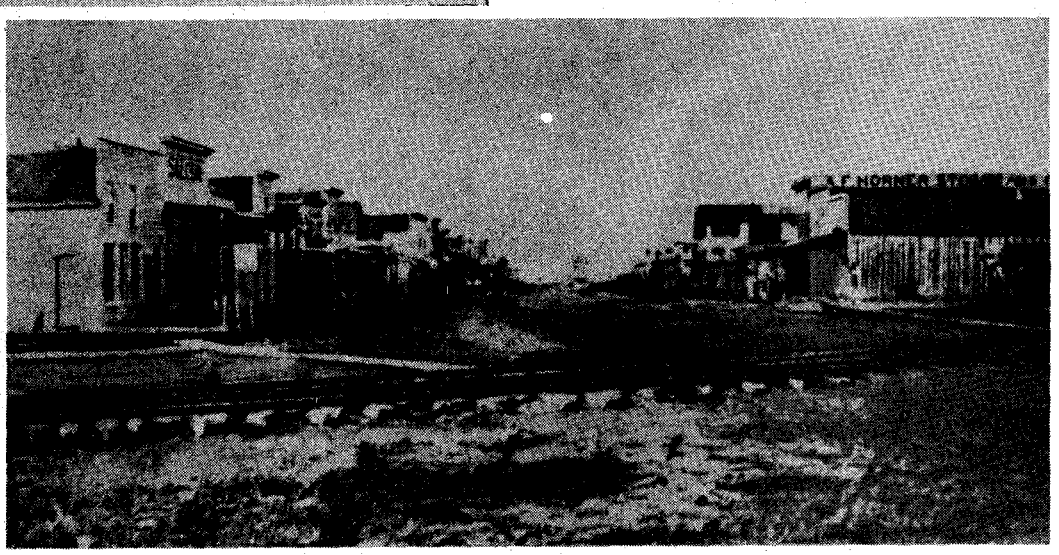

Kansas State Historical Society

Newton, Kansas, a trail herd town during the 1870's. Many a western gun fighter trod its boarded walks during its boom days.

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PICTORIAL

Ronald Joseph Morgan Collection

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY — SERGEANT JIM. Sergeant Jim was a White Mountain Apache. He served with the Army as a scout, but was sent to Florida as a prisoner of war with the hostile Apaches in 1886.

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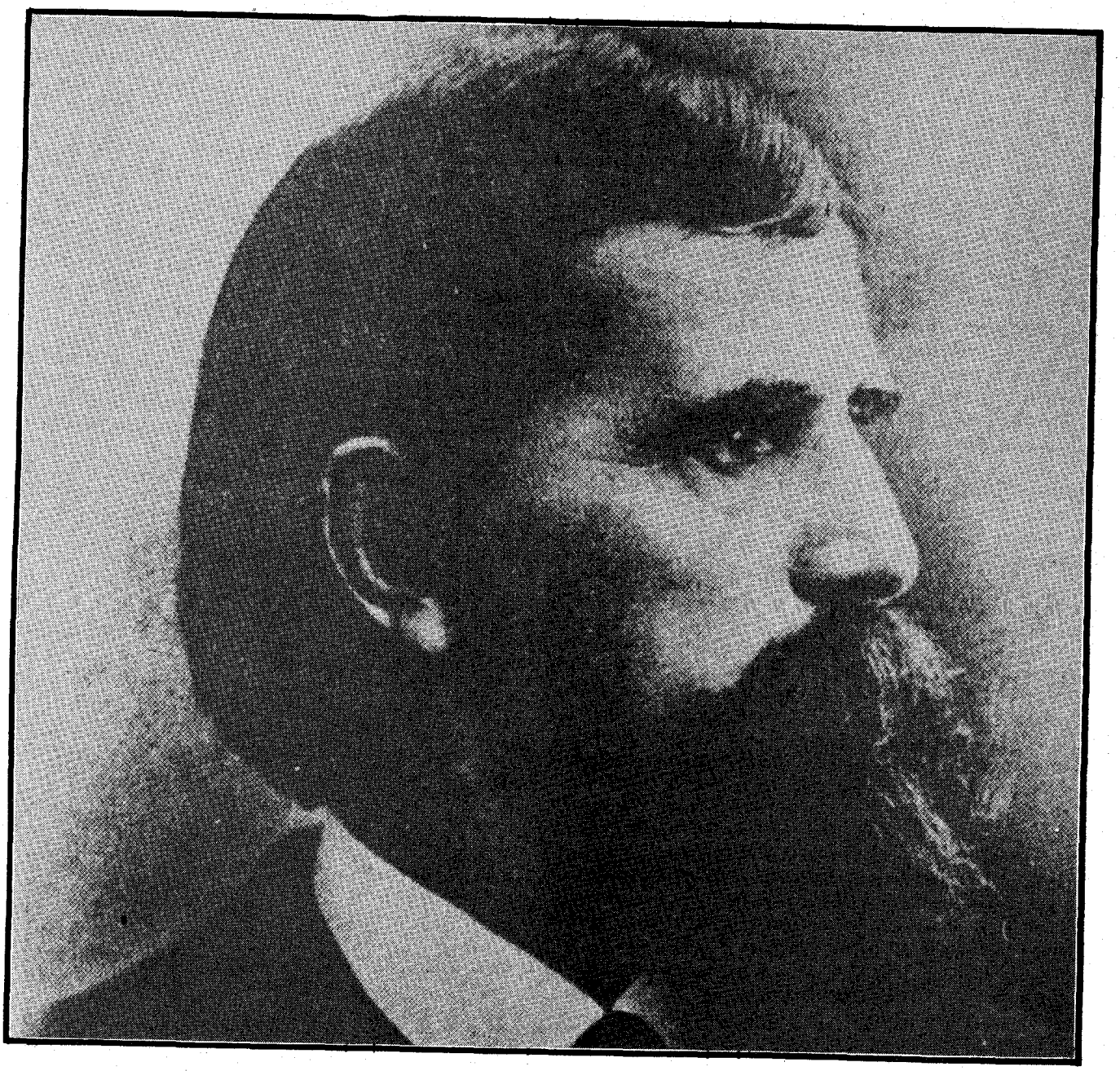
NEW MEXICO'S

by Calico Jones

Port and Ike Stockton ranged all over the west stealing cattle, running a butcher shop to help get rid of the surplus, and killing anyone who got in their way. Witnesses refused to testify against them but the brothers never went to trial. They died as they lived — by the gun!



Photos furnished by the author

Governor Lew Wallace offered rewards for the badly wanted members of the Stockton Gang.

Louis Coe was being sued for crop damage done by his cattle. The case was being tried in the Court of H.H. Halford at Flora Vista.

Isaac T. (Ike) Stockton entered the courtroom ahead of George Coe, to attend the trial. Two young men, the brothers Dison and Harge Eskridge had been appointed

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STOCKTON GANG

special constables to maintain order. They confronted Ike just inside the door.

"You'll have to hand over your gun," Dison Eskridge informed him.

The tough cowman bristled.

"I never give my gun to no son of a —!"

"You will now!" declared Dison Eskridge and started a hand towards his holster.

Coming up faster with his own gun, Ike intended to shoot but the cylinder pin of the weapon, which had not been fully seated, fell out to the floor.

Dison Eskridge continuing his gun draw surely would have killed him then and there. But George Coe, a gunswift, levelled first.

"Just put it back," he ordered in a low voice.

Wheeling around, mouthing curses, Ike ran outside to where his horse was tied and pulled a Winchester Carbine from the saddle boot. He came running back. Coe turned about to face him, his gun muzzle pointing.

"Not today, Ike," he drawled. "Put your rifle back where it belongs."

The courtroom was in an uproar of confusing sound. The trial ended without having started.

Ike, born in Texas in 1846, had long before earned a killer's reputation. Married and with one child he moved to Lincoln County, New Mexico in 1874. His second child was born there, during the notorious Lincoln County war in which he took a hand.

George W. Coe and his cousin Frank were also in Lincoln County and became friends with Ike. They were on the cattlemen's side of the fracas. In 1878 the Coes moved north to the San Juan River Valley, about where the town of Farmington was established.

In 1879 Ike also went north, staying with the Coes until establishing his own ranch in the Animas River Valley at Animas Arriba.

He was already accused of taking other peoples cattle when his brother William Porter Stockton became his partner in September 1880. Finally making friends with the Eskridge brothers, The Stocktons were joined by them and many other outlaws and wanted men. The notorious Stockton gang came into being almost overnight with operations in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado.

The younger Stockton brother, better known as "Port", was so well experienced in murder and general outlawry that he automatically became the ideal leader of the gang.

Port was born in Erath County, Texas in 1851. When twelve years old he killed a man, shooting him from ambush. The murder couldn't be proved against him, but the neighbors of both were convinced that he carried out a threat to do so. The deceased, a grown man and married had deliberately whipped the boy. He was told then, "For that you'll die!" Three days later the man lay dead in the road to town.

It appears to have been a case of a bad boy growing worse as the years passed. Horses and cattle began vanishing in Erath and adjoining counties, but no one suspected Port of being the wily thief because he was then only fifteen. His thieving continued, with another unprovable murder. Then in 1871 he killed a man in west Texas.

Photos furnished by the author

George W. Coe

This time he was indicted and the famed Texas Rangers handed the warrant to run him down. Port escaped Texas ahead of pursuit, winding up with brother Ike at Lincoln. For awhile he behaved himself, until wanderlust took him north to Cimarron in Colfax County.

A part time deputy sheriff, Antonio Archbie, objected to his painting saloon row red while celebrating in June, 1876. Port cut him down stone dead and took off for nearby Colorado.

He was arrested at Trinidad some weeks later, returned to New Mexico and jailed at Cimarron. There ensued talk of a mob hanging Port, citizens not wanting to wait on a regular trial. The crisis approached when Ike appeared on the scene and with help broke Port from the adobe jail.

Unable to rest anywhere long, Port wound up in Glorietta. Very soon he got into a gunfight, shooting down a local business man. After he fled the victim recovered.

During the period from then until June, 1879, very little is known about his activities except that he was surely just ahead of lawmen. That month he was in Otero, New Mexico. While roughhousing the town, he was on numerous occasions warned and threatened with jail by Deputy Sheriff Henry Bassett.

When November blew in, three men on a dark street gunned Bassett into the next world. It was generally believed that Port engineered the shooting and probably fired the first bullet that killed Bassett.

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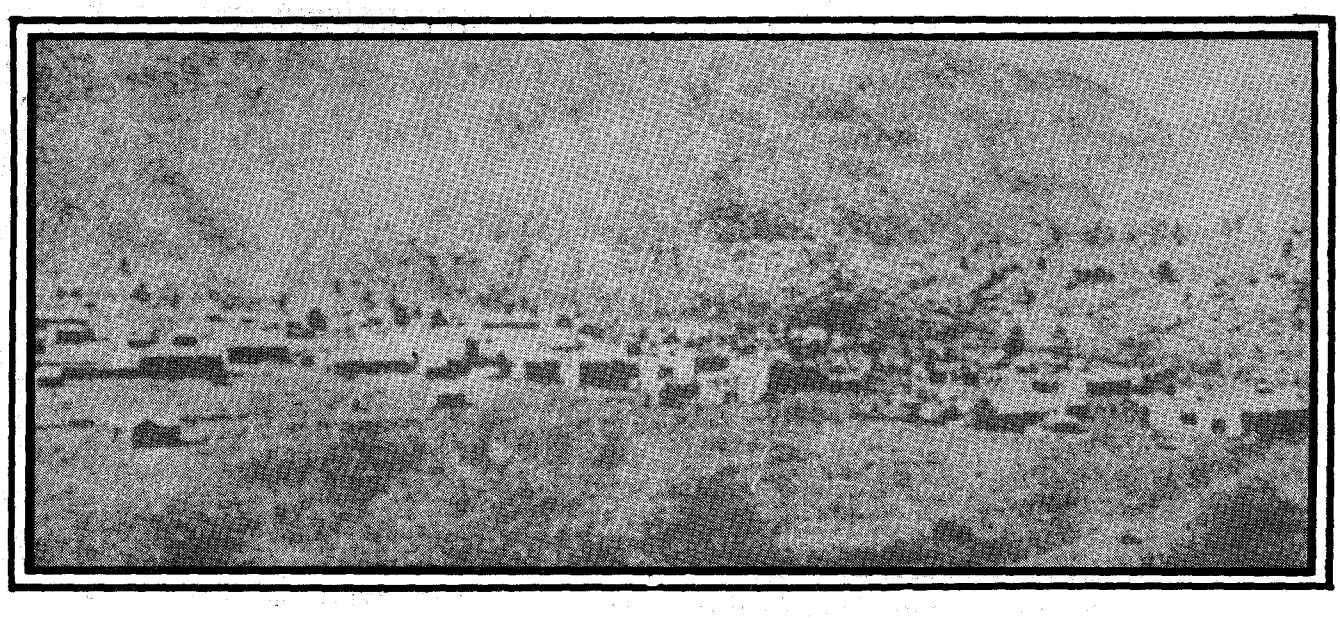

Photos furnished by the author

Durango, where the Stocktons held forth but were finally driven out. (From an old faded photo)

Rumors raised fast and got nasty. Town marshal "Hurricane Bill" Martin catching Port unaware, arrested him. Brought before a justice of the peace for a hearing he was turned loose. Not a single witness could be found who would swear to seeing Port anywhere near the scene of Bassett's killing.

One night, a week later, Port spotted a man resembling Hurricane Bill on a dark street, and bored him proper. His victim turned out to be William Withers.

But Port was already headed north into Colorado. He circled back into the territory and joined Ike. They went back to Texas where a herd of cattle was bought and driven to the Animas Valley. It occupied a large area in Colorado and into New Mexico down to where the Animas joined the San Juan River.

Port next opened a saloon at Baughl's Station, in Colorado. When that business failed to pay off he went over to Animas City and took the job as Town Marshal.

His lawman's work lasted until July 3, 1880 when he tangled with a Captain Hart.

On entering a saloon Hart refused to leave his gun with the bartender. He said to hell with the no-gun carrying law in town. Port then tried to arrest him. Hart drew but was critically wounded before firing a shot and hauled off to jail. He next killed a horse thief known as Don Cannon. Some question of justifiable homicide existed about this shooting, and he was fired as town marshal.

Going to Trinidad he loafed around, played a little poker and for a while actually behaved himself. One day he went into the barber shop of J.W. Allen, a Maori from New Zealand, for a shave.

Allen accidentally nicked Port's left cheek whereupon he came roaring out of the chair. While cursing Allen he drew a gun and fired once. When his intended victim dropped, he beat it. But Allen wasn't even seriously injured, the bullet searing along one side of his head to render him briefly unconscious.

That night when Port entered the hotel restaurant to eat supper, three sheriff's deputies came in to arrest him. Port ran to a window and leaped through it to safety.

After teaming up with Ike to lead the Stockton gang, Port's first act was to run a widow woman off her ranch near Bloomfield. He killed one of her employees while doing so. Soon after that he shot Al Capehart to death.

To dispose of much stolen beef the Stockton brothers opened a butcher shop in Durango, thirty-two miles north of Aztec. The latter place was general headquarters of the gang. The outlaws who came and went hid out in the Animas River near where Port had established a ranch across the line in Colorado.

The gang ranged far and wide, stealing cattle everywhere. Their main outlet was to Fort Lewis in Colorado that rationed beef to Ute Indians. The buyer there never asked questions concerning brands. Stolen cattle were also sold in other Colorado towns and south in New Mexico.

Night and day, somewhere in northern New Mexico thieves of the gang were raiding. The wholesale steals threatened to break every cattleman in the lush San Juan Valley and environs.

George Coe was instrumental in forming the Farmington Cattlemens' Protective Association. For this the Stockton brothers swore to kill him, his cousin Frank, and two other cousins, Louis and Jasper Coe who had brought cattle down from Colorado into the San Juan Valley.

For a while the Eskridge brothers were identified as leaders in the Stockton gang. Then a newcomer outlaw, Charles A. Allison, began to be heard about.

Allison was born in Virginia in 1831. Following the civil war he appeared in Texas, soon getting into trouble about taking other people's horses and selling them for his own benefit. With the Texas Rangers hunting him he fled to New Mexico and then on to Nevada. Living in Eureka as "Charles Ellis" for a while, he got into a saloon gunfight and killed a man.

While fleeing the scene he halted a rider with his gun, made him dismount and then took off on the purloined horse. A posse captured him the next morning and he was brought back. His victim did not die but Allison was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary at Carson.

While being taken by train to the pen, he contrived to get his irons off and jumped from a coach window. He turned to stage robbing but after nearly a year the law unmasked him so he escaped west to Colorado.

Surprisingly he was appointed a

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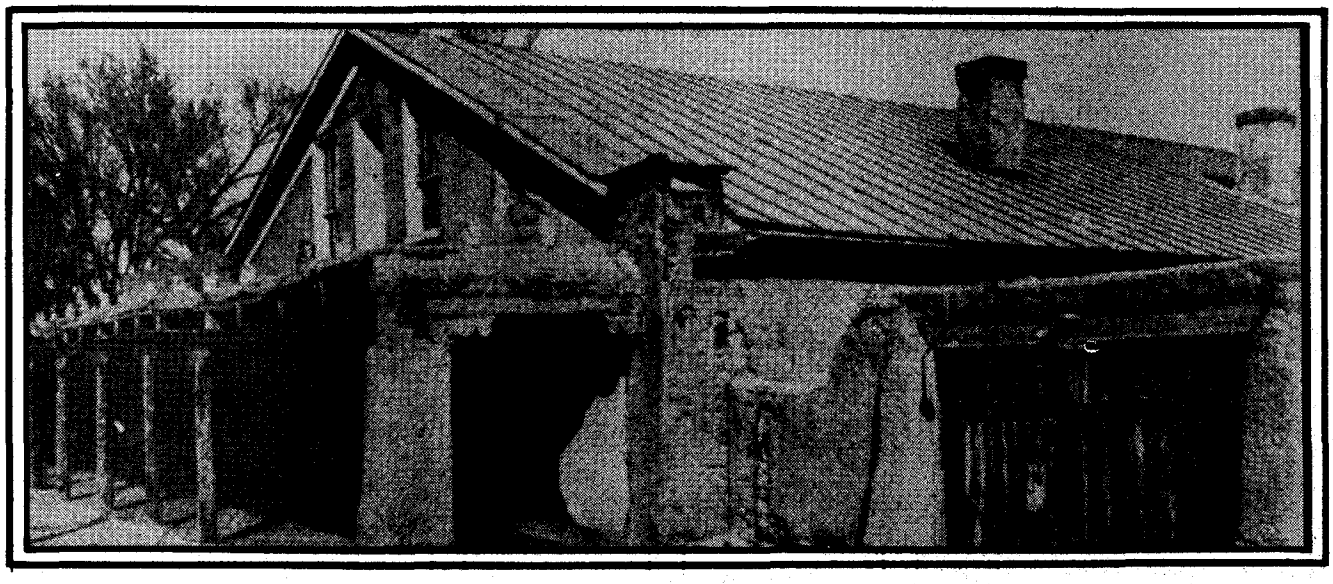

Photos furnished by the author

Allison and three members of his gang were run down and captured in this old section of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

deputy sheriff of Conejos County. In March, 1880, he shot to death Andy Guinan in Durango during a personal quarrel. That deed cost him his job.

Allison with his experience was a natural for membership in the Stockton gang. But it wasn't to be that for long.

Just before Christmas, 1881, friends of the F.M. Hamblet family gathered at their home for potluck supper and a dance.

The dance was in progress when Dison Eskridge, Oscar B. Puett and James W. Garrett, members of the Stockton gang invited themselves. Half drunk, they entered whooping it up and creating a general disturbance. When no woman present would dance with them they tried to pick grudge fights with their menfolks.

Hamblet ordered them to leave. They went outside but began shooting their guns and yelling curses at the house. Accompanied by George Brown, Hamblet went out into the yard to remonstrate with them.

Sixguns crashed and when other men rushed out they found Brown and Puett dead on the ground. Eskridge and Garrett had raced away on their horses.

On January 4, 1881, Alfred U. Graves and Thomas Nance, foreman for the Lacey Cattle Company, Frank Coe, George Lockhart and three others went looking for Eskridge and Garrett whom they heard were hiding out on the Animas near Port's ranch.

Unable to shake them out of the brush, the party rode up before Port's home. Unknown to them Mrs. Stockton was inside, along with several other men. Somewhere Port had picked up a comely woman who claimed to be his wife.

When the rider halted, Port appeared in the door with a drawn gun.

"You've got a lot of nerve coming around here!" he yelled at them.

"We're looking for Eskridge and Garrett," he was told. "Are they here?"

There never was an answer. Port lifted his gun ready to fire. At that instant shooting erupted from inside the house through open windows at the riders. Port was dropped sieved with bullets, ending his long outlaw career started in Texas. Newspapers of the region reported that he had killed a total of nineteen men.

So much hot lead came through the windows and the door that the men inside promptly took to their heels. Mrs. Stockton also fled but with rifle. She reached a standing wagon beyond the end of the house. She crouched behind it, drawing a bead on the riders. Before she could fire a shot, a bullet from one of the mounted men struck her rifle barrel, slid off and went into one breast.

Ike blamed Port's death on the Coes, swearing that he would collect a pack of gunswifts and wipe out all of them.

George W. Coe had married the sister of Cal Brown, Phoebe, November 16, 1879. When George left home Phoebe never knew whether or not she would see him alive again. Her constant worry finally persuaded Coe into shaking the dust of New Mexico. They departed for his old home in Texas that March.

The gang now became known as the Stockton-Eskridge gang. When Dison Eskridge withdrew he was replaced by Allison. The outlaws were then generally called the Stockton-Allison gang.

Ike, Tom Radigan, Allison, Gus Hefferman, Garrett and three other members of the gang started rounding up cattle on the Farmington ranges in broad daylight. Before they gathered very many to drive off, Nance and Joe Barker discovered them.

Both parties began shooting at long range. Barker was killed and Nance escaped. Radigan was struck in the knee with a rifle bullet and badly injured. Later his leg had to be amputated.

Needing to lay low for awhile, Stockton went with Harge Eskridge and Burt Wilkinson onto Expectation Mountain in Colorado to work a silver mine. Wilkinson was wanted for the murder of "Comanche Bill" Jones in Durango the previous Christmas night and also needed to hide out.

During Ike's absence, New Mexico Territorial Governor Lew Wallace got him, Harge Eskridge, Garrett, Allison, Reynolds, Wilson Hughes, Radigan, Bill Hunter and a few others of the gang indicted by a special grand jury for murder, assault to commit murder and livestock stealing.

Governor Wallace then offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of Ike and $250 for each of the others. He requested Colorado Governor F.W. Pitkin to have them arrested and turned over to New Mexico officers.

On April 11, thirty Farmington

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men rode into Durango searching for the Stockton-Allison gang. Local vigilantes were then hanging a man for murder so they rode on through. The next day while on the mesa east of Durango they were jumped by twenty-five of the gang they sought. The fight was at long range and neither group suffered casualties.

The Durango *Record* and the Rico *Dolores News* declared editorially that the New Mexicans had invaded Colorado. They promised that the next time they showed up a thousand armed men would be be on hand to wipe them out.

Ike and the Eskridge brothers returned to Durango and were immediately invited to leave town by the Committee of Safety. When town marshal John Dwyer delivered the order to them the Eskridges drew their guns and sent him running to safety.

Law abiding citizens now armed themselves and prepared to shoot to kill unless the gang left Durango. Alarmed over the probability of violence, Sheriff Luke Hunter called out the Animas City militia. The gang then saddled up and departed.

Stockton and Harge Eskridge wrote Governor Wallace a letter declaring that charges against them were false, that they had always been law abiding citizens. They offered to surrender and stand trial if promised that it would be held in any county but Rio Arriba where they could never obtain justice.

While Governor Wallace was about to agree on the terms Jim Catron, an outlaw sometimes working with the gang, informed Eskridge that Jim "Kid" White, another gangster, had been promised $900 to kill him.

Taking White for a buggy ride, Eskridge shot him several times and left him beside the road. But White wasn't dead, revived and was found. Carried to Almargo he died a few days later.

Apparently Ike would not go along with Allison into a wider range of unlawful activities. The gang now split up. Ike remained in control of livestock stealing and Allison took the murderous crew on a different kind of foray.

Known as the Allison gang, it robbed in the towns of Chama, Amargo, Durango, Antonito and Pagosa Springs. Banks, saloons, country stores and a stage line drew their attention until Governor Pitkin of Colorado posted rewards of $1,000 for Allison and $200 each for other members of the gang. With the heat on them the gang broke up, various members heading for far places with their accumulated loot.

One of them didn't go far enough. Deputy Sheriff Frank A. Hyatt of Conejos County captured Thomas Seely at Alamosa. From him he learned that Allison and three others were hiding out in Albuquerque.

Taking three deputies, Hyatt went to the Duke City. With Justice of the Peace John Sullivan and stable owner Jeff Grant, he concocted a scheme to capture them by strategy. Grant who already knew the outlaws, inveigled them to his stable allegedly to show them some race horses.

The outlaws went there and found themselves suddenly surrounded by Hyatt and his officers. After they were jailed Sullivan refused to surrender them unless he was paid the New Mexico rewards on the prisoners. Hyatt could have those offered by Colorado.

After much hassling this was agreed to. Back in Colorado, tried and convicted, all four outlaws drew sentences of thirty-seven years. None served the full term. Allison was released in 1890 and went to Butte, Montana. He died there while a saloon bartender.

Gathering part of his gang at Rico, Ike directed their stealing activities from there. Swift raids across the border in New Mexico brought on a state of terror. Locally organized groups of vigilantes began riding the range trying to put an end to the gang.

Greatly alarmed over possibilities of another series of bloody events, Lional A. Sheldon who had succeeded Wallace as New Mexico territorial governor, ordered the Bloomfield militia to prepare to move on the sheriff's orders.

Allowed to return to Durango at will, Ike was there when C. O. Ziegenfuss, city editor of the Denver *Republican* paid a visit. Stockton hunted him up at his hotel to tell "his side of the story." By then he was a famed notorious character in Colorado and New Mexico.

He told Ziegenfuss that he reached New Mexico in 1874 and had come to Rio Arriba County in 1879. He had lived as a respected, law abiding citizen until the murder of his brother and what he called the unprovoked attack on his party by Nance and Barker. Also, he said, that at first he considered Allison a good man but discovering different, sent him on his way. He maintained that his offer to former Governor Wallace still stood and that he would surrender to New Mexico officers on the charge of murdering Barker if tried anywhere except in Rio Arriba County.

About the only worthwhile comment Ziegenfuss added in print was that "Stockton has a fixed purpose of avenging his brother's death."

On the night of August 22, Catron, Wilkinson and "Black Kid" Thomas, an ex-soldier and a Negro held up Miller's saloon near Pinkerton's Ranch thirty miles south of Silverton.

Catron was arrested in Durango. Dison Eskridge and several others broke him out of jail.

On August 24 Sheriff Luke Hunter went to Miller's saloon with warrants to arrest the three men. Joined by town marshal O.C. Ogsbury and Charles Hodges, he started looking for them. They were found dismounting on the street, having just ridden in.

In the fight that followed Wilkinson killed Ogsbury. One of his wild shots wounded Charles Edwards sitting inside a saloon at a gambling table.

The three wanted men fled immediately to the Needle Mountains. Then Thomas made the mistake of returning. Claiming that not having taken any part in the shooting affray he wasn't guilty of anything, he was arrested. He was removed from jail and hanged the next morning.

Rewards totaling $1,000 each were offered for Wilkinson and Eskridge. But the earth seemed to have swallowed them up. Except that Ike knew where they were hiding. Managing to get himself and a friend named Cook appointed special deputies to bring them in, the two rode to Castle Rock, eight miles from Animas City.

They found the wanted men in a canyon cabin. Not caring to turn Eskridge in, Ike got him to go to George Morrison's ranch on Los Pinos Creek to bring in several horses he had left there some time before.

Once he was out of the way Ike and Cook secured Wilkinson and took him to Silverton. He was lynched on the evening of September 4 by a mob too impatient to wait for a court trial.

(continued on page 75)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. Who were the pioneers known by the disgusting name of "Pukes"? V. Wright, Alton, Ill.
A. That really is an old one. In the early 1800's, Californians bestowed this unflattering designation on emigrants from Missouri, saying that they had been vomited forth from that state.

Q. I hope you don't mind multiple questions, but it will settle some arguments and be a good test for you. M. Minkler, Corpus Christi, Tex.
A. We welcome multiple questions, as we do the test. To save space, we list your questions here in the answer section: According to our references, "Kansas" is Indian for "smoky"; "Topeka" means "potatoes"; "Chicago" means "wild onion plant" and was also the name of an Indian chief; "Utah" means "those who dwell on the mountains" and referred to an Indian tribe; "Sierra" is Spanish for "saw-toothed" or "shaped like a saw", referring to the saw-like effect of the mountain peaks, and is the usual Spanish designation for mountains; in this regard, "Nevada", in "Sierra Nevada" means "snow-covered mountain" and "Sierra Madres" means "Mother Mountain." "Yosemite" means "grizzly bear" and was the name of an Indian tribe; "Shoshonee" means "winding stream". There may be some light deviations from these definitions which will occasion more arguments, but we welcome them too.

Q. Who was the man who spent his life trying to get the Younger Brothers out of prison? L. Patten, Roswell, N.M.
A. You refer to Warren Carter Bronough, a southern soldier who, while he did not devote his life to this task, did work from 1882 to 1902 to secure the release of Cole, Jim and Bob Younger from Minnesota State Penitentiary. He wrote letters. spent his own money and that raised from friends, traveled thousands of miles, contacted governors, parole boards and wardens, and, when the Youngers were finally released, wrote a book, THE YOUNGERS' FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. It was published by E.W. Stephens Publishing Company in 1906 and is now very scarce.

Q. According to what I've read, Calamity Jane was a sister of Belle Starr, Belle was married to William Hickok, a cousin of Wild Bill, and Wild Bill was the father of Calamity Jane's daughter. Right? M. Moreno, Glendale, Ariz.
A. Sorry, none of the above are true. Calamity Jane had a penchant for tall stories.

Q. I'm a real old-timer and my favorite Western movie star was Lester Cuneo. Can you give some facts on him? P. Deacon, Springfield, Mo.
A. You really are an old-timer. Not many of us younger type remember Lester. He was born in Oklahoma in 1888 when it was known as Indian Territory. He attended Northwestern University, then took up stage acting until 1909 when he made some one-real flickers for Colonel William Selig. Five years later he joined the old Essanay Film Co. for which he acted and directed in a series of films. With Bronco Billy Anderson he became one of the pioneers of Western films. Entered service in World War I, served until the Armistice in 1918. In 1919, resumed his film career, building a reputation as a tough red-blooded Western character, which he really was, anyway. The talkies put an end to his career. As of 1969 (our latest record) he was still alive.

Q. The other day while walking behind a road grader on a country road, I picked up a coin. It reads PIKES PEAK GOLD; it shows Pikes Peak on one side, and an eagle on the other. The raised letters read CLARKE GRUBER CO. A/one DENVER R, and TWENTY D. Can you tell me what the coin represents? E. Pierce, Ozark, Kansas.

A. Just guessing, but it sounds to us like a commemorative issue of a private mint. Perhaps our readers, especially our Denver readers, can supply the answer.

Q. I am interested in securing information on the Southern California Indians and the Indians of the Northwest. Can you help me? L. Enoch, Pasadena, Calif.
A. Write to: Publications Service, Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, 66044, and ask for:

The Indians of Southern California, by Underhill (paper, 50¢)

Indians of the Pacific Northwest, by Underhill (paper, $1.25)

This institute publishes a wealth of Indian related literature. We suggest you ask for their listings.

Q. Skirting the old argument as to whether the white man introduced venereal disease into America, we know the Indians had it. My question is, what did they do about it? C. Perault, Rapid City, S.D.
A. They had it, all right, and we don't know whether it was a gift of the paleface, or whether it was here before they arrived; however, here's what some of them did about it. The Comanches treated gonorrhea with a drink made from boiled thistle roots (cirsium undulatum). Syphilitic sores were treated with ashes from the stems of little bluestem grass (andropogon scoparius). Crow medicine men put hot rocks under the genitalia and had the patient drink a powder in warm water, and also threw some of the mixture on him. The Pimas used the root of Yerba mansa for syphilis, giving a tea of it to the patient and applying the powdered root externally to the sores. An infected mother was given the tea during pregnancy so that the child might be free of the disease. The White Mountain Apaches were reported to have at least six vegetable remedies for gonorrhea. The Penobscots, for gonorrhea, used a decoction of winter green, wild indigo, cleaver's vine, spikenard root, Solomon's seal, moosewood, and boneset. This medicine was also used when the patient had kidney trouble and spitting of blood. A major portion of the Indian remedies were effective, but, in the case of veneral disease, we have no opinion, but doubt their efficacy.

Q. Did you ever hear of "jacketing" sheep? P. Dutra, Laurel, Miss.
A. Actually, it was a lamb that was jacketed. It consisted of skinning a dead lamb and placing its pelt upon an orphan lamb so that the mother of the dead lamb would nurse it. Ewes recognize their offspring by smell and refuse to nurse lambs not their own. ● RW

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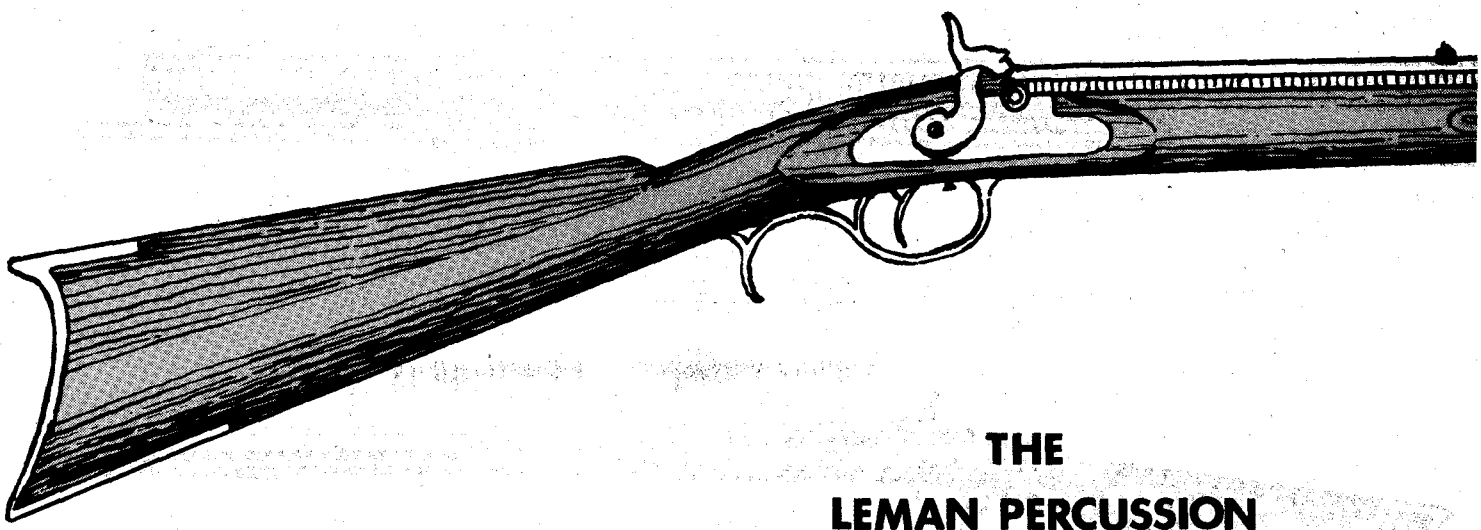
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



THE LEMAN PERCUSSION RIFLE

Over three years ago, this department told about the crudely-made flintlock "trade" muskets which were turned out in quantities by various gunmakers. These were for the express purpose of trading to the Indians in exchange for furs and other high-profit items. Although rough and inaccurate, they were firearms — and therefore highly desired by the redmen. With their distinctive "dragon" sideplates opposite the locks, these are now a valuable addition to any collection which reflects the opening of the very early West.

But as time went on, the Indians became less naive. Although they were often rather poor shots, and notoriously careless in the cleaning and maintenance of black powder guns, they gradually learned to recognize quality and to demand better accuracy in their trade weapons.

By the time the percussion lock had almost completely superseded the earlier flintlock among the frontiersmen, the Indians' tastes in shooting hardware had grown to nearly parallel those of the white men. Smoothbore muskets no longer held much appeal for the tribesmen. Actually, the whites used these longer, as they were useful with bird shot which red men did not take to very often.

It was rifles that Indians wanted — strongly made and accurate rifles. This growing need on the part of the frontier traders who dealt with the tribes led to a new policy among some of the larger gunmakers of the period, which was roughly from the 1830's until the Civil War.

One of the best-known suppliers of the new percussion trade rifles was Henry E. Leman, Jr., of Lancaster, Pa.

The name of "Leman of Lancaster" is very well known today in collecting and muzzle loading circles. Therefore, a brief look at this famous dynasty of gunmakers should be of interest.

It was founded by Heinreich Leman, who established a gunsmith shop in Lancaster in 1730. He was active in the business until 1750. His son, Peter, was there from 1745 to 1796. Both of these craftsmen made fine Kentucky flintlocks which went to the western frontier of that day. From 1796 until 1835, Peter's son Henry E. Leman saw the transition from the flint to the early percussion period. Henry's son, Henry E., Jr., carried on the family tradition from 1834 to 1860 at a shop on Walnut Street in Lancaster. From 1860 to 1867, he was located on East James Street.

During this eventful period of almost a century and a half, the Leman men had contributed to our evolution of firearms from the earliest true Kentucky rifle to the era of the lever action, metallic cartridge repeater!

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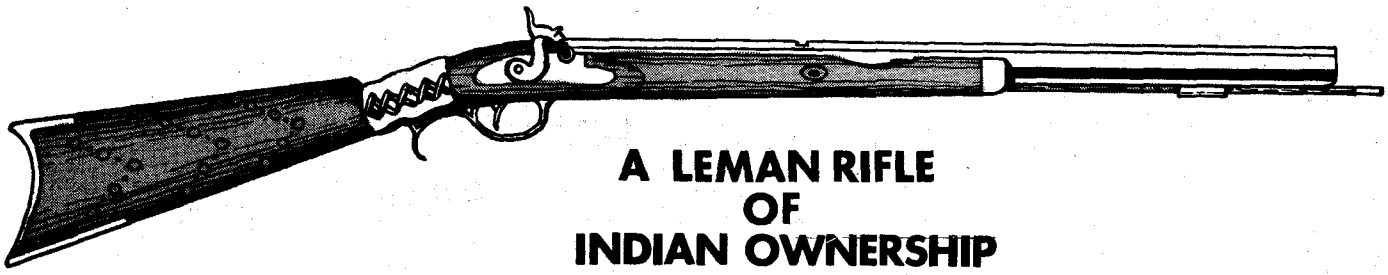
THE LEHMAN TRADE RIFLE



A LEMAN RIFLE OF INDIAN OWNERSHIP

Sketched by author

Henry Jr. made late-period flinters, filled government contracts for percussion rifles, converted flintlocks to percussion for the army, and even made special sharpshooter's rifles during the Civil War.

During much of Henry's tenure, his large shop also produced hundreds of "trade rifles". These were usually percussion single shots, ranging in caliber from about .45 up to nearly .60. They were plain but sturdy. The hand-rifled barrels were as accurate as it was possible to make them. Earlier ones had full-length stocks, but the typical Leman trade rifle is found with a half stock and a fore-end tip of metal, often pewter. In the style of the day, barrels were generally browned instead of blued.

So popular did these fine rifles become on the frontier, that they soon were being traded for by scouts and trappers as well as by the Indians. Any Leman found today in good condition was probably carried by a beaver trapper or other white frontiersman. However, the gem of many a western collection is an authentic Indian Trade Leman, with rawhide shrunken over the cracked stock, and typically decorated with rows of brass tacks obtained from the white traders. Even its rusted patina is romantic evidence of a day that is gone, when piercing black eyes searched the distant horizons, and there was not a fence within a thousand miles!

The Leman percussion trade rifle was meant to use a round lead ball, rammed down with an encasing patch of tough cloth or of thin buckskin. Greased with bear tallow, this circular patch made the ball a tight fit without deforming the soft lead. The patch engaged the rifling grooves, served as a gas seal and wiped the bore as it was being loaded. A good barrel is capable of a five-inch group at 100 yards.

Strange and wonderful were some of the improvised loads their Indian owners dreamed up, when they ran short of lead. Yet the grand old rifles stayed together and were ready to "try her again".

Today, anyone can own and hunt with a Leman rifle, to recapture the true experience of shooting like his great-grandpappy did before he "hit the wah".

Just in recent months, a top-quality shooting copy of the Leman Indian Trade Rifle has been introduced by Green River Rifle Works, Roosevelt, Utah 84066. In choice of .45, .50, .54 or .58 calibers, it is powerful, accurate and authentic down to the browned barrel.

Who knows? When the reader is shooting his Leman, there may very well be a spiritual presence with a feather in its hair, watching over his shoulder and smiling encouragement.

I wouldn't ask for a better audience.

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WILD AND WOOLY AND FULL OF FLEAS

By. R.M. Eggleston

From the author's photo collection

Edna Selby. She and Fay were married on Oct. 14, 1912. She was a school teacher who came west to teach, but instead captured her man. They will be celebrating their 61st wedding anniversary this year.

The sun shone hot upon our backs and a slight breeze ruffled the flag against the blue sky. "The Big Sky Country" of Montana made a beautiful setting for the annual 4th of July rodeo at Ennis. It was 1971 and we waited with anticipation for the rodeo to begin. My companions were Fay and Edna Selby, old timers of the area and every now and then someone stopped to greet them; then the rodeo began. It was a nice show with a good bucking string and as the saddle bronc event finished the announcer asked Fay Selby to stand and take a bow. He stood up to his full 5'8" doffed his hat and bowed as they announced that he had won the saddle bronc event 59 years earlier on July 4, 1912.

Fay was born on May 7, 1893 on a ranch at Jeffers, Montana. His father Frank Selby was born in 1851 in Bath, England and came to America when he was four years old. Frank was a college professor in the east until 1880 when he came west for his health, settling at Jeffers, Montana Territory. Fay's mother was Mary Montana Chaloner born November 5, 1865 at Nevada City, Montana Territory, one of the first while children born during the gold strike at Virginia City. His parents were married in 1884 and resided on the ranch where Fay was born.

He grew up riding horses and doing chores, but when he was ten and his brother Guy eleven years old their dad became ill. One day their dad called them to his bedside and told them he was dying and that they would have to run the ranch and help their mother take care of their sister and two younger brothers. Frank died that night, so the boys were on their own.

Fay grew up fast and by the time he was fifteen he was not only helping run the ranch but was working for other ranchers breaking horses, branding and trailing cattle to summer pasture in the Hebgan Lake Basin. He also hunted and trapped fur bearing animals in the winter to supplement his income. Ammunition was hard to come by, so he soon learned to be a crack shot or come home empty-handed. During this period Fay worked for

From the author's photo collection

Fay Selby, one of the great cowboys of the Montana-Idaho border.

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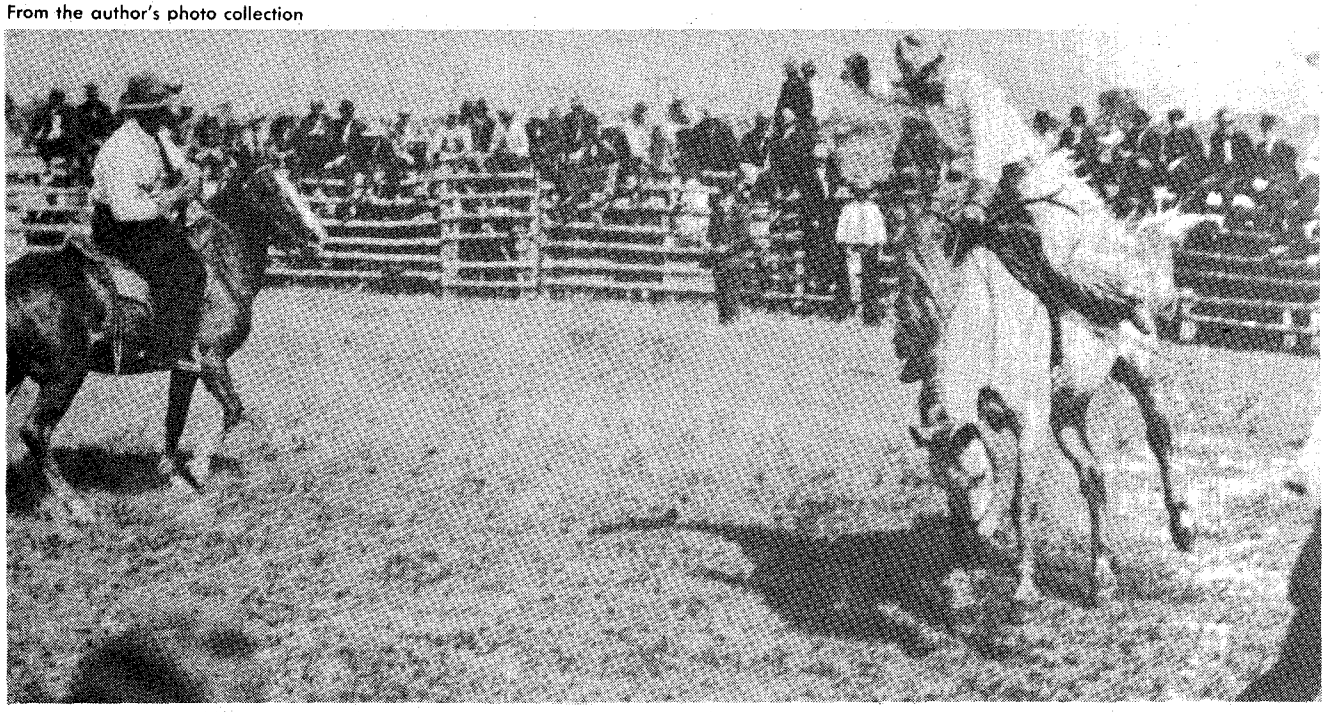
From the author's photo collection



Fay Selby riding a bucking broncho in rodeo competition.

Clay Manley who helped him train a pack of hounds which they used to hunt coyotes and fox. But Fay's first love was riding, so he worked for a number of years breaking horses and all around hand on the old Circle Dot for Louie Fowler.

Naturally Fay hit all of the rodeos for quick, easy money and he rode against some of the old time greats such as Jessie Coates, the Cole brothers and Yakima Canutt. Lady Trickey one of the old time cowgirls was also on the scene.

Fay told me how he started rodeoing when he was fifteen years old. He went to a rodeo at Bozeman and ran into some ranchers that he knew from Ennis. It was a hot day and he was really thirsty when he spied their tub of iced beer, so one of the ranchers made him a deal. If Fay would ride their horses in the competition they would give him all the beer he could drink. After he rode their mounts he hurried back to collect, and when he was about half way through the tub of beer they slapped him on the back and told him he had won the money for the day; so he decided that was a good way to make easy money.

Fay would have continued the rodeo circuit but there wasn't enough money in it to make a living in those days. Besides early in 1912 he met a pretty 'little filly' from Ohio, Edna Hanna, who had come west to teach school. By now Fay was not only a good judge of horses but also of womanhood so they were married on October 14, 1912. So with a wife to support he decided on steady employment instead of rodeos. He filed on a homestead out of Cameron, Montana and continued ranching but he could never resist making a ride whenever they attended a rodeo. The last time I saw Fay ride in a rodeo was July 4, 1934 when he rode 'Midnight' at West Yellowstone and was disqualified because he scratched him too high for the regulations rules.

Fay and Edna had a son Oren, twin boys, Homer and Harvey and a daughter, Rita. Fay sold his homestead and worked on the ranches finally finishing up on the Flying 'D' out of Salesville in 1927. In 1928 he moved his family to the Centennial Valley in Beaverhead County where he operated a sawmill and ran a mail line from Monida, Montana to Henry's Lake, Idaho. All winter the mail line was operated with horses and sleds on a staked snow road with a half-way station at Lakeview, Montana. From Monida to Lakeview which was only thirty miles it wasn't too difficult and the mail ran daily. One driver leaving Monida and one leaving Lakeview each morning, they would meet, exchange sleds and return where they started. But from Lakeview to Henry's Lake, Idaho it is thirty-five miles, and the road goes over the Red Rock Pass which is the top of the Continental Divide. Therefore the mail went to Henry's Lake from Lakeview one day and back the next, this being the end of the line that Fay drove. When the weather was decent he drove a two-bob sled with a cab for passengers and the back for dray hauling. But when the going got rough he drove a "jump box" on one bob taking the mail only.

Fay had a long overcoat made out of a Black Angus cowhide and I've seen him come in with the mail in that "jump sled" when his coat was white from the frost. He'd laugh and say, "It's a little chilly on the Idaho side."

When summer came Fay would ride and fish the country in his spare time; that is how he found Elk Lake and decided it was a perfect spot for the hunting and fishing camp he had always wanted. He and Edna secured a permit from the Forest Department and went to work building a road around the lower end of the lake, where in 1933 they founded the Elk and Hidden Lake Hunting and Fishing Resort, which they operated until their retirement in 1965.

Fay and Edna will have their 61st wedding anniversary this year and they still spend their summers in the Centennial where they fish and ride together. Edna is like the poem 'Lasca': she's rode and worked by Fay's side giving her love and labor even though her life has been far removed from the convents where she received her education. Fay had to teach her to cook but she learned well as she's still the best darn cook that ever put out a meal. She never held a baby until she held her own but she raised three boys and a girl and is still babying her ten great grandchildren.

Fay has always been a fair drinking man and when he's in his cups his favorite expression is: "I'm wild and wooly and full of fleas and never been curried above the knees!" But I think his old fishing buddy summed him up pretty well when he was watching Fay light matches with a twenty-two revolver at our hunting camp on Elk River. Old Bill, who is 6'4", shook his head and said to me; "You know, Fay is the 'Biggest Little Man' I've ever known!" ●RW

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The West Of ALFRED JACOB MILLER

By Raymond Schuessler

Alfred Jacob Miller was an artist of considerable talent. He had studied under the Masters at the Beaux Arts in Paris and when Capt. William Drummond Stewart asked him to travel west in 1837, Miller began the Magnificent task of painting the Wild West as it was then.

In 1837 Captain William Drummond Stewart, an eccentric Scottish adventurer who fought with Wellington in Spain, was put in charge of a company of trappers by Pratee, Chouteau and Company, the successor of the American Fur Company. He was to lead a caravan to the uncharted West, through all the hazards and hardships of unfriendly Indians and starvation, to the thirteenth great meeting of trappers, Indians and fur traders at Green River.

Captain Stewart, who had first visited the Green River country in 1833, was an explorer too, but in another sense. He was a sportsman-explorer rather than a scholar. He had been looking for an artist to make field sketches for him that could be worked up later not into engraving but into a series of huge paintings to be taken to Scotland as handsome souvenirs of a sportsman's American holiday.

In New Orleans, earlier that year, Captain Stewart had found exactly the painter he thought he wanted for a commission like this—Alfred Jacob Miller.

Miller was born in Baltimore and early in life showed a talent for drawing. His family was able to send him to Europe for a period of study, as was the general custom in those days. Rather than London where earlier generations of aspiring young Americans had come to study painting, Miller went first to Paris and was enabled by our Consul there to attend the Ecole des Beaux Arts, possibly the first American student to do so.

On returning to Baltimore, Miller opened a studio, advertising that copies of great works of painting in Europe as well as his own original work could be seen. This project was not successful and he went to New Orleans where he enjoyed comparative success. One day March or April of 1837, a Captain Stewart came to the studio. He paused before a large landscape of Baltimore and remarked, "I like the management of the painting and the view."

in March or April of 1837, a Captain Stewart came to the studio. He paused before a large landscape of Baltimore and remarked, "I like the management of the painting and the view."

He asked Miller if he would accompany him West for the purpose of making sketches of the sights along the way, as well as portraits of the Indians, guides and trappers.

"He told me," Miller wrote in his notebook, "that he was making preparations for another journey to the Rocky Mountains and wished to have a competent artist to sketch the remarkable scenery and incidents of the journey."

Miller joined Stewart's caravan in St. Louis, and they set out for the Wild West. Miller must have painted almost every day judging from the mass of material he turned out. He painted in great detail all the explorer's gear or saddle packs and all the equipment of trappers and Indians along the way. He painted buffalo, elk, mountain goat and bear hunts, as well as wonderful scenes from the Green River rendezvous with processions of Indians in honor of Stewart.

He was the first painter of the upper Rocky Mountains. He was the first to draw the Tetons, Green River, Big Sandy, Wind River Mountains, the upper Platte, Fort Laramie.

As Bernard De Voto says in his book, *Across the Wide Missouri* "When Captain Stewart took an artist to the Far West he was, so to speak, assigning a news photographer to cover an area and a way of life that had never been pictured by anyone ... there is nothing like them in American Art."

After Miller got through painting all these virgin scenes, the forts started to decay and the Indians corrupted with white man's ways became bitter and mean at the sight of their coming dissolution. Even the animals would be fewer and more frightened and would retreat to higher elevations. It was Miller who got there first and left a record no one could match.

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Alfred Jacob Miller (1810-1874) Self-portrait, drawn in 1837.

You can feel the intensity and spirit of the red man and even of the scenery itself. It was all wild and courageous, a primitive beauty unsullied by European hands or thoughts or culture.

Miller was probably the only painter who ever saw a trapper fur caravan and a summer rendezvous and painted it. Curiously, we only know he had painted it a 100 years after he had done so when his paintings came out of hiding.

Often he would be so absorbed in his painting that he took very little care to protect himself. Once Stewart deliberately crept up on him and surprised him and then

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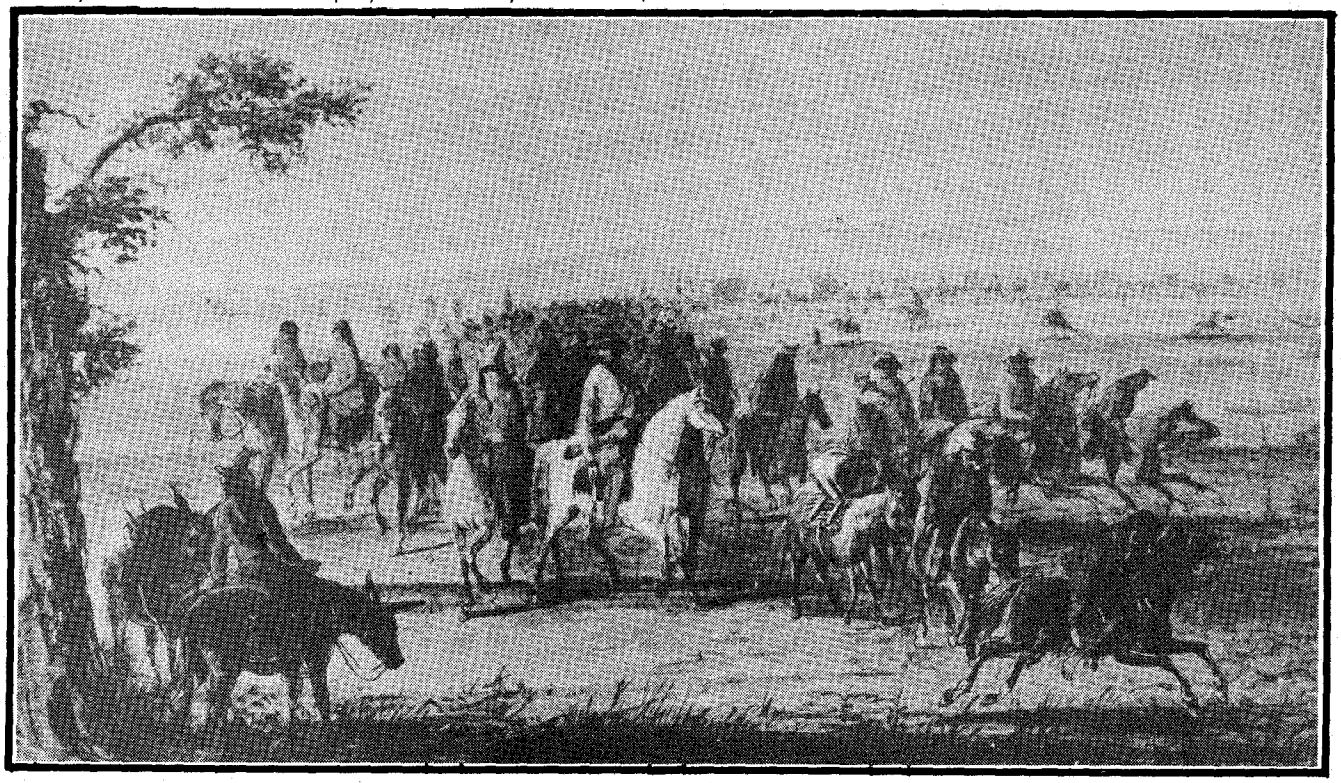
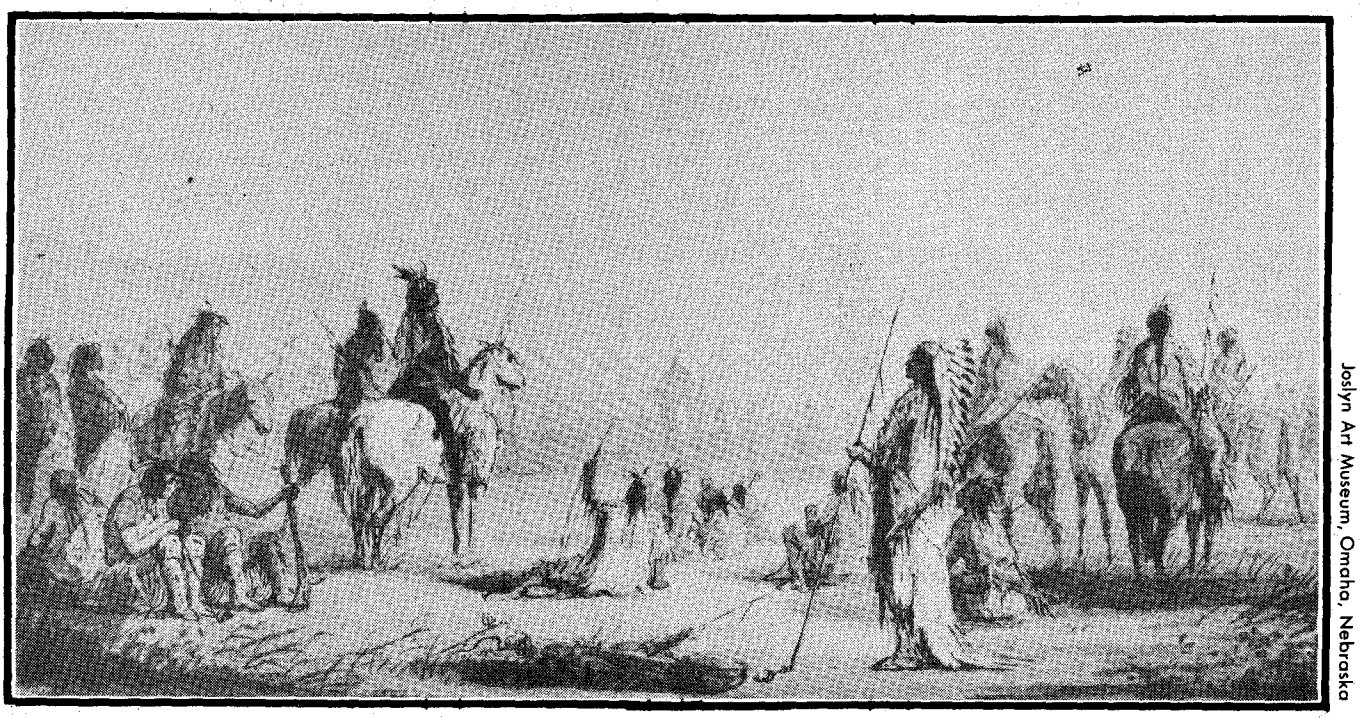


The Cavalcade, William Drummond Stewart on white horse.



Courtesy Northern Natural Gas Company Collection Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska

Indian Council

rebuked him for being so careless in Indian country.

Miller had a peculiar way of sketching a scene he wanted. If it was a buffalo he would ask Antoine Clement, a half-breed assistant to Stewart to help him by wounding a buffalo. Antoine would shoot the beast in the brisket bringing him to a halt. Miller then would creep up, notebook and pen in hand and sketch furiously as close as he could get. But the buffalo often had no desire to pose and would sometimes charge sending Miller in a flurry with notebook and pencil flying in all directions and a mad scramble to mount his horse and retreat. The half-breed would roar with laughter for the remainder of the day.

The result of Miller's accompanying Stewart and painting along the way was a most remarkable record of how, in 1837, one traveled across the prairies without roads, forded the great rivers without bridges, defended oneself against the unfriendly Indians, and hunted for food. This was also a daily record of the trip, the people, the Indians and amusing incidents along the way, ending with pictures of Fort Laramie with the Indians congregated there. And finally we see the last great rendezvous of the trappers, Indians and fur traders at

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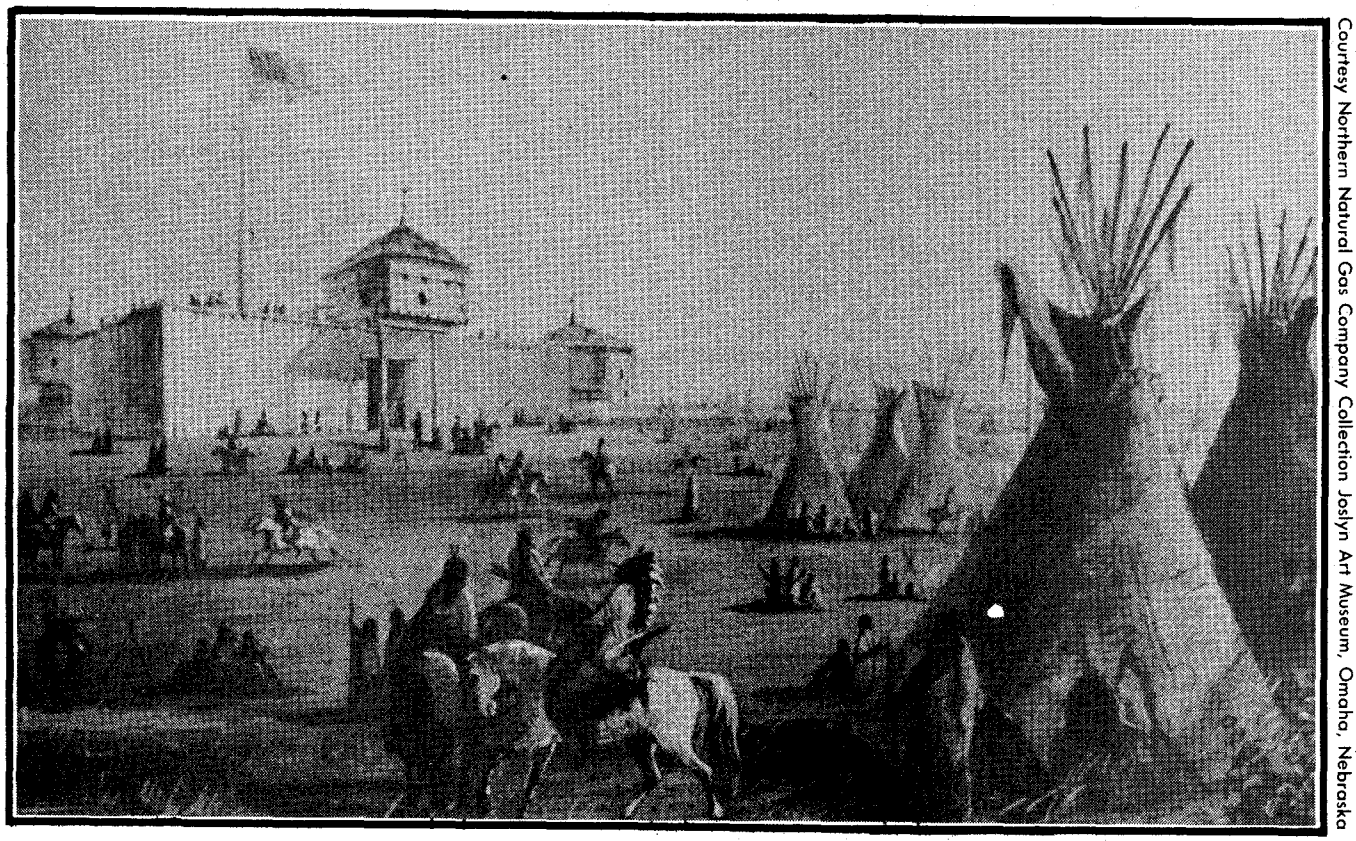
Bull boating on the Platte River.



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For Laramie, 1837.

Green River with the impressive procession of Snake Indians in honor of their friend Stewart.

One sees all the paraphernalia of horseback riding, packs of the trader, trappers and Indians. There are pictures of hunting the buffalo, the bear, elk and the mountain goat, as well as the hunting and fighting equipment of the white man and the Indians.

His pictures of the Far West contain a record that was not equalled by any artist who visited that area at so early a date. Incidentally, Miller did not cover the same territory of either Catlin or Bodmer.

Miller thought Catlin, an artist who preceded him into the wilderness, somewhat of a humbug. "He has published a book containing some extraordinary events and luckily for him there are few persons who have traveled the same ground."

But the trouble with some of Miller's paintings as DeVoto and others have pointed out, is that it is also hard to judge which were made out West on the scene and which were concocted in his studio back east or in Scotland. In any case, he was there to see firsthand all these scenes.

From the on-the-spot sketches, many of which remain unedited,

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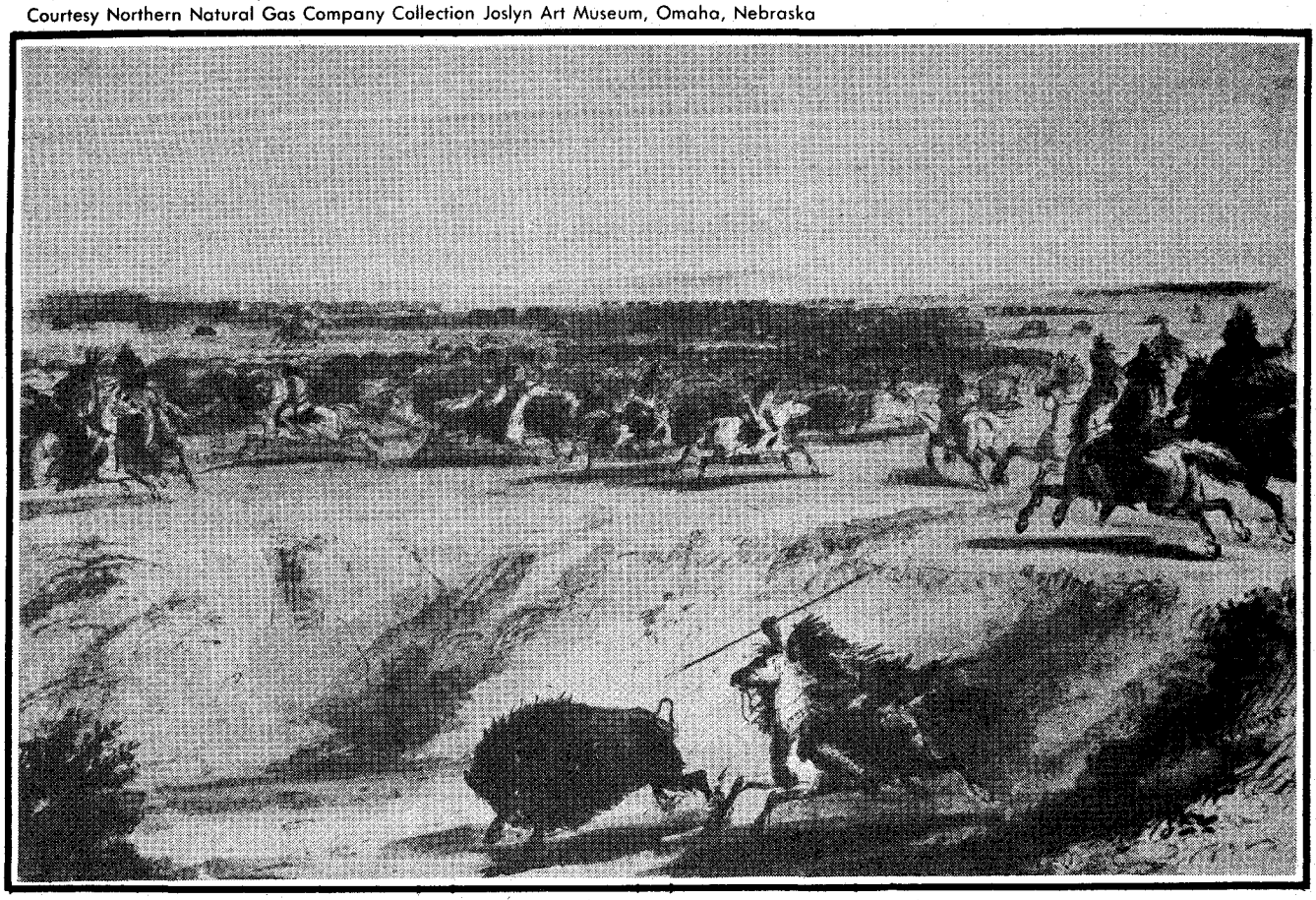

Surrounding the buffalo.

and the finished watercolors and paintings, one can reconstruct in color the trip across the prairies from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains in 1837, long before color photography was even dreamed of. Stewart probably had no inkling of what he was doing for posterity when he asked Miller to record his western adventure in sketches and paintings for his own personal gratification and the decoration of his castles. Miller himself may not have realized what he was accomplishing until later. After he returned to Baltimore, he began to understand because of the many commissions for replicas that came to him throughout the remainder of his life.

In 1840 Miller followed Stewart to Murthly Castle in Scotland. He wrote his family "the sketches selected for pictures in oil will occupy me busily through the winter. The Trapper's Bride is progressing rapidly and seems to give much satisfaction to Sir William Stewart who visits the painting almost every day after luncheon, to examine and perhaps offer a criticism on any point wherein he thinks I may be wrong — and Woe! to the Indian who has not sufficient dignity in expression and carriage, for out he must come. His conception of a picture, both as regards composition and coloring is excellent and when I see the justice of his criticism, of course I alter, but if I do not, I take my own way."

Miller wrote again to his brother in 1840 this description of the place where Stewart slept in the lodge at the bottom of the garden, "The floor is spread with Persian prayer carpets fringed with silk, and the walls are covered with cloth (crimson) hangings. Along the ceiling extend brass rods from which are suspended reminiscences of the Rocky Mountains painted by your own unworthy brother ... On one side rises a cushioned divan of damask cloth, over which is spread some magnificent buffalo robes. On these he sleeps.

A glittering tomahawk, the one worn by him in the mountains, is placed on a small table near the divan. Surrounded with such associations, how often must his mind revert to scenes far distant; the happy hunting grounds of the poor Indian! How often must his imagination picture to him the broad, boundless prairie, the rapid tumultuous whirl of the mountain torrent, the gigantic mountains themselves, the plain filled with innumerable herds of buffalo, the wild but picturesque sons of the forest, among whom he lived. These recollections must be to him grateful and pleasant, for our own remembrance of pleasure is always more vivid than reality." It is to this fascination of the West felt by Stewart that we owe these pictures.

Alfred Jacob Miller's paintings, having disappeared after the exhibit of 1839, were brought out and shown again at the Peale Museum in Baltimore in 1933, after ninety-four years.

Mrs. Clyde Porter, in discussing the Miller collection, says, "Inquiring at the Peale Museum in Baltimore in 1935, I found no artifacts, but was shown a box of watercolors of the West — small in size but impressive by their beauty and by the stories they told. I wanted them; and finally, after several disappointments, they became mine." In addition, Mrs. Porter acquired several of Miller's larger oil paintings and Henry Inman's portrait of Sir William Drummond Stewart, which she added to the Miller collection at Joslyn.

A visit to the Joslyn Museum in Omaha, Nebraska would be a treat for any historian or enthusiast of our early American West, for here it is displayed in all its virgin truth. This is the way it was then. ●**RW**

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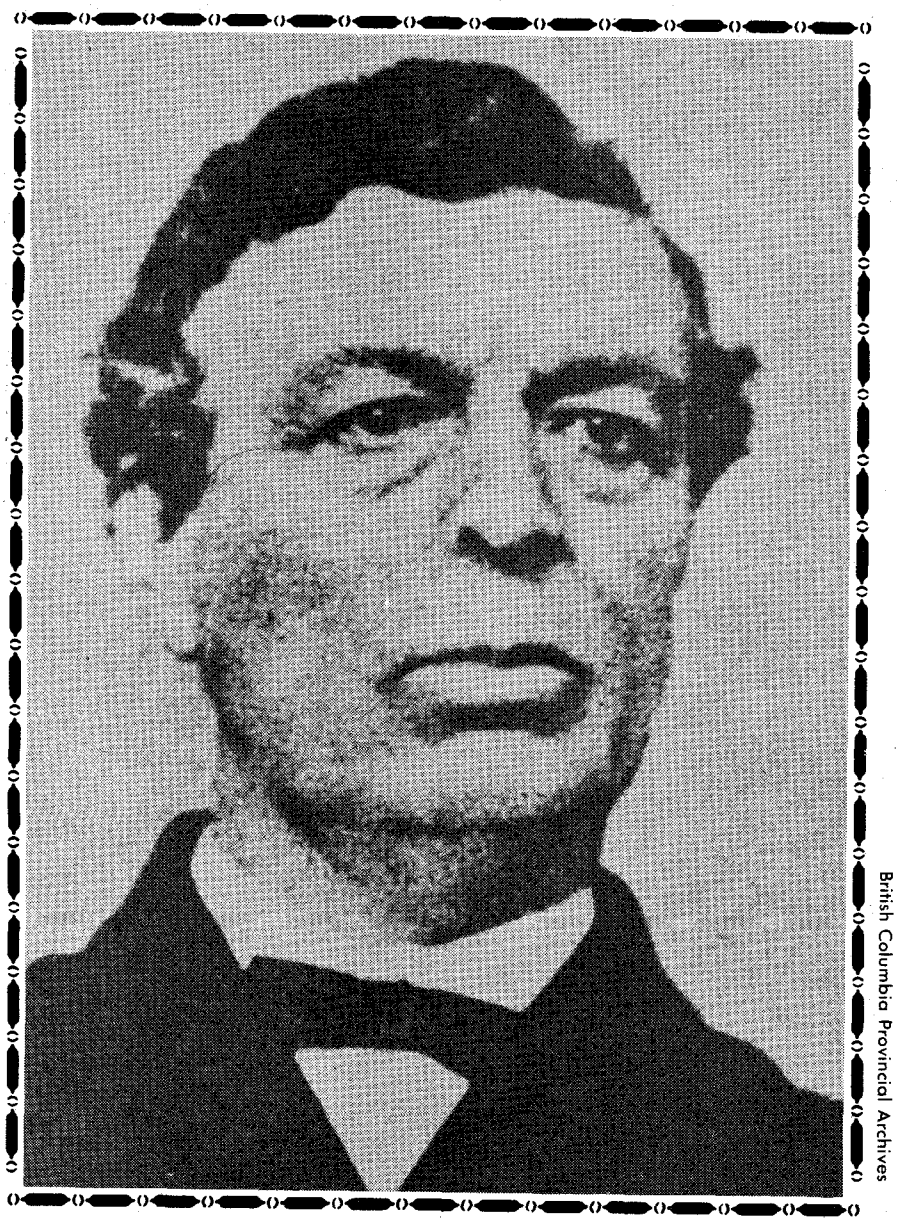
Death Named DESERTER ISLAND

by T. W. Paterson



British Columbia Provincial Archives

Capt. W. H. McNeill was ordered to build a "super fortress at Rupert".

In 1858, a British ship put in near Rupert in British Columbia to take on coal. Eight men deserted with the idea of getting to California to search for gold and the infuriated ship's master commissioned a local Indian chief to bring them back at "so much a head!" That's what he got — eight heads — and the islands were named the Deserter Islands.

Murder — that overwhelming, if gruesome, favorite of audiences — has played an important role in Pacific Northwest lore. One of the most spectacular cases, with political repercussions which resounded through the highest offices in that vast, unknown hinterland today called British Columbia (and, in fact, halfway round the world) also is among the earliest on record; a record which, sadly, has grown ever longer during the 150-odd years since.

And, if unique in no other respect, this fascinating tale ably confirms that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. For, although the legend which has drifted down over the past century and a half has been embellished by many tellings, it is no more amazing than the tragic series of events which so long ago led to war between the original inhabitants and first white settlers of Vancouver Island's

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Dr. J. S. Helmcken was accused of not having exercised impartiality while serving as magistrate during the Fort Rupert tragedy.

northern capeland.

The stage for this drama had been set as early as 1836, when Hudson's Bay Company physician Dr. W.F. Tolmie, then stationed at Fort McLoughlin, Bella Bella, learned from an Indian of coal outcroppings on the northeastern tip of Vancouver Island. A survey of the designated area confirmed the report, but it was not until 1846 that the British Admiralty expressed interest in the deposits.

Six more years passed when, having decided that McLoughlin, which had been abandoned, should be replaced in some form, and, with the Admiralty's interest in Vancouver Island coal, the fur company embarked upon construction of a new "super fortress," to be christened Fort Rupert. Thus Capt. W.H. McNeill had been ordered northward aboard the venerable company steamer *Beaver* with men and supplies to build the new post, intended to be one of the strongest fortifications west of the Rockies due to the neighboring Nahwittie tribe's reputation as being among the wildest on the west coast.

With Rupert's completion, the formerly silent shores of Beaver Harbor resounded with "shrieks and cries; the noise of fighting and the unearthly yelling and rattling of medicine men (which) made the nights terrifying to the few whites enclosed within the picketed walls ..." as Ku-Kultz Village sprang up alongside the fort upon the arrival of hundreds of tribesmen of the Kwakiutl nation.

Coincidentally, as the founding of Rupert progressed, a far more significant event had occurred thousands of miles distant, in the British Colonial Office, where "an almost unknown and completely inexperienced," 32-year-old barrister named Richard Blanshard had been appointed first governor of the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island.

As one historian has noted, Blanshard's "was an unhappy lot during the year and a half that he remained in the colony. He received no salary and no allowance for expenses; cost of living was high, and independent settlers were few. The majority of the white inhabitants of the Island were employed by the Company, and looked to the officials of the organization for instructions. The result was that the unfortunate governor had little to do, except (to spend) his time in hating the company, which he blamed for all his woes."

This quick assessment is perhaps unjustly harsh. Whatever, Blanshard's tenure in the new colony was to be short and bitter, involving one dispute after another with the HBC's iron chief factor, James Douglas. The Fort Rupert tragedy was to be the issue upon which Blanshard would give his resignation within eight months of his landing in Victoria.

After several skirmishes with Douglas, the governor chose to oppose him head on over the labor problems besetting Rupert, where professional miners, imported from the Old Country, were rebelling against work conditions and the food. Accordingly, Blanshard appointed young medic J.S. Helmcken to the post of magistrate at Rupert.

But Helmcken found his hands to be tied when it became apparent that the miners did not really wish to achieve their demands but only to secure release from their contracts with the HBC. This desire became all the stronger when word of California's gold discoveries reached the north country.

It was this dramatic moment in history which precipitated the tragedy with the arrival at Victoria of the bark *England*. Upon unloading her cargo, her orders were to sail to Fort Rupert to take on coal for California — the golden opportunity for three crewmen of the company vessel *Norman Morison* to desert and stowaway aboard the bark for a free ride to Eldorado.

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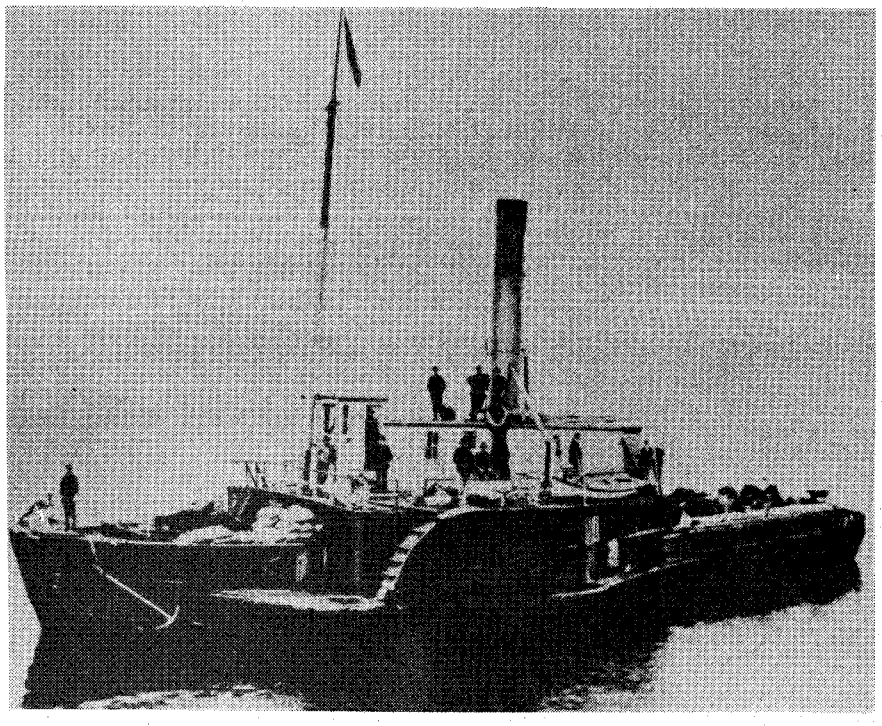
Upon the *England's* arrival at the northern outpost, the disgruntled miners immediately learned of the stowaways, several of the more daring plotting to join them aboard the bark for the voyage southward. Their scheme collapsed suddenly when the *Beaver* arrived, the stowaways leaping to the conclusion that she had come for them.

"Panic-stricken," records British Columbia historian B.A. McKelvie, "they left their hiding place and took refuge in the woods. The *Beaver,* however, did not stay long. When she was gone, Dr. Helmcken told Capt. Brown to get word to the sailors to return to the ship, as it was unsafe for them to remain in the forest, where they were isolated and might be attacked by savages. This friendly warning the men believed to be given for the purpose of trapping them..."

And this is where the bloody legend which today is accredited with the christening of British Columbia's Deserter Islands begins. Briefly: About 1858, a ship put in near Rupert to load coal. But as she lay at anchor, the electrifying word "Gold!" swept her crews with the news of a great strike in Cariboo. The ship's master, understandably, received the news with misgivings. Familiar with the San Francisco Bay death fleets, when thousands of seamen had abandoned their squareriggers during the rush of '49, and faced with the threat of having to sail undermanned if members of his own crew deserted, the captain placed his men under guard.



British Columbia Provincial Archives

Hudson's Bay Company steamer BEAVER. Her arrival at Fort Rupert panicked the deserters into flight.

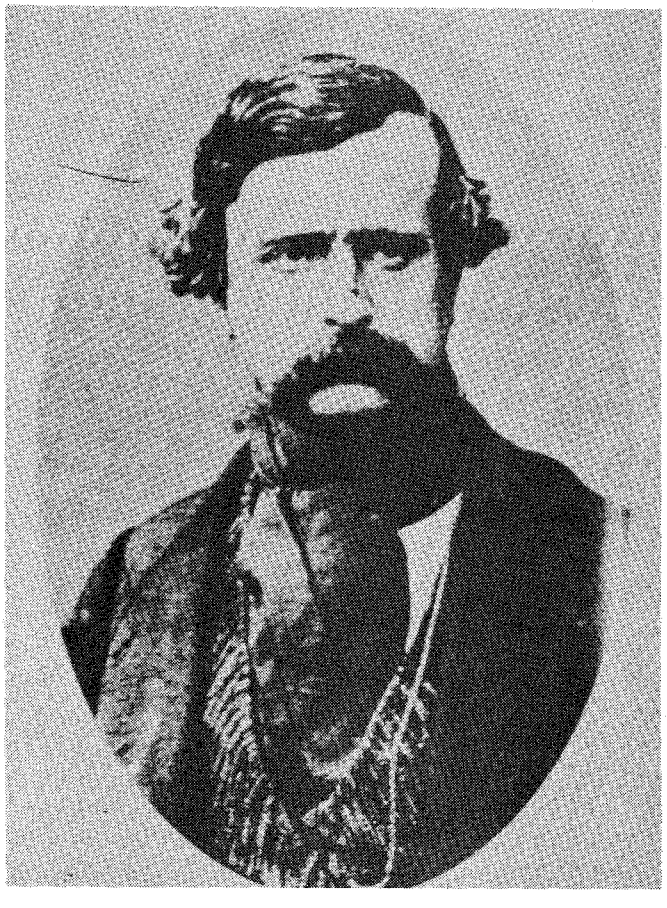
Despite his precautions, eight men stole a longboat that night, filled it with supplies pilfered from the ship's stores, and slipped away into the darkness. Intending to hike overland to the gold fields, the fugitives set course for Seymour Inlet, to the northeast. Then, six miles from the ship, and confident there would be no pursuit, they camped on a small island.

With dawn, and word of their escape, the captain was beside himself with rage, exhausting his vast store of profanity on his careless mate before vowing to have the culprits returned, rather than to sail shorthanded. With this decision, he contacted the local tribal chieftain, who readily agreed to provide his best braves for the job. After lengthy haggling, they came to terms, the captain agreeing to pay so much "per head."

And with that unfortunate turn of phrase — so the legend goes — the deserters' fate was sealed!

Leaping into their fleetest canoes, the warriors paddled in pursuit, soon overtaking their quarry and fulfilling what they thought to be their part of the bargain — as their chief reminded the horrified mariner later when collecting the bounty: he was to pay them a flat rate per head. Because that's exactly what he got — eight heads, neatly stacked on his deck!

Which concludes the popular if bloody version of how the Deserters were named. Surprisingly, the official account is fascinating enough



British Columbia Provincial Archives

Governor Richard Blanshard battled with Chief Factor Douglas and warring Indians.

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British Columbia Provincial Archives

Hudson't Bay Company Chief Factor (and future Governor of British Columbia) James Douglas. He did not like the new Governor, Richard Blanshard.

without any help from fertile imaginations. For, having ignored Helmcken's warning about hostile Indians, the deserters, Fred Watkins and brothers George and Charles Wishart, had continued their flight.

Days later, they encountered three Nahwittie braves near Shushartie. The natives were friendly this day — or so they claimed after — and decided to warn the whites of an impending raid by the fierce Haidas. But, upon seeing them approach, the deserters had panicked, waving an axe, throwing rocks and cursing in hopes of scaring the Indians off.

Infuriated by this unwarranted rebuke, the braves attacked and, minutes later, had run the whites to earth, hacking them to pieces. The mutilated bodies of the Wisharts were buried under some brush, that of Watkins weighted and dumped into the sea.

When word of the murders spread, it had two opposite effects: terrifying the miners at Fort Rupert and emboldening the hostile Nahwitties into open belligerence. Surprisingly, the unnerved miners chose to abandon their formidably designed fortress for Shushartie, leaving but a handful of company officers to face the crisis.

The emergency worsened with each passing hour, the tribesmen becoming ever bolder, some even climbing the palisades to "leer down at the unhappy whites, who realized that any demonstration would be the signal for an attack," when the little company was saved by the timely arrival of another HBC vessel, the *Mary Deare.*

At this dramatic change in fortune, the miners returned to Rupert as HMS *Daedalus* arrived with Gov. Blanshard to restore order. After consultation with Blanshard and Capt. G.R. Wellesley, Helmcken volunteered to meet with the Nahwittie's Chief Nancy to demand the murderers' surrender.

Accordingly, in company of the equally heroic interpreter, a French Canadian halfbreed named Battineau, Helmcken journeyed to the Nahwittie village to meet Chief Nancy. Although historians seem to have overlooked the fact, it undoubtedly was to the old chieftain's credit, and not to Helmcken's and Battineau's courage that they were not harmed.

For Nancy held his warriors, several hundred strong and heavily armed, in check while admitting to Helmcken during their allnight parley that his tribesmen had murdered the deserters. He even went so far as to offer reparations, which, of course, the magistrate could not accept, reiterating his demand that the guilty men be surrendered for trial.

The meeting ended in stalemate, Chief Nancy refusing to hand over the murderers and Helmcken and Battineau returning to the *Daedalus* to report. Here, faced with no apparent alternative, Blanshard turned the matter over to Capt. Wellesley, who prepared his men for landing.

Curiously, as historian McKelvie wryly pointed out, the expedition chose to land at dusk, and, faced with darkness, camped on the beach overnight. Therefore, when Lieut. Burton's bluejackets and marines stormed the Nahwittie encampment at dawn — they found it to be abandoned. Burton then followed his instructions, burning the village and

(continued on page 80)

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HENRY M. STANLEY and the Old West

by Xanthus Carson

The man who found Doctor David Livingstone in Central Africa in 1871 arrived on the shores of Lake Tanganyika by a roundabout route that included brief careers on both sides in the Civil War and a sojourn on the Western Frontier where he became friends with Wild Bill Hickok.

Courtesy Jacob Wassermann

Sir Henry Morton Stanley played a major role on the Western frontier before his trek to Africa and the finding of Dr. Livingstone.

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From Henry M. Stanley's autobiography

Dorothy Stanley, wife of Sir Henry Morton Stanley.

"*Doctor Livingstone, I presume?*" These vivid words reverberated clearly among the curious Ujiji villagers, one half mile off the Lake Tanganyika shores, in Central Africa, Friday, Novemeber 10, 1871.

The words were spoken by Sir Henry Morton Stanley, commissioned months before by the New York *Herald* to locate the long-lost explorer and missionary, Doctor David Livingstone.

"Yes!" then came the venerable reply, a response that could only come from the heart of a noble soul. Then the two shook hands.

The puzzled Africans gazed upon the view before them with awe.

And the world has not forgotten this memorable occasion. Little, big, old, and young, around the world still chant Stanley's words. And shelves and miles of film have told the Stanley Livingstone story.

The African meeting has been of such astronomical illumination that people have failed to understand that the Ujiji handshake was really a handshake of the Old American West with the unexplored central Africa!

And that's the way it was. And we become anxious to explain that Sir Henry Morton Stanley was also of great significance on the early American frontiers, just as he was in the finding of Dr. Livingstone and explorations later of Africa.

THE MAN who found Livingstone was born January 28, 1841, in Denbigh, Wales. He was baptized John Rowlands, because this was thought to be the name of his father. His mother was Miss Elizabeth Parry.

John Rowlands, as we'll know him until later in this story, didn't know his mother, because she said his presence brought disgrace to her. Moses Parry, his mother's father, cared for him the first four years.

Heart-rending circumstances then placed the lad on his own. Moses Parry died. Relatives boarded out Little John for thirty-five cents a week. This arrangement continued for two years. He was then carried to a great stone building, surrounded by an impregnable iron fence, and the huge gate slammed behind him, as he was pushed inside against his will.

The complex was a dismal-looking affair, called St. Asaph Union Workhouse, a sort of penitentiary where impecunious old folk and unwanted children were confined in strict discipline. Rowland spent nine years in this weird enviroment.

Burdened with the excessive cruelties heaped upon him, one day young Rowlands flogged the heartless schoolmaster to within an inch of his life. Leaving him sprawled unconscious over a classroom desk, he clambered over the high fence to the outer world. At the age of 15 he once again faced a cruel world.

John Rowlands headed for relatives. They did nothing for the distressed youth. He eventually arrived in the teeming city of Liverpool, where he worked at odd jobs for first one merchant and then another.

One day he was dispatched to Capt. David Harding of the packet ship *Windermere* with an order of goods. Rowlands admired the captain's quarters and the ships' skipper noticed this. Things soon happened. And the lad found himself employed as ship's cabin boy, arriving in New Orleans in 1857, midst the hustle and bustle of the booming New World seaport.

Here John Rowlands jumped ship because he did not like his boss. And, after trying his hand at various odd jobs, he became acquainted with a prosperous Mississippi River trader and New Orleans merchant, named Henry Morton Stanley. This man was to mean a lot to John Rowlands, who was already a comparable Horatio Alger hero.

This acquaintance turned into a loving friendship. Then ill fate put a quietus to it. Mrs. Stanley died of a contagious fever. Later, Mr. Stanley, after adopting John Rowlands and bestowing his name upon him, sailed for Cuba.

Young Henry Morton Stanley, as John Rowlands had become, never saw his foster father again. So he went to friends in Arkansas, deeply grieved. Here he lived on a large plantation and became thoroughly acquainted with the field foremen and the cruel treatment they heaped upon the slaves.

With the opening of the Civil War, Stanley became a Confederate. After a bit of training, his outfit boarded a steamboat, bound for Little Rock, and the gory battlefields.

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In time he decided he didn't like the Confederacy, and changed sides, fighting in the bloodiest mess of the conflict, the Battle of Shiloh.

His experiences were chilling, certainly training for the great explorer that he later became. He ultimately became a deserter of both forces.

Then on July 19, 1864, Henry Morton Stanley enlisted in the United States Navy. It was here that he proved himself a naturalborn journalist, reporting battles as these had never before been reported. He served on the *USS North Carolina* and the *Minnesota*.

On January 15, 1865, the *Minnesota* sailed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to be decommissioned. Here he, with a buddy named Louis Noe, deserted.

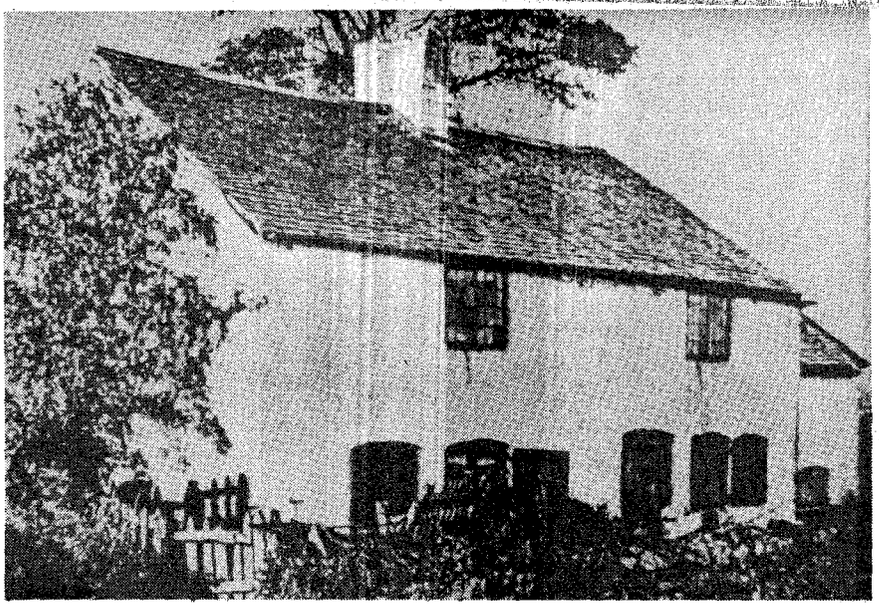
Thus at 24, Stanley had a long series of desertions to his credit: the Workhouse, the *Windermere* in New Orleans, a traitor to the Confederacy for changing sides, and he had deserted the United States Navy. But had these not occurred, history very probably would have not heard the opening sentence of this account. *And we do not know what would have become of the African explorer and missionary, Doctor David Livingstone.*

These events only started Stanley's climb to fame. Two months after the Navy desertion, Henry Morton Stanley was on his way over the rugged trails to the frontiers of the American West, with thousands of other fearless souls who made the trek after the Civil War.

ALREADY encrusted with a severe case of the wanderlust, Stanley arrived in the West, and started exploring, no doubt to see just what the expansive territories were like.

What the 24-year-old man did for earnings during this first adventure is little known. There are only a few vague notes left in his diary revealing his first travels, which carried him to: "St. Joseph - across the plains - Indians - Salt Lake City - Denver - Black Hawk - Omaha." Meaningless as far as details are concerned. except in a few instances.

The brand-new westerner pulled a drunk when he first arrived in Omaha. It was the first case of inebriation in his lifetime and his last he wrote in his western journal. Stanley's party, a group of theatrical people, spent most of the night roaming the streets of the rip-roaring frontier railroad boom town. The Union Pacific track layers were then pushing hellbent through the country, laying shiny ribbons of steel at the rate of four miles a day. Money flowed freely, like *likker* and most every type of night life. Entertainment was scarce, which, we'd think, explains Stanley's connection with the show people.



From Henry M. Stanley's Autobiography

Stanley was born in this house in Denbigh, Wales.

Stanley wrote about the Omaha incident: "Being connected with the press, my acquaintance was sought by some theatrical people in Omaha; at which, being young and foolish, I was much gratified.

After a benefit performance, which I was principally the means of getting up for them, I supped with them, and for the first time, I drank so much wine that I tasted the joys and miseries of intoxication. My impression will not be forgotten, for though the faculty of self-restraint was helpless, the brain was not so clouded that I did not know what I was about. I was conscious of an irrespressible hilarity, which provoked me to fling decorum to the winds, and being overwhelmingly affectionate to my boon companions.

"The women of the party appeared more beautiful than houris, especially one for whom I felt ecstatic tenderness. When we had supped and drank and exhausted our best stories, about two o'clock in the morning we agreed to separate, the ladies to their own homes, but we men to a frolic, or lark in the open. The effect of wine was at its highest. We sallied out, singing, 'We won't go home till morning.'

I was soon conscious that my tread was different, that the sidewalk reminded me of the deck of a ship in a gale, the lamp-posts were not perpendicular, and leaned perilously over, which made me babble about the singular waywardness and want of uprightness in houses and lanp-posts and awning columns, and the curious elasticity of the usually firm earth. I wished to halt and meditate about this sudden change of things in general. Scraps of marine songs about the 'briny ocean,' 'brave sailor boys,' and 'good ships be on her waters,' were suggested to me by the rocking ground, and burst in fluent song from my lips; a noisier set than we became, it is scarcely possible to imagine.

"I wonder now that we were not shot at, for the Omaha people were not very remarkable for forbearance when angered, and a change of small shot would have been no more than each of us well deserved. But someone suggested that vengeful men were after us, and that was enough to send us scampering, each to his home, at four o'clock in the morning. I reached my place without accident, and without meeting a single constable; and, plunging into bed, I fell into a deep sleep. My first waking made me aware of a racking headache, and a deep conviction that I had behaved disgracefully.

"I was enriched, however, by an experience that has lasted all my life, for I then vowed that this should be the last time I would have to condemn myself for a scandalous act of the kind. 'What an egregious fool I have been ! Hang N — and all his gang!' was my thought for many a day."

It was in Omaha that Stanley became acquainted with Indian scalping. A white man one day

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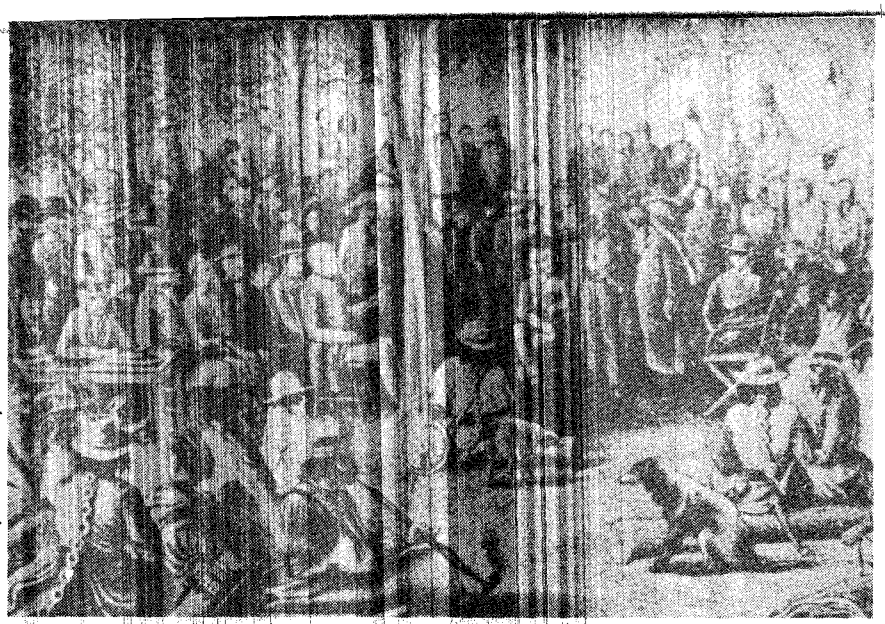

From Harper's Monthly

Medicine Lodge Creek Peace Council, October 1867. Stanley was one of the reporters seated to the left.

straggled into Omaha with his scalp dangling in his hand. He had been a victim of the plains Indians. Somehow the tortured victim survived. And he always kept his scalp around, in a jar of water!

THIS turned out to be enough of the railroad boom town for Stanley. He joined partnership with another western wayfarer, named W. H. Cook.

And in May, 1866, the two decided to go to Denver. "We bought some planking and tools, and in a few hours, constructed a flat-bottomed boat," Stanley wrote in his journal. "Having furnished it with provisions, and armed against Indians, towards evening we floated down the Platte River. After twice upsetting, and many adventures and narrow escapes, we reached the Missouri River." And ultimately Denver, where the two did not remain very long. The urge for other types of adventure called them still farther away.

This time to Asia-Minor, which did not turn out so well, nothing like the western frontiers. An unexpected turn of events a few miles east of Smyrna halted the venture. After spending a few weeks in horrible foreign prisons, the party was released and they once again headed for the West.

ON this trip for the first time in his journalistic career Stanley served as "a Special." He was a full-fledged roving reporter for the Missouri *Democrat*, assigned to write up northwestern Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. This didn't turn out to be much of an assignment. And these experiences, we must know, prepared him for explorations later in Central Africa for which he became so famous.

In 1867 Stanley accompanied General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowas and Comanches, later reporting "the peace commission to the Indians." On this trek Stanley met the noted James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok at Fort Harker. In his dispatch to the *Democrat*, April 4, published April 16, Stanley told about meeting Wild Bill. Custer's command had just arrived at the fort.

"James Butler, commonly called 'Wild Bill', is one of the finest examples of that peculiar class now extant, known as Frontiersmen, ranger, hunter and Indian scout," Stanley reported. "He is now thirty-eight years old, and since he was thirteen the prairie has been his home.

He stands six feet one inch in his moccasins, and is as handsome a specimen of a man as could be found. *Harper's* correspondent recently gave a sketch of the career of this remarkable man, which excepting a slight exaggeration, was correct. We were prepared, on hearing of 'Wild Bill's' presence in the camp, to see a person who would prove one of those ruffians to be found South and West, who delight in shedding blood. We confess to being agreeably disappointed when, on being introduced to him, we looked on a person who was the very reverse of all we had imagined.

He was dressed in a black coat, brown pants, fancy shirt, leather leggings, and had on his head a beaver cap. Tall, straight, broad compact shoulders, herculean chest, narrow waist, and well-formed muscular limbs. A fine handsome face, free from any blemish, a light moustache, a thin pointed nose, bluish-grey eyes, with a calm, quiet look, yet seemingly possessing some mysterious latent power, a magnificent forehead, hair parted from the center of the forehead and hanging down behind the ears in long, wavy, silky curls.

He is brave, there can be no doubt; that fact is impressed on you at once before he utters a syllable. He is neither as coarse and illiterate as *Harper's Monthly* portrays him ...

"The following *verbatum* dialogue took place between us: 'I say, Bill, or Mr. Hickok, how many white men have you killed to your certain knowledge?' After a little deliberation, he replied, 'I would be willing to take my oath on the Bible tomorrow that I have killed over a hundred, along ways off.' 'What made you kill all those men; did you kill them without cause or provocation?' 'No, by Heaven! I never killed one man without good cause.' 'How old were you when you killed the first white man, and for what cause?' 'I was twenty-eight years old when I killed the first white man, and if ever a man deserved killing he did. He was a gambler and counterfeiter, and I was in a hotel in Leavenworth City then, and seeing some loose characters around, I ordered a room, and as I had some money about me, I thought I would go to it.

I had lain some thirty minutes on the bed, when I heard some men at my door. I pulled my revolver and bowie-knife and held them ready, but half concealed, still pretending to be asleep. The door was opened, and five men entered the room. They whispered together, "Let us kill the son of a b—; I'll bet he has got money." 'Gentlemen,' he said further, 'that was a time — an awful time. I kept perfectly still until just as the knife touched my breast; I sprang aside and buried mine in his heart, and then used my revolvers on the others right and left. Only one was wounded, besides the one killed; and, then gentlemen, I dashed through the room and rushed to the fort, procured a lot of soldiers, came to the hotel and captured the whole gang of them, fifteen in all.

We searched the cellar and found eleven bodies buried there — men who were murdered by those villains.' Turning to us, he asked, 'Would you have not done the same? That was the first man I killed, and I never was sorry for that

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yet.' "

BY May the Indian situation had simmered down somewhat. Notable leaders began to arrive at the leading forts. Here they exchanged battle notes, and Stanley once again exploited Wild Bill in the Missouri *Democrat*, May 21, 1867:

"Wild Bill, who is an inveterate hater of the Indians, was also chased by six Indians lately, and had quite a little adventure with them. Taught by long practice with Indians to be always on his guard, he never walks out of the house without a brace of fine revolvers slung to his waist, but on an important errand he goes armed to the teeth, and woe to the Indians who cross his path. Riding about in the late field of operations, he was seen by a group of red men, who immediately gave chase. Too soon they found whom they were pursuing, and then commenced to retrace their steps, but not before two of them fell dead before the weapons of Wild Bill.

A horse was also killed and one wounded, after which Wild Bill rode unconcernedly on his way to camp, and in a very modest manner related the little adventure, which report was verified by a scout named Kincaid who shot an Indian on his way with dispatches for General Custer."

Stanley and Wild Bill became staunch friends. A man once made an insulting remark to the young frontier reporter which Wild Bill didn't like. He promptly reached out with his long arms, picked the man up, and tossed him over a billiard table.

STANLEY did not see as much action against the Indians as he had expected when they came to the troubled areas with General Hancock. But by talking with many he was able to arrive at a conception as to what the whole thing meant. When the Hancock expedition was over, Stanley remained in the West to follow the dealings of the Peace Commission under Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

All during the summer of 1867 he heard arguments on how to end the Indian menace on the plains for once and for all. *But how?* This was the big question that baffled the officials. Some wanted to annihilate the Indians altogether. Others had different ideas. New York editorials hollered that an "attempt to exterminate the Indian race would be a work of years, and an expense of hundreds of millions of dollars ..."

And this is the matter that confronted the Peace Commission that met with the plains tribes at Medicine Lodge Creek, October 21, 1867, with Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman in charge. Twenty outstanding reporters from the leading newspapers of the East covered the parley; Stanley was on of the twenty. These newsmen covered one of the greatest powwows known to the western frontiers, and became credited as the West's first war correspondents.

Here Stanley learned the feeling and sentiment of the Indians. These he managed to express in the reports that he dispatched from Medicine Lodge Creek.

In one report, Stanley quoted White Bear, chief of the Kiowas, at the conference: "I love the land and the buffalo, and will not part with them. I don't want any of those medicine houses built in the country; I want the papooses brought up exactly as I am ... I have heard that you intend to settle there. I love to roam over the wide prairie, and, when I do it, I feel free and happy; but when we settle down, we grow pale and die."

Then he quoted another chief: "The Great White Father in Washington has made roads stretching east and west. Those roads are the cause of all our troubles. The country across the River Platte belongs to the Whites; the country north of the river belongs to us. When we see game there, we want to hunt it. Have the road stopped just where they are, or turn them in some other directions."

Then another: "Ever since I was born I have eaten wild meat. My father and grandfather ate wild meat before me. We cannot give up quickly the customs of our forefathers."

The contention demonstrated at the parley and the terminating treaty had its effect upon Stanley. His notes indicate that his feelings favored the Red Man. These followed Stanley for the remainder of his life. Years later he wrote that he learned things on the western frontiers that guided him during trying times with the African natives.

WHILE the stage was being set for the Medicine Lodge Creek parley, Stanley, with some time on his hands, struck out for Colorado. The "gold fever" had seized him while in the West! There he prospected in the lofty mountains.

At one time during these ventures he thought he had struck it rich. He filled his knapsack with the yellow metal that he'd found and headed for town. Once in his hotel room he cached all his findings except one sizable chunck. This he excitedly carried downstairs, where he probably laid it out for an old prospector to look at, and evaluate.

Without so much as a change of expression, the veteran of a lot of prospecting setbacks said, "A pretty nice specimen of pyrites of iron."

Stanley learned before he left the Colorado gold fields that he was not the first tinhorn to mistake "fool's gold" for the real thing.

This was about the limit of Stanley's prospecting. In September, he left Colorado and returned to the peace parley.

WHEN HENRY MORTON STANLEY affixed his signature as a witness to the historic Treaty of Medicine Lodge Creek, he was ready to leave the western frontiers. He went to New York, where he took stock of his western earnings. While on the frontiers he had made contributions to the Missouri *Democrat,* New York *Herald,* the New York *Times,* the Chicago *Republican,* and the Cincinnati *Commercial.*

He started out at a weekly salary of $15 and terminated with $90. His savings amounted to three thousand dollars. This was a fair-sized amount for that day and time. Stanley admitted that in order to save this, he had pushed back from the table many times before appeasing his appetite.

Whether these savings prompted the man to make the move that he did, or whether it was the call of adventure and the yield to wanderlust, is not known. Anyway, we find Stanley storming the editorial offices of the New York *Herald,* where he confronted the famous editor, James Gordon Bennett.

The two made a trade right away. And Stanley once again headed for Europe. After several months of hair-raising assignments, he landed in Zanzibar to commence preparations for the famous search for Doctor Livingstone.

Then we have the well-illuminated Stanley search for the lost missionary — and his finding — both limelighted to such an extent that Stanley's experiences on the frontiers of the American West have been somewhat neglected. The man served greatly in both hemispheres.

(continued on page 80)

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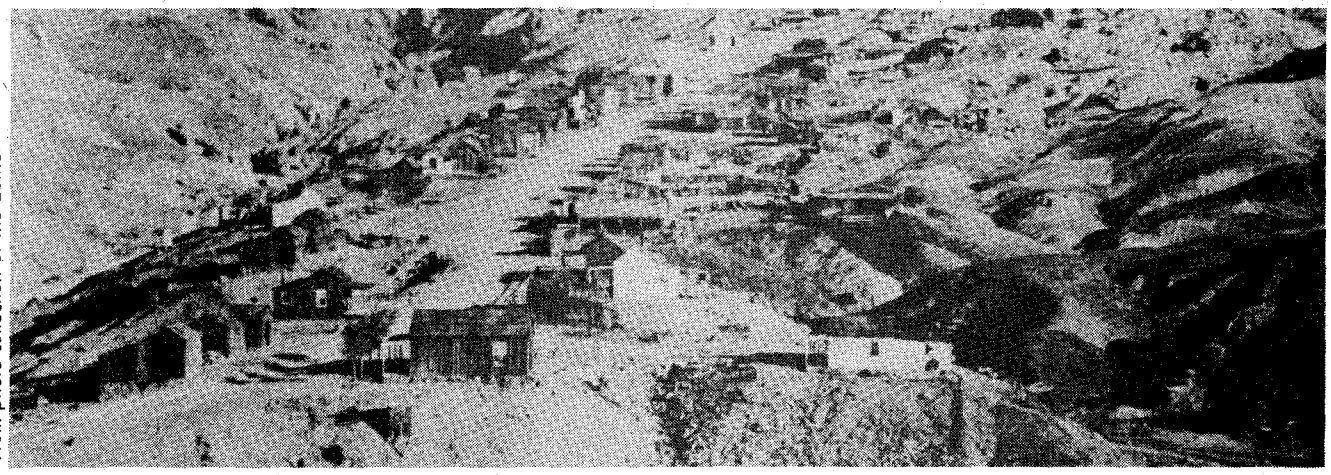
Fabulous OLD CALICO



From photo collection of the author

Calico, California as it looked during its boom days.

Lives Again

When the three prospectors left Barstow, California, they headed north into the rugged Mountains. It was the Spring of 1881. They found silver and a town sprang up which they named 'Calico' because of the brilliantly colored mountains surrounding the boom town. Today it's a ghost town, one of the most interesting in the West.

by Harriett Farnsworth

When a prospector starts out with his burro loaded with pick, shovel, gold pan and grub, he's certainly dreaming of discovering a fortune in gold, silver or some material of value. This must have been in the minds of Charley Mecham, Larry Silvia and John McBride—their burros packed for an extended trip—when they headed for the colorful Calico Mountains north of Barstow, California in the early spring of 1881.

The three prospectors grubstaked by John C. King, Sheriff of San Bernardino were ready to give up after three weeks of toiling in vain, until they decided to do assessment work on several claims which had been staked when John C. King had grubstaked a party which included Charley's brother, Frank Mecham.

At the time these locations were staked, some ore had been found but nothing of much value, but today when the boys began digging at the claims, something did happen! When Charley Mecham's pick sank into a hunk of silver ore, he yelled: "Boys, we've made it! This is what I call a REAL chunk of silver ... and bound to be plenty more like it around here."

And as was the custom of those days in the Old West, when a "strike" was made, a celebration was held at the nearest saloon—just where Charley, John and Larry headed. And, as usual, wherever the word "GOLD" or "SILVER" echoed across the land a boom was on. So like thirsty burros following the scent of water, miners, prospectors, camp followers of every description rushed in to grab their share of the silver fortune.

With silver bringing $1.31 an ounce, Wells Fargo moved in to haul bullion which turned out to be horn silver, to the Mint. Representatives of big eastern operators hurried in buying up claims, and people kept coming: riffraff, "Shady Ladies", promotors, gamblers, high-graders, claim jumpers, swelling the population at what was to become Calico.

At first the men were so busy mining, and building materials far away and expensive, people lived in hastily built homes, small one room adobes, shantys, shacks, tents and dugouts up and down the steep sides of the Gulch.

By the fall of 1881, the flourishing silver camp was crowded. It needed a name but what should that be? After some discussions and arguments, the miners met at Hank's Hotel where that problem was solved when one of the fellows said: "Boys—just take a look at them colorful mountains around us! Why, they're as purty as any gal's calico pettyskirt. Why not call 'er Calico?" The name stuck and Calico soon became a rip-roaring, lusty silver town.

In no time better homes began nudging their way up and down both sides of the Gulch; its one long dirt street, Main Street, was built solid for two blocks with business buildings: Among them Lane's General Merchantile Store, Hank's Hotel, The Hyena House, A. R. Rhea's Drug Store, the Globe Restaurant, The Calico House and several saloons, some of them owned and operated by women.

One of the most famous saloons in town was owned and run by Madam De Lill, said to be a shrewd businesswoman who had not come to Calico for her health. As a sideline, Lill also operated a lucrative business in "feminine" entertainment and quietly handled a bit of "high-grade" without interference.

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The other noted saloon was the well known "establishment" owned and operated by "Denver Dotty", whose business also prospered. Dotty was the old-time type gal who grubstaked any down-and-out prospector or miner and gave a hungry man a meal. Even though Dotty was generous, once in a while she was taken advantage of, but that didn't stop her from helping those who asked for it.

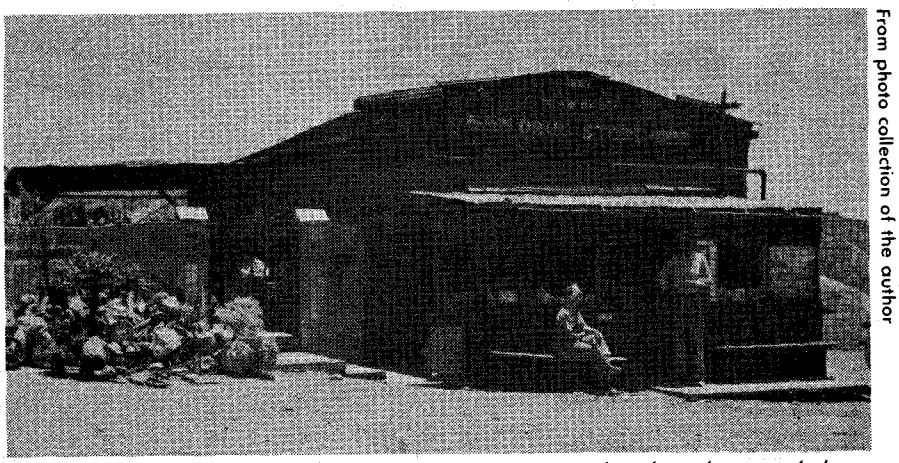
Aside from saloons, Calico also had its gambling "joints" open day and night. In them money trickled through gamblers' fingers like so much sand through a sieve, and many a rich silver claim was lost or won on the flip of a card. Among the gamblers that flocked into Calico was Wyatt Earp, the noted gunfighter who dealt in other lucrative side-line businesses of that day; and odd as it may seem, he became a hero of the Calico children.

During its boom days, Calico was a lusty, rowdy town, the men living in it were tough — they had to be to live as they did — but those who had children were concerned about them getting an education. So a school house was built. Its first teacher was Virginia Merritt. Soon a church with a steeple was built at the head of the Gulch, and the town organized a Brass Band for such celebrations as the 4th of July.

During the boom-town days of the Old West, most towns had Chinese because of cheaper labor. So Calico had its Chinatown, down on the eastern end of the Gulch. There, some forty Chinese, under the leadership of Yung Hen, lived in dugouts.

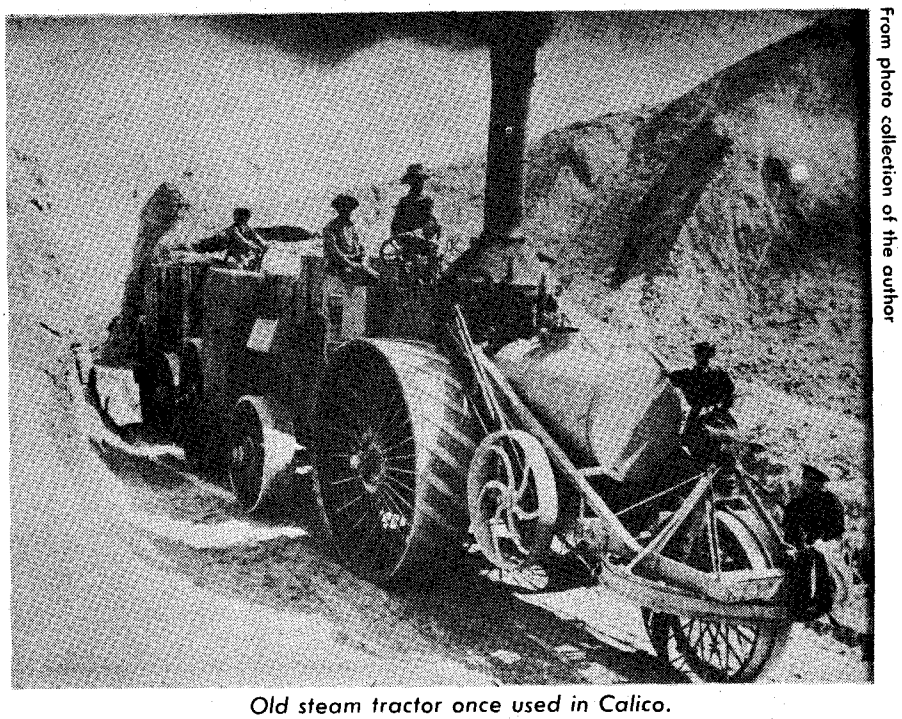
Those were the days of the colorful 20-mule teams. John A. Delameter's Freight Lines hauled ore and materials from the small settlement of Daggett to Death Valley. One of his drivers, Bob Gribben, drove from Mojave to Death Valley. Most of the 20-mule team days were over when the Southern Pacific began building the railroad to Manville, Ivanpah, Ludlow and across the Mojave River and, because of its strategic location, the small settlement of Daggett became a transportation center for the Calico mines and an outfitting point for mining in the area. When an ore mill was built on the Mojave River, a narrow-gauge railroad connected Calico with Daggett, the little engine puffing back and forth hauling ore one way, bringing back water for Calico.

When Francis M. (Borax) Smith arrived in 1889 and discovered a rich deposit of colemanite (borax ore) high up in Mule Canyon, he transferred his operations from Death Valley to the Calico area, and built the Pacific Coast Borax plant near Daggett. Smith, of course, came in with a string of 20-mule teams. When he needed two new wagons, luckily, Walter Alf



From photo collection of the author

A. R. Rhea's drug store, built in 1887, later rejuvenated and used as a rock shop and museum.



From photo collection of the author

Old steam tractor once used in Calico.

— born in Daggett in 1888 — and his father, Seymore Alf, owned a blacksmith shop at Daggett. There they made hand-made tools needed in the area and also built wagons. So Mr. Perry at the blacksmith shop designed the wagons which were built and delivered on time, and Seymore Alf got a contract for hauling borax from Borate to Daggett, until Borax Smith built the Daggett and Borate narrow-gauge railroad up Mule Canyon to his mines. The 20-mule teams were retired.

With the discovery of the King Silver, the Bismark and the Odessa mines, Borax Smith made millions that helped to make Calico one of the famous silver boom-towns of the Old West.

While Calico was living it up, and the men too busy at the mines to take out time to think of anything else, Calico was twice almost demolished by fires. Well, silver had built it. There was plenty more to be dug. So silver rebuilt it and life resumed its usual pace of work and pleasure.

There was also one little fellow in town who did his part which was most unusual. His name was Dorsey a friendly, faithful shepherd dog the only known mail-carrying dog in the world. Dorsey, with the U.S. mail in leather pouches strapped across his back, carried the mail back and forth on a three mile route, in all kinds of weather from Calico to the Bismark mine up Mule Canyon. And as far as is known, Dorsey never missed a trip or did he ever come up short of a piece of mail.

As long as the price of silver stayed up, Calico kept booming. At its peak in 1896, the population had zoomed to

(continued on page 76)

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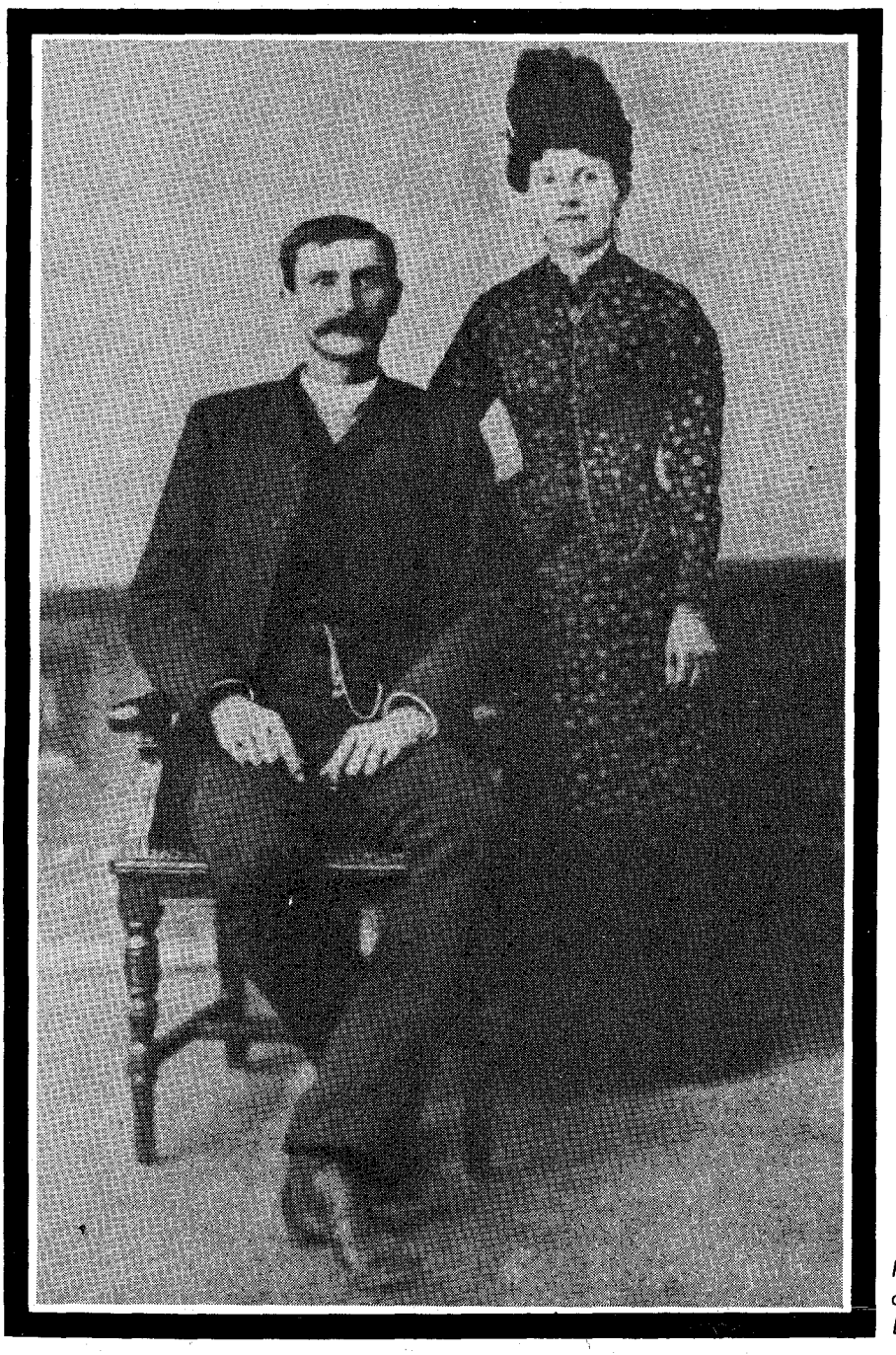
El Paso's DOUBLE HEADER HANGING

by Leon C. Metz



University of Texas El Paso Archives

A vivid account of how justice was dispensed in El Paso, Texas, back in frontier days culminating in the incredible double hanging at the El Paso City Jail January 6, 1900.

Pat Garrett and his wife. Photo taken about the time Garrett was sheriff of Dona Ana County, New Mexico in 1900.

El Paso, Texas, unlike many frontier towns, never went through a lynch rope period. Although vigilantes were organized in 1881, they did little except threaten and bluster, and after two weeks quietly disbanded. In those days a man generally settled his own affairs and did not expect the courts or others to do it for him.

Nevertheless, there were exceptions. These exceptions were four legal executions, all by hanging, and all interesting, unusual and controversial.

Back in the early 1880's, when El Paso was just beginning to exert its border dominance, a small community called Ysleta, ten miles downstream along the Rio Grande, was the county seat. Two hundred years older than El Paso, it had observed the Conquistador's heavy tread, and had been a thriving village while the Pilgrims were still shivering around a rain-swept stone which we

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Courtesy M.G. McKinney

Old El Paso city jail (large building in center of photo) where famous double-header hanging took place. The building is now torn down.

now call Plymouth Rock.

And it was here on July 5, 1883, that Joseph Brinster had the dubious distinction of being the first person legally hanged in the county. It's a good bet that Joe would just as soon have passed that privilege on to someone else.

A few years earlier, back in Ohio, Brinster killed a man who, he said, raped his wife. Unsympathetically, the judge ordered Brinster to hang, but upon review, the sentence was reduced to five years. After serving his term, the young man came to Texas for a fresh start. It is ironic that in his new adopted home he was hanged for the same crime that he had killed another for committing.

Brinster drifted down to Fort Davis where, some time in 1882, he kicked in the door of a non-commissioned officer's house, and allegedly raped the wife. At his trial in El Paso's 34th District Court, he did admit to tearing down the door while he was drunk, but insisted that he had helped repair the structure and had not laid a hand on her. It was his story that when the woodwork still showed signs of abusive mistreatment, the wife became frightened and invented the rape yarn for the benefit of her husband.

Anyway, it was a good tale even though the jury did not choose to believe it. Brinster stoically accepted the sentence, and upon the appointed hour was led to the gallows erected behind Ysleta courthouse. There, according to Simeon Newman, editor of the *Lone Star*, "he died bravely with countenance which betrayed no sign of guilt."

Of course, that wasn't all there was to it. The condemned made the traditional last speech, his hands and legs were tied, the hood placed over his head, and the lever pulled. Brinster dropped, the rope snapped taut, jiggled a little, and that should have been all.

But from below the platform came a ghostly voice, not too clear, but recognizable at least. When someone climbed down to see what was going on, there swung Brinster, suffering a little but still very much alive. The rope had slipped to such a position that his neck was not broken, nor was he strangling. So he was hauled up, and the hemp readjusted. On the following trip through the trapdoor, Brinster died almost immediately.

The second man to taste El Paso justice was Rosalio Castillo. He too had been convicted on a charge of rape, this almost entirely on the unsupported testimony of an 11-year-old girl victim. For two weeks nobody knew who did it. Then Castillo was picked up on a farm near Ysleta, identified by the child, found guilty in court, and sentenced to hang.

On Novemeber 25, 1892, practically everyone who did not have to work showed up at the execution. Though a large and high wall surrounded the jail courtyard where the hanging took place, this did not prevent numerous individuals from grabbing the nearest thing to a ringside seat as possible. Women swarmed all over the courthouse cupola. Scores of people jammed the nearby rooftops. The T & P ran a freight car near the wall so that men and boys could get a higher and better view.

In the meantime both the Catholics and Baptists were struggling for possession of Castillo's soul, and for two weeks the prisoner gave both congregations a suspenseful tug-of-war. According to the El Paso *Times*, Father Bueno, a Catholic priest, had visited Castillo, but the condemned man became dissatisfied with the service he got.

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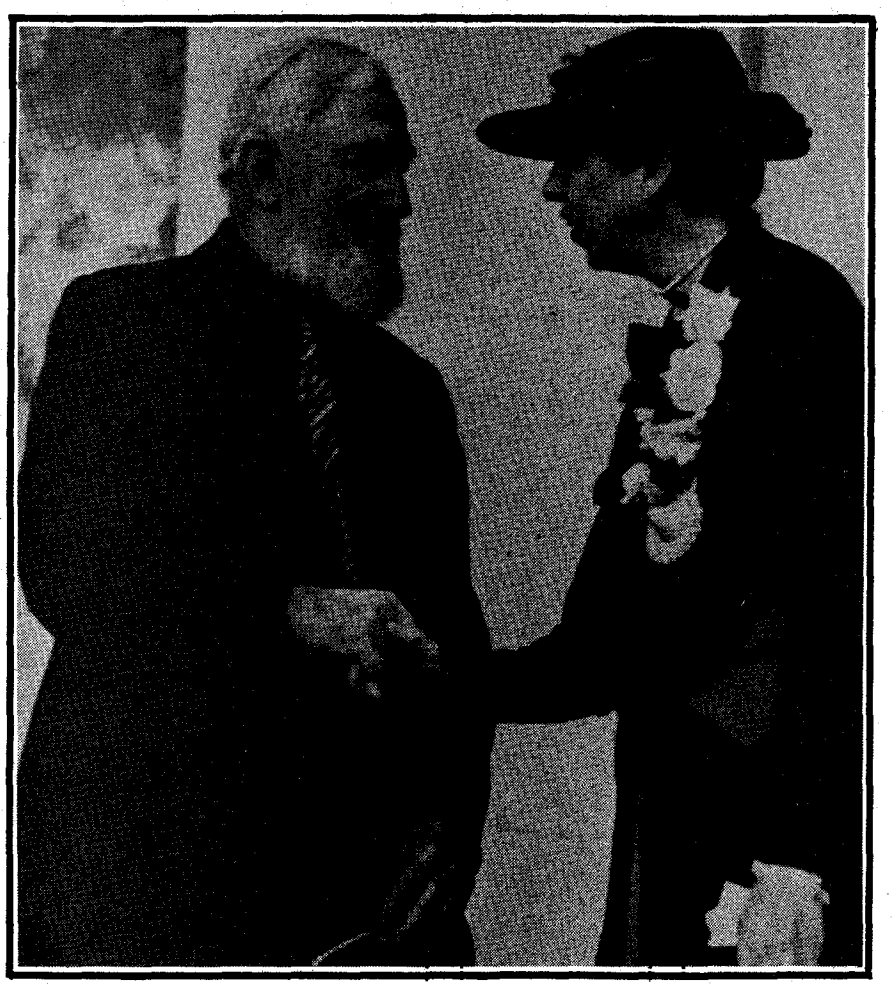

Carl Hertzog Collection, Univ. of Texas El Paso Archives

Captain John Hughes being greeted by Eleanor Roosevelt.

So then Dr. Merchand, pastor of the Mexican Baptist Church, made his move. Castillo liked the preacher's approach so well that he renounced Catholicism and was baptized by Dr. Merchand.

However, within a few days of his execution, Castillo began sweating it out again, wondering if he had done the right thing. After all, there weren't to many Mexican Baptists, so that ought to tell him something. So he summond Father Bueno again, telling him that "he could not meet the terror of death without confession and Holy Communion." This time Father Bueno stayed with him to the end.

At the execution, when asked by the sheriff if he had anything to say, Castillo stepped to the edge of the gallows, and speaking in Spanish he asked God's forgiveness for "all the officers executing my sentence, and for those who have so unjustly accused me of the crime for which I am about to die. I forgive all." He stepped back, the usual procedures were takn care of, and an El Paso police officer pulled the lever. There were no mishaps.

Up to this point the executions had been interesting. Except for Brinster's stubbornness about dying, the hangings were not much different than those taking place anywhere else. Most were formal affairs, with the prisoners accepting their fate with no resistance. All of this was about to change.

In 1900 the El Paso city jail was to be the scene of two hangings, one immediately following the other. For weeks Sheriff Boone had been testing the steel trap door, and it worked perfectly. Awaiting their trip to eternity via the passageway of that clanking door were Antonio Flores and Geronimo Parra. Of Flores there is little to say prior to the stunning events of his execution. He was merely a small time hoodlum who, in a jealous rage, had sliced his girl friend a little bit too close to her jugular. She died, and judge and jury called it murder. Flores was scheduled to hang.

Of Parra, however, the story goes back at least a decade, to 1890. Outside of El Paso were gangs of thieves and smugglers who flourished in the river-bottom *bosque* or tangled thicket. North and south of town the *bosque* stretched out for at least ten miles in each direction, and was nearly five miles wide at its broadest place. The whole area was a sort of no-man's land, inhabited by several hundred people who could claim American or Mexican citizenship, depending on which authorities were in close pursuit.

The thieves in both *bosque* had fine little rustling operations. Eight miles north of town in a gap in the Franklin Mountains called Smuggler's Pass, they built a rock corral slightly on the west side of the slopes. Here a few head of stock could be safely hidden from prying eyes. The rustlers could drop without warning across the crest of the pass, steal a couple of cows, pen them in the corral for a few days, and then drive them toward the *bosque* across terrain so rocky that trailing was almost impossible.

On April 17 a group of outlaws from the lower bosque on their way to the upper refuge, crossed the high mesas northeast of town and picked up a few head of horses from the Mundy Springs Ranch of John Barnes. Though unarmed, Barnes immediately got on their trail and caught up with them near a canyon leading to the pass. Since they had seen him too, Barnes backed off and went to El Paso for help.

Before long Barnes was back on the trail with policeman George Herold (a former Texas Ranger whom some say actually shot the outlaw, Sam Bass) and Deputy United States Marshal Charles H. Fusselman of Presidio. Fusselman was in town to attend court, and tagged along now for something to do.

Picking up the trail at the Mundy Springs Ranch, the lawmen entered the canyon and before long captured Ysidro Pasos, a well known horse thief who, acting as sentry, had fallen asleep at the wrong time. Pasos offered no resistance. He was led back to the mouth of the canyon and handcuffed to a tree.

With Fusselman in the lead, the posse continued up the gorge where they topped a small ridge and unexpectedly stumbled onto the outlaw camp. Someone shot at the Ranger, and Fusselman yelled, "Boys, we're in for it." He returned the fire with his pistol.

At that same moment a rifle cracked twice and Fusselman, reeling, fell backwards from his horse. About ten Mexicans, shoot-

(continued on page 70)

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CHARLIE PARKHURST'S

MOTHER LODE SECRET

By Clarence M. Fink

For nearly two decades Charlie Parkhurst ruled the roost as "the best damn stagecoach driver" in California. This dean of horse handlers arrived in the West during the gold rush of '49 and quickly fought his way to the top of his occupation by his skill and dependability.

Possessing enormous shoulders which rested upon a small frame of five and a half feet, he was a standout in any crowd (usually the center of it) with a black patch over one eye. On weekends this top "whip" whooped it up to high heaven in the meanest joints of the Mother Lode country drinking, cursing and gambling with his fellow drivers.

Off the stage seat he was a "hell-roarer", a tough, boisterous follow-me type of guy who made friends and admirers quickly and easily. But at his job he was known for his reliability, calmness and coolness in the face of danger. Road agents avoided Parkhurst's regular runs like the plague after he killed one and wounded two others on a dangerous curve in the mountains. It was not uncommon for him to do a 48-hour stint behind the reins without help from a relief driver.

When asked how he could distinguish anything through clouds of wind whipped dust storms Charlie snapped: "I smell it! When I hear the wheels rattle I know I'm on hard dirt. When they don't I look to see where the road really is.

Being on time was Parkhurst's main fetish. To be late was a disgrace, a blight on his ability. Once when the swollen Tuolumne river threatened the main wooden bridge with tons of angry water, Charlie whipped his terrified team through the fast rising flood crunching and splintering the soaked cross boards that were washed away, but he got his coach across safely.

Finally, after nearly 30 years of piloting his cumbersome vehicles over perilous roads, Charlie Parkhurst began to feel the wear and tear of his arduous duties and retired. At his farewell party, testimonials to his excellent stage driving were many and gifts came to him from every part of the Mother Lode country.

Nearing death Parkhurst willed all his possessions to a widow and her daughter. While preparing the body for burial the two women were the first to discover the astounding fact that Parkhurst had so closely guarded during his lifetime - Charlie was a woman who had masqueraded as a tough, trigger-quick Westerner all that time without detection. •RW

Source: "The Quest For 'Mother Lode Gold" by Archie Marshall, N. Y. 1909; "Western Stage Drivers In The Gold Fields" by Gilbert Gallagher, San Francisco 1930.

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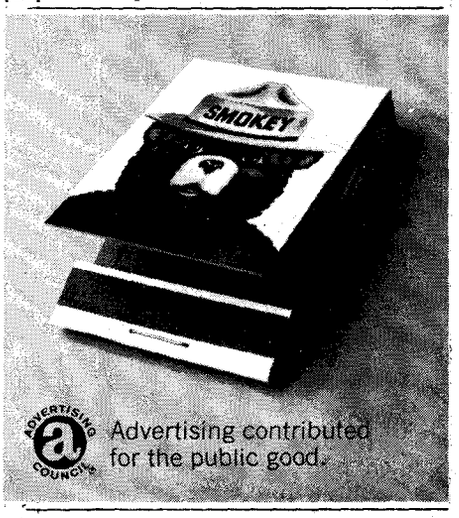

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BOX SUPPER RIOT

(continued from page 23)

turned. Some one stepped on the box and it broke apart. Slithering out, scared and shooting scent was a striped skunk.

Panic was going to take over. In the crowded auditorium people were going to get badly injured, maybe some fatally.

Turning to Charley and Elmer quickly I yelled, "Get to the windows and open them. It's the only chance now to keep somebody from being killed!"

The grownups must have all been panicked from the beginning, things happened so fast. But surely some one should have thought of the windows as a means of an emergency exit.

The entire outside wall of the auditorium consisted of two section windows set in adjoining frames all the way to the stage front. The panes were small but the half windows could be raised and lowered.

We shoved our way through the crowd. The noise remained deafening. Each of us took a window, threw the lock and raised the lower half which was four feet wide. The heavy screen on the outside was fastened by catches. They could be turned and the screen shoved out. Mostly we just kicked them out due to lack of time. By then the final panic had really started.

The children crouched against the inside wall under the windows in great fear were pushed through first. When we finished with about twenty I went to the women blocking the near door. Grabbing two by the arm they were led over and finally boosted out of the windows because they started resisting.

Others were brought near enough to see the openings into the clear, unfettered outside. They ran and were helped through. Charley and Elmer now turned to helping me get the mass of women turned away from the door. We sure shoved plenty of them through to safety outside in a couple of minutes.

A few men who were more sensible than the rest went to the other windows, raised them and started lifting people through. We opened three more windows and kicked out the screens.

By this time all the women and girls had turned from the far door, rushing for the windows. A few men there formed lines and got them outside.

So many women wheeled around from the near door that there was trouble holding them back.

One rushed up to me crying, "Oh, please save me! I have four little children at home. Save me!"

"Take it easy, lady," I said, "and maybe you won't scare yourself to death."

All the fighting had stopped. Many grown men were actually trying to beat women and children to the long string of opened windows. The press on the two doors ended and people could get through. Soon they streamed out of all openings. In less than ten minutes only six grown men, and Guinnes passed out drunk next to the stage, remained in the auditorium.

The dove and the snake were long gone. So was the skunk but he sure left a terrible smell behind.

We three boys wandered outside, finding that buggies, buckboards, wagons and saddled horses were disappearing fast into the moonlit night.

Going around to the back of the two story school house we checked quickly. Finding no one in sight we crawled through the wire fence into the cornfield. Reaching the purloined goodies we set to eating with a will for we were hungry.

After ten minutes Elmer said to Charley, "Want some of this chocolate pie? Best you ever tasted."

It was then we discovered that Charley had quit eating, sitting with a half-consumed turkey white meat sandwich in hand.

Elmer asked, "What's the matter?"

"You know something?" Charley began. "This grub don't taste near as good as I thought it would, before the riot started."

Of course the entire countryside discussed nothing but the box supper social riot for many weeks. Speculation was made as to who triggered the boxes but no one ever found out.

It was a long time before local people risked another box supper in Clarita. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

A personal experience. Charley Plummer and Elmer Ray are dead. I am sole survivor of that incident of sixty years ago.

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FORTS OF THE WEST

(continued from page 34)

Seminoles. The rest of the country was the vast territory that was the home of many other tribes.

There was no law in the area as is known today. The Indians were tried in their own tribal courts but these red courts held no jurisdiction over the white man. Into the wild territory swarmed riffraff, rascals and criminals from all over the United States. There they found sanctuary from prosecution since they could not be extradited. Conditions were chaotic and violent and substantial citizens, both red and white, called upon the government to take a hand.

It was then that the U.S. District Court for Western Arkansas was handed jurisdiction for the great untamed territory in what is now present-day Oklahoma.

Up until 1875 the court had no spectacular record. In fact one judge resigned when charged with bribery, fearing impeachment. On the whole the court was corrupt and held little power.

It was then that President Ulysses S. Grant appointed Isaac C. Parker as judge over the court. Parker, 38 was the youngest member of the Federal Judicial force but he was a brilliant lawyer and his legal background was solid. He was completely incorruptible and soon he gained the respect of all with whom he came in contact.

He held more power at one time than any other federal judge. His brand of justice was wholly impartial. Soon he came to be known as the "hanging judge", so many evil doers did he dispatch into eternity via the gallows. During his first fourteen years on the bench in the Western District of Arkansas no appeals from his decisions were possible. Of some 13,400 cases that came before him 12,000 were criminal.

He tried three hundred and forty men accused of major crimes during his tenure of office and one hundred and sixty were convicted. Parker sentenced seventy to the gallows. Because of the crowded docket in Parker's court trials began at 8:30 A.M. and court often lasted into the night. There were no recesses and the only holidays were Sunday and Christmas.

Crawford Goldsby the Indian murderer was sentenced to hang in Parker's court and dispatched into eternity at Fort Smith. The famous or infamous Henry Starr, the Oklahoma bank robber, was incarcerated in the Fort Smith prison. Belle Starr, the lady outlaw and her Indian husband, Sam Starr were convicted of horse theft there and sentenced to a house of correction in the east.

A large force of deputy U.S. Marshals hunted down criminals in the Territory and brought them to Parker to try. These marshals proudly called themselves "the men who rode for Parker". They foraged deep into the wild Indian country for lawbreakers and almost always rode into Fort Smith with their quarry. At times there were as many as 200 of these deputies riding over the vast area embraced by the court. Some 65 were killed and many wounded during the lifetime of the court.

Parker's hangman was George Maledon, called the "Prince of Hangmen" and he was almost as famous as the "hanging judge". He dropped into eternity sixty of the men Parker condemned to die.

But as time moved on and more and more of the Indian country was made available to the white settlers, the court of Parker's was less important, for with the coming of civilization to the region the settlers asked for their own courts. As each new court was established, Judge Parker's domain diminished.

At last near the turn of the century in September 1896 Judge Parker's famous court was dissolved. The Hanging Judge at 57 was old and worn. His hair and beard were snow white and lines etched his face. He died two months after the court closed. He had been on the bench in Arkansas for twenty grueling years. And so Judge Parker and the frontier passed on.

And so Fort Smith stands today as a monument to the turbulent area in the last century when the southwest was young and raw. In the heart of modern Fort Smith today it is hard to realize that less than a century ago it was on the wild frontier. It was authorized as a National Historic Site September 13, 1961 and is administered by the National Park Service, Department of the Interior. In its day it carried our flag westward and as an integral part of our history commemorates the westward movement. ●RW

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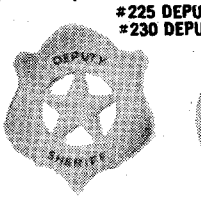

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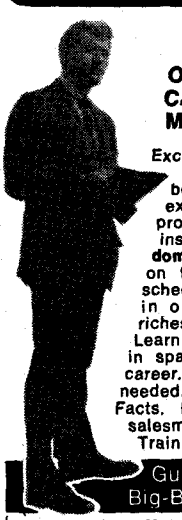

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DOUBLE HEADER HANGING

(continued from page 66)

ing as they came, now charged up the hill. Herold and Barnes turned and got out of there.

At about five o'clock that afternoon, Herold whipped his lathered and exhausted horse into El Paso and gasped out what had happened. Within minutes a ten man posse led by Deputy United States Marshal Bob Ross were racing back to the scene. A wagon and team followed to bring in Fusselman's body.

In the canyon there was only an unconcealed trail leading west to indicate which way the murderers had fled. Left behind in their haste when they decamped were eighteen horses, two cows, a calf, a whole beef, and a bucket of tortillas. Barnes took charge of these and the posse rode grimly on, following the sign until it reached the bosque. There everything ended. Constable Patterson sank his horse up to its belly in trying to cross a bog, and no one could find his way around it. There was nothing to do except quit the chase.

Both Herold and Barnes identified Geronimo Parra as Fusselman's slayer. He had fired his rifle twice, and brought the ranger to the ground. A manhunt began now that was to last for ten years.

When news of Fusselman's death reached the ranger camp near Marfa, Texas, Corporal John R. Hughes took the telegram to his commanding officer, Captain Frank Jones. The captain stood silent for awhile, then said, "Corporal, you've still got time to catch the El Paso train.

In El Paso Hughes swam his horse across the Rio Grande and picked the outlaw trail up in New Mexico on the other side of the bog. It proved to be a futile pursuit. In the sandy wastes the trails split up. Hughes followed one, and then the other, only to lose them all in the shifting sand. So he finally gave up too, and returned to Marfa for other assignments. He could wait a lifetime if necessary to bring Parra to justice.

Time went on and in 1893 several Texas Rangers moved into El Paso to take on the notorious Jesus-Maria Olguin family, a well-known band of cutthroats, murderers, and rustlers who for years had made the

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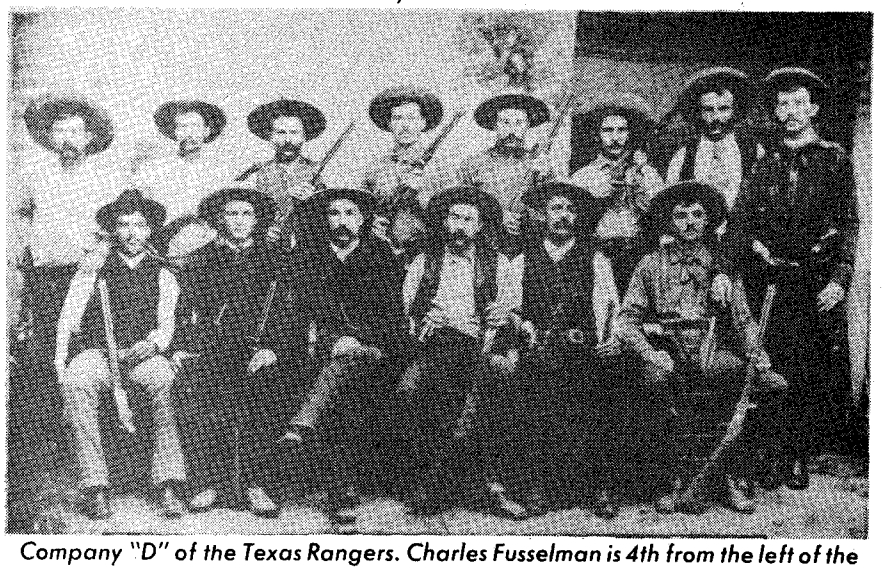
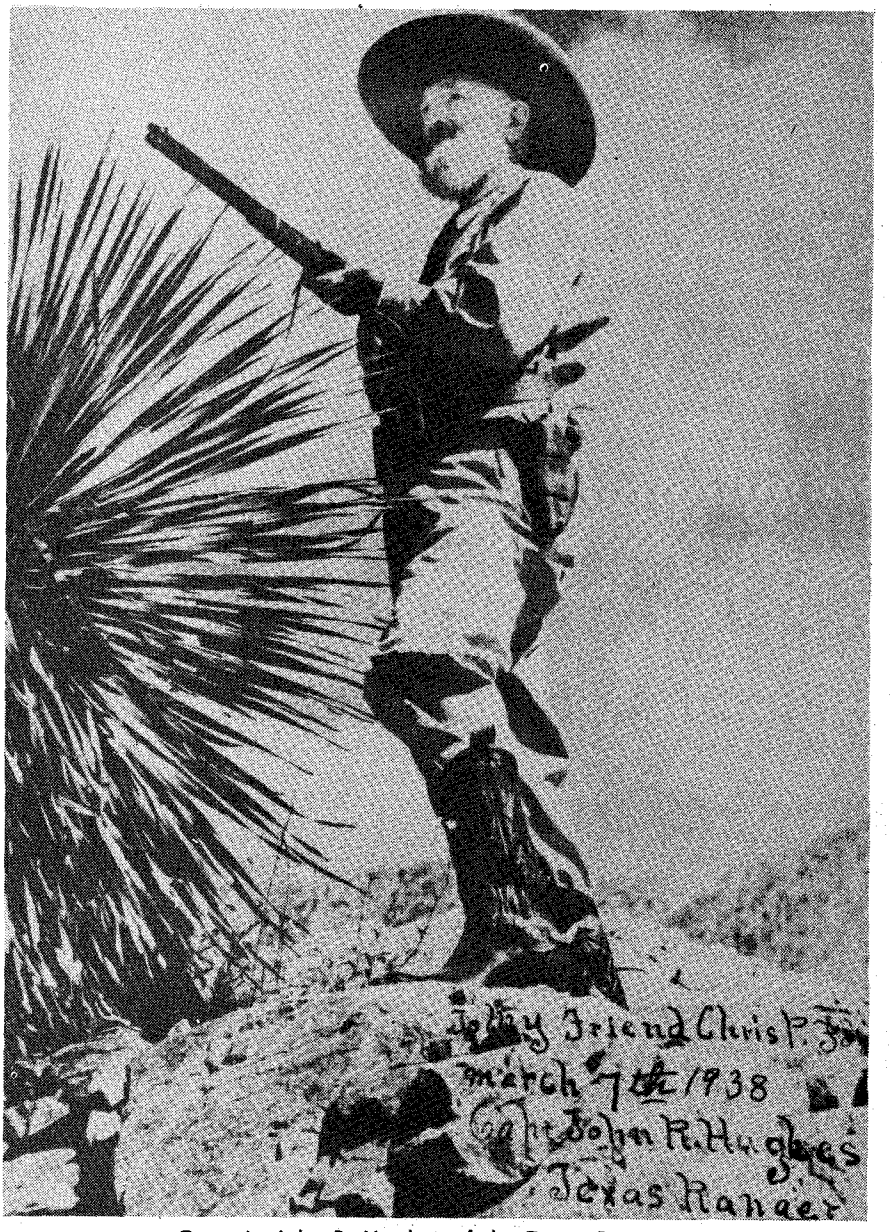


Company "D" of the Texas Rangers. Charles Fusselman is 4th from the left of the top row. Fusselman was killed trailing some rustlers near El Paso.

Chris Fox Collection, Univ. of Texas El Paso Archives



Captain John R. Hughes of the Texas Rangers

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lower *bosque*, known as the Island, an unsafe place for anyone. Frank Jones, El Paso Deputy Sheriff Ed Bryant, and four rangers moved onto the Island on June 29. Before long they were thoroughly lost, and Jones gave the order to turn back.

As they approached a tiny Mexican village, two men on horseback saw them and began to run. Jones and another ranger followed. The trail twisted around a sharp corner, and as the rangers raced past it they ran into heavy rifle fire from the settlement. Jones was shot in the thigh and neck. When questioned about his wounds by a buddy behind him, he replied "I'm shot all to pieces."

Before he died Jones told his men to take cover and escape anyway they could. So the lawmen worked their way out of the brush and finally made it back to town. On the following day Sheriff Simmons and a posse went back into the bosque to find Jones's body, but had no luck before enlisting the Mexican authorities who not only found it, but captured three of the outlaws too. They disappeared into the Juarez jail and no one knows yet what happened to them.

With the death of Jones, John R. Hughes took his place and became a captain. He was transferred to Ysleta, ten miles east of El Paso, where he once again began making inquiries about Parra. Before long he learned through Ben Williams, a deputy sheriff of Dona Ana Coun-

(continued on page 74)

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

joined the Maricopa with whom they ultimately merged. In 1883 there were only 36 of their members left.

Indies as slaves. Those left joined the Catawba. A census taken in 1715 listed only 22 men out of a total population of 40. The tribe spoke the Siouan dialect and was closely related to the Catawba. No word of this language has been preserved.

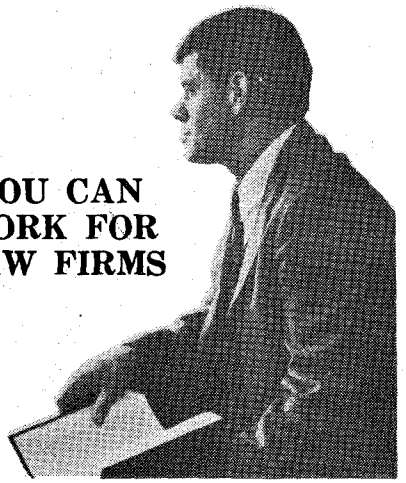
The Pohoy, Pooy or Posoy were connected with the Timucuan division of the Mushogean linguistic stock and were located on the South shore of Tampa Bay. This tribe first appeared under the name Ocita or Ucita as a "province" in the territory of which Hernando de Soto landed in 1539. On June 1st of that year, de Soto established his headquarters in the town of the head chief and marched inland on July 15th, leaving Captain Calderon and a hundred men to hold the town. At the end of November Captain Calderon and his men were called to join de Soto and the main army in the Apalachee country. An ensign named Cartaya called these Indians Pohoy or Pooy in his account of his expedition of the Southwest coast of Florida in 1612. Bishop Calderon spoke of the Poho or Pojoy river in 1675. A little before 1726, about 20 of the Pohoy tribe was placed in a mission called Sante Fe, a little south of St. Augustine. They had suffered from an epidemic and in 1728 those left were returned to their homes.

Other tribes who are few in number or vanished are the Saponi, who after leaving Fort Christanna, Virginia, settled among the Iroquois and were adopted into the Cayuga tribe in 1753. The Chowanoc of the Algonquian linguistic family, known to the Europeans as the Chowanoc, were a leading tribe in northeastern North Carolina in 1584 and 1585. They entered into a treaty with the English in 1663, by which they submitted to the English Crown, but this was violated in 1675. After a year of warfare they were confined to a reservation on Bennett's Creek, which was reduced to six square miles in 1707. They sided with the colonists in the Tuscarora War, and in 1723 a reservation of 53,000 acres was set aside for them. In 1733 they were given permission to incorporate with the Tuscarora. They had only 2 men and 3 women left of the tribe by 1755.

The Quahatika, also spelled Kohatk, belonged to the Piman division of the Uto Aztecan family and became a branch of the Pima tribe. The Yamel often spelled Yam Hill belonged to the northern division of the Kalapooian linguistic stock. There were only 5 of this tribe left by 1910.

The Fernandeno Indians, living in California, received their name from the San Fernando Mission which had over 5,000 persons in 1770. Today they are almost extinct, as are the Gabrielino Indians who received their name from the San Gabriel Mission and showed only 7 persons left, in 1910.

The Dihai-Kutchin of Alaska are almost extinct. The Han Indians had only 70 people left in 1740, and today are almost gone as a tribe. The Tennuth-Kutchin were wiped out as a tribe in 1870 by an epidemic of scarlet fever. There were only 5 members of the Vinia-Kutchin tribe in 1910. These are but a few of the many tribes who once lived here, but like the Massachuset, who gave their name to a state. ●RW



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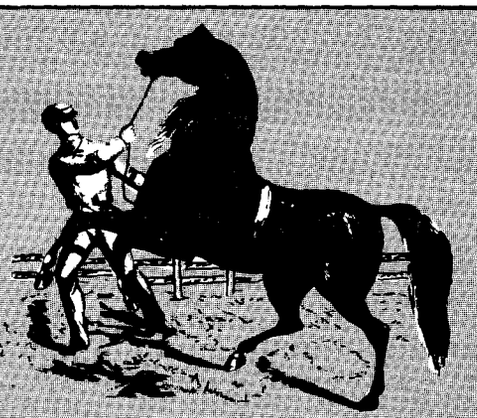
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



SECRETARY SCHURZ ON TOUR

Secretary Schurz last week visited Fort Hall Agency, Idaho, to consult with the Lemhi tribe of Indians relative to their removal to a new reservation. He will make a tour of inspection through the Yellowstone Park, visiting the Crow Reservation on its northern border. He will hold a council with the Crow Indians on the 28th inst., for the purpose of securing their consent to the ceding to the United States of that portion of their reservation which contains mineral lands. He will also go to Forts Custer and Keogh, and hold a conference with regard to the disposition of the 600 Sitting Bull prisoners at the latter place.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Aug. 28, 1880

INDIANS GROWING RESTLESS IN THE NORTHWEST

Reports from different parts of the Northwest represent many of the Indians as growing restless, and one or two small bands in open rebellion.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
August 28, 1880

137 HOSTILE SIOUX CAPTURED

One hundred and thirty-seven hostile Sioux Indians have been captured and brought into Fort Keogh.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 4, 1880

BUFFALO BILL DISBANDING HIS WILD WEST SHOW FOR THE SEASON

Buffalo Bill is about to disband his Wild West show for the Winter. The Indians will be taken back to their reservation; the horses, buffaloes, etc, to Washington, where they will be wintered. Colonel Cody will take a horseback tour through Mexico, and his partner, Mr. Salsbury, will rest in New York. They have had a very successful season.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 20, 1888

GOLD DISCOVERED ON CACHETOPA CREEK

A wonderful discovery of native gold is reported to have been made in Cachetopa Creek, Colorado; 4,000 people rushed to the locality within forty-eight hours after the first announcement.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 25, 1880

MORE SIOUX INDIANS SURRENDERING

Two hundred more Sioux Indians have surrendered at Fort Keogh. The general opinion at headquarters is that the remainder of the Indians, being tired of roaming about and fighting, will soon surrender, and that Sitting Bull will find himself without any following.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 25, 1880

SIOUX CHIEFS VISITING WASHINGTON

Over fifty Sioux Indian chiefs reached Washington last week. They will have an audience with the Committee on Indian Affairs relative to the opening of reservations. They demand 50 cents per acre in advance, or $1.25 per acre to be paid when the lands are sold.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 20, 1888

SIOUX SURRENDER TO GENERAL MILES

General Miles reports that 800 hostile Sioux have surrendered to him, and that 1,000 more are en route for the same purpose.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 4, 1880

SPOTTED TAIL HELPING GOVERNMENT

Spotted Tail is assisting Government officers at Rosebud Agency in suppressing the thievish operations of certain Indian marauders.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 4, 1880

HURRICANE AT BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS

Brownsville, Texas, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, is reported to have been nearly destroyed by the storm which prevailed along the Texas coast on the 12th and 13th instant, and that many lives were lost. The telegraph wires being down, no communication can be had with the stricken city.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 4, 1880

UTES RATIFY TREATY

Late dispatches state that nearly all the Southern Utes have ratified the new treaty, which was offered since Chief Ouray's death.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 18, 1880

MORMONS TO BE PROSECUTED IF POLYGAMY PRACTICED

It is announced that if the Mormon immigrants who are now on their way to this country shall attempt to practice polygamy in Utah, they will be prosecuted by the Government, having received warning by the circular sent abroad by Secretary Evarts that such practice is unlawful. This is all very well; but why not proceed also against the Mormons in Utah who already, and have for years, defied the law?

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Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 25, 1880

BOOMERS READYING IN KANSAS

The projected colonization of Oklahoma, Indian Territory, with 4,000 men, is taking shape at Topeka, Kansas.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 27, 1888

JOAQUIN MILLER ACCIDENTALLY SHOOTS HIMSELF

Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, accidentally shot himself in the hand while shooting quail near Oakland, California, one day last week. The wound is a painful one, but not necessarily dangerous unless lockjaw sets in, which is improbable.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 3, 1888

SIOUX REJECT PROPOSITION BY GOVERNMENT

The Sioux chiefs have rejected, by a large majority, the propositions made by the President through Secretary Vilas. They submitted a counter proposition agreeing to accept $1.25 per acre, the money to be paid at once. This proposition could not be entertained by the Government. This concludes all negotiations under the new law, which were opened by the appointment of the Sioux Commission, and the chiefs have returned to their reservations.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 3, 1888

B. B. BUCK INDICTED

The young Texas, B. B. Buck, who shot the son of Hon. John G. Thompson, at Highland Falls, near West Point, some weeks since, has been indicted, and will be tried in due time. The Dallas (Texas) Herald, of a recent date, says that Buck was always regarded as a young man of gentle manners, and is neither a braggart nor given to oaths. It adds: "If he has changed since he left this section, it must be due to something, perhaps contagious and peculiar to the atmosphere to which he has been transferred." It must be admitted that the West Point atmosphere has not seemed of late to be particularly favorable to the development of the gentler side of human nature, and it is certainly to be hoped that this young Texan may be able to show that his offense was the the outcome rather of sudden provocation than of a passionate and vicious temper. ●RW

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
July 17, 1880

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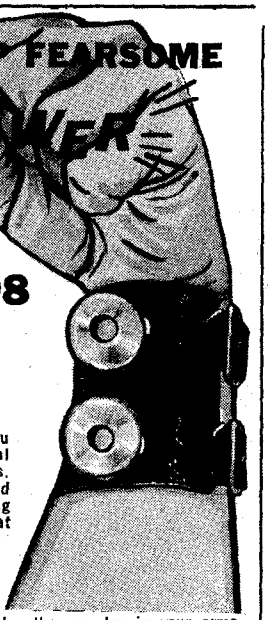

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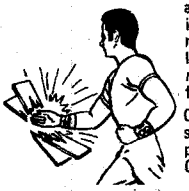

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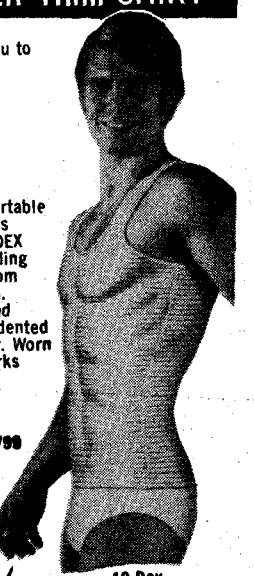

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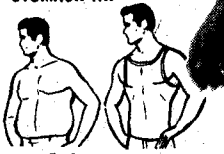

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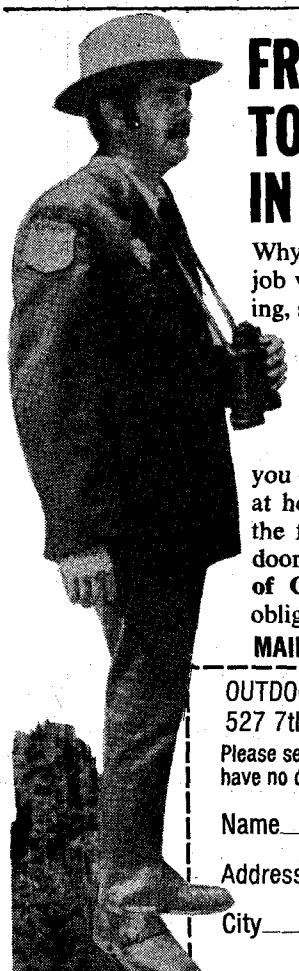

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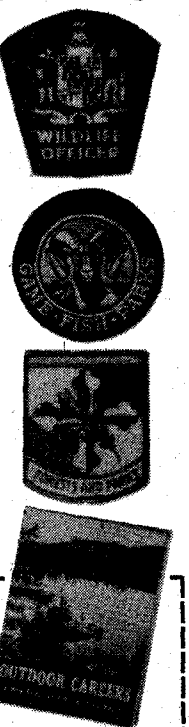

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DOUBLE HEADER HANGING

(continued from page 71)

ty, New Mexico, that Parra was serving a seven year term in the Territorial prison at Santa Fe. Beginning with the Governor of Texas, Hughes started extradition proceedings. Finally he got permission from the Governor of New Mexico to take him. The only trouble was that the warden wouldn't turn Parra loose.

Biding his time, Hughes was elated one day in 1899 when Pat Garrett walked into the Ysleta ranger camp. Pat was sheriff at Dona Ana County, famous for slaying Billy the Kid, and had a lot of pull in New MExico. "Pat," Hughes said, "I want a man who is in the Santa Fe Penitentiary. He killed one of our best men, and if anyone in New Mexico has enough influence to get him for me, it's you."

"John, you get me Pat Agnew who's at large somewhere in Texas, and I'll get you Parra," Garrett replied. They shook hands on the agreement, and Hughes began finding out just who in the world this Agnew was. He went to Big Bend and learned that his man was in Carrizo Springs. However, in Carrizo Springs, he found out that the fugitive had left for Pecos. In Pecos he heard that Agnew was down at the border again. And within days he was finally trapped, surrendered without a fight, and was delivered to Pat Garrett in El Paso.

Garrett got Parra out of the Santa Fe Penitentiary and turned the prisoner over to Hughes who immediately filed murder charges against him. Parra was sentenced to die, and placed in the same city jail cell as Antonio Flores.

On about 12:45 p.m. on January 6, 1900, jailor T. C. Lyons walked down the second story jail corridor and stopped before the cell of the condemned. "You ready boys?"

Flores was first and as he walked out of the cell, Lyons took his arm and pointed him toward the gallows at the end of the hall. As they stepped up to the trap door, two deputies began tying the prisoner's hands, and preparing to drop the black hood over his head. And then everything went wrong.

Antonio Flores jerked a crude dagger from beneath his shirt. Screaming curses in Spanish, he

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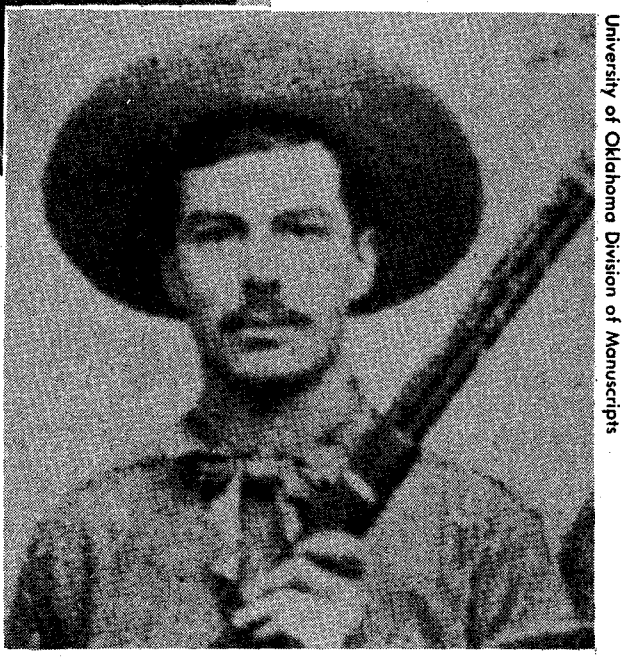
Capt. Frank Jones of the Rangers. He was killed on Cordova Island near El Paso in 1893.



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Charles Fusselman was killed by Geronimo Parra in the Franklin Mountains near El Paso. Parra was hanged for the killing.

plunged the weapon again and again into Deputy Ed Bryant's stomach. Bryant groaned and went down under the surprise assault.

As four police officers moved in and began to struggle with Flores, Parra got into the act. His cell door had carelessly been left open, and brandishing a knife, he rushed into the corridor. Policeman Christy was stabbed, and Deputy Ten Eych was wounded before he managed to throw Parra back into his cell and bolt the door.

The battle with Flores was now about over. His hands and feet were tied, the hood placed over his head, and the death sentence was hastily read. The noose was slipped tight about his neck and the lever pulled. Down went Flores, the only sound in the hushed corridor being that of heavy breathing and the grating clang of the steel trap door. Then, with Flores still kicking below, the sheriff brought Parra out and marched him to the gallows too.

Now, a short delay came to the proceedings. The people on the first floor were having trouble getting the rope off of Flores' neck. Finally they hauled the body back up like a sack of potatoes, stretched it out at Parra's feet, and went to work on the knot which had drawn so tightly. At this point Parra started getting nervous, and became even more so as the noose was untied, soaped, and slipped around his neck.

Asked if he had anything to say, Parra mumbled something in Spanish to the effect that he was dying unjustly. He also asked a pardon from those whom he had offended within the last few minutes. Then he too was executed.

All of the wounded officers recovered. Fusselman was avenged, and the mountain canyon where he died today bears his name. As for executions, these were the last ones to be carried out in El Paso county. After 1917 the state law was changed so that condemned persons were transferred to the Texas prison at Huntsville. ●**RW**

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STOCKTON GANG

(continued from page 42)

Durango citizens turned their sheriff out of office because of allowing the Stockton gang to come and go as they pleased. All had rewards on their heads. He was replaced by tough Barney Watson.

At noon, September 26, Ike and Bud Galbreth rode into Durango. After tying up, the two separated. Watson and his deputy, James J. Sullivan followed Galbreth and arrested him on a Texas warrant. He was wanted for murder, rape and livestock stealing at Meridan on charges six years old.

After jailing him Watson and Sullivan went after Ike on the New Mexico warrant charging him with the murder of Barker.

He was on the street again and when accosted, Ike was told that he was under arrest. Instead of surrendering he sprinted for a building on the corner of First and H streets. Then changing his mind, wheeled around and opened fire on the officers.

Watson and Sullivan fired together, bringing him down with a shot through the right thigh. Badly wounded, he was taken to a mining company hospital where two doctors declared that the leg must be amputated to save his life.

Ike refused to allow this until his own doctor in Animas City gave the same opinion. He was sent for. That night six doctors operated on Ike but he died early the next morning.

●RW

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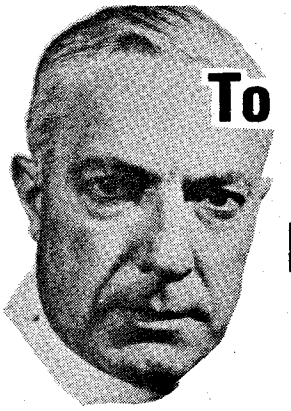
An Important Message

To Every Man and Woman

In America

Losing His or Her Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. M., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
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OLD CALICO

(continued from page 63)

3,500. Aside from the well-known "shady ladies" high-graders, claim jumpers, and gamblers, men of character also made fortunes in Calico who later became well-known leaders. Among them were two California Governors: Colonel H. H. Markham, Robert Waterman, who later discovered the Waterman Mine near Barstow, and Lieutenant Governor, John M. Daggett.

As the boom years passed, probably many of the town's inhabitants never gave a thought to silver ore heading them toward becoming a ghost town. But in 1887, when the price of silver dropped from $1.31 an ounce to $.63 an ounce, mines began closing down, and one by one people began disappearing. Hank's Hotel closed its doors, Madam De Lill's saloon and Denver Dotty's establishment along with the other ones moved on to better pickings. The Blacksmith, with his family, moved on to a "bigger'n ever" strike elsewhere.

But, during Calico's fifteen years of hard work and lusty living, its mines: the Silver King, the Waterloo, Bismark, Runover, Red Jacket, Odessa, Occidental and Oriental produced 86 million dollars in high-grade silver.

By 1896 Calico was deserted, and as the desert has always done, it again took over, its sagebrush covering the scars left by pick and shovel.

Fortunately for Western mining buffs, Walter Knott, and his wife, Cordelia, left their home in Pomona and moved to a homestead ranch just beyond Barstow. Walter's heart was set on farming, and he worked with determination, but the land failed to produce. Those years were hard ones and, in Cordelia's words, "All we raised were children. When they ran out of beans, Walter, who had once worked, took a job at a rejuvenated mine near Calico.

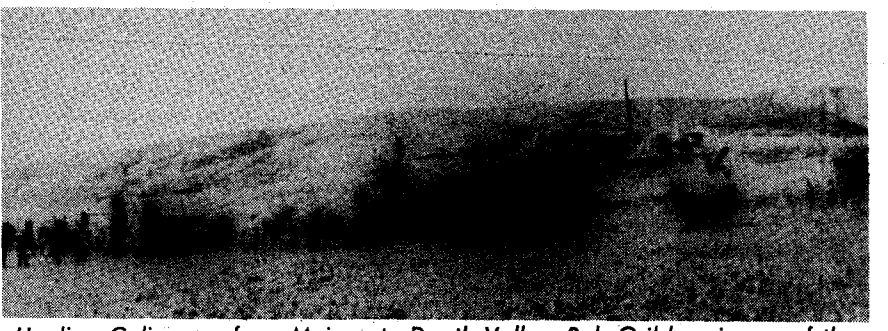
At night as he lay under the stars, he recalled the story of his uncle, John C. King, who had grubstaked the three prospectors who made the strike at Calico. In imagination, he recreated the life as it was during Calico's boomdays. Dared he dream of ever owning it.

In 1950 Walter Knott, with his family, bought the remains of the old town and began restoring Calico which had played an important role in the development of the West.

The people of Calico's boom days are long gone, but the spirit of its early day glory can still be relived in the restored town, nestling in the Gulch, surrounded by the colorful Calico Mountains. The old ore dumps, tailing piles, hundreds of shafts and mine tunnels are still there, as are miles of honeycombed underground workings cut through solid rock. The old graveyard half a mile down the road with many interesting epitaphs on its old board and stone monuments tell the stories of some of the old-timers once living in Calico.

From photo collection of the author

John A. Delameter and his wife were early residents of Calico. Delameter owned a 20-mule team freight line.



From photo collection of the author

Hauling Calico ore from Mojave to Death Valley. Bob Gribben is one of the teamsters. John A. Delameter is shown by the arrow. (From a rare photo in the author's collection).

Western buffs who enjoy visiting the old towns of the past will find many things of interest at this once fabulous silver town of Calico. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Letter from Mrs. Walter Alf, Daggett,
Romantic Heritage of the Mojave River Valley,
Info. from brochure by Walter Knott, and my many visits and talks with Old-timers around Calico.

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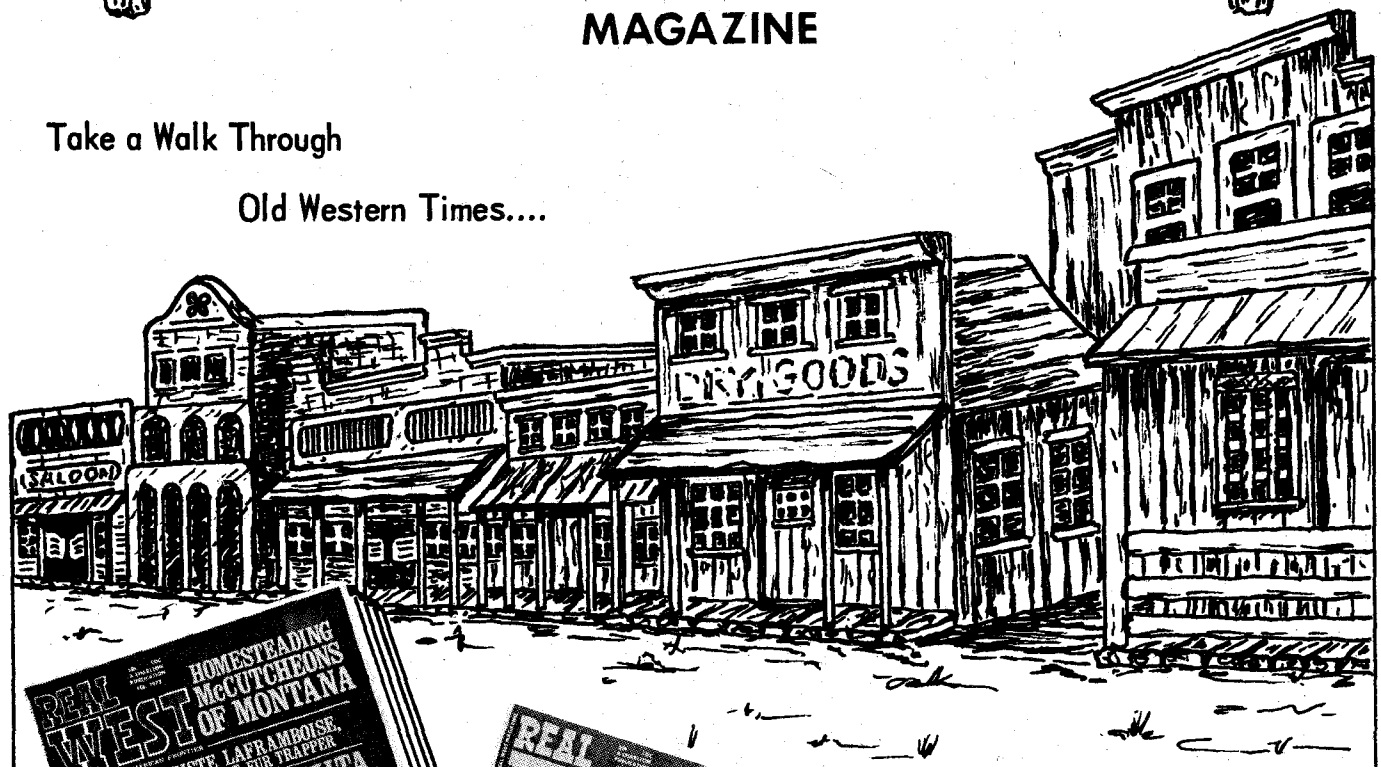
Take a Walk Through

Old Western Times....



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HOUSE OF TERROR

(continued from page 18)

At the completion of the hand-linked group, knocks were heard in the room. The table rose a foot from the floor and swung about. Cushions from the sofas flew in all directions and books leaped from the library shelves with the six humans present being slapped by invisible hands or kicked by unseen feet while the doorbell rang violently and steadily.

It was easy to see now why a procession of live-in cooks and housemaids had come and gone thought Rhodes. Manrow had previously told him that his pet dog Cedric and cat Macbeth immediately sensed fear, and overcome with dread refused to remain inside while his two parrots and canary had their lives mysteriously snuffed out in their cages by having their necks rung.

A book came out of nowhere and struck one of the women. Paul picked it up and placed in on the still moving table, but it flew open. He flipped it shut only to have it come open again. The open page was found later to contain the only biblical quotation in the entire book which was a collection of travel sketches. It read: "Cannot ye discern the sign of the times!"

By using the alphabet as a guide they struck up a slow conversation with one of the active spirits. The men insisted it was the ghost of James King, but is soon indentified itself as a native crone called Capitana who Mrs. Manrow's sister had known years before in Hawaii. The group then asked Capitana to endorse her statement with a physical appearance. Suddenly the side window shook violently and the bush outside moved rapidly before a faint, old female form materialized itself, and then began fading quickly away.

Rhodes looked over at his friend Paul and saw that his eyes were wide and terrified. From somewhere inside of him Rhodes found some threads of courage and common sense to reason that this whole unnatural episode actually happened and that it was not just a figment of an overworked and frenzied brain. He hadn't given way to superstitious panic, but what had happened was marrow-chilling to say the least.

But the real shocker lost no time in making its unannounced appearance. The shaken lawyer felt a numbing, paralyzing cold sweep over him as though the freezing winds from off the San Francisco bay had suddenly enveloped him and were gradually turning him to ice. He gasped as he saw a gray shape slowly rising outside the window. The morbid fascination of this gargoyle apparition glued him to his seat, and it came in a wavering motion into the house toward the frightened group causing the circle to break in fearful confusion at its rapid approach. When all the others had scattered away from him in hasty, noisy departure from the library it left Rhodes with a horrible apprehension because he couldn't make his limbs function in the normal manner and escape with the rest. He watched with dismay as the "Thing" undulated toward him and then veered at the last moment, dissolving its disembodied shell into nothingness against the far wall.

In faint-hearted cowardice which he admitted later in his privately printed pamphlet "on the Manrow House" Rhodes shook with fright and his muscles twitched uncontrollably for some time as he straightened out of his protective crouch on the chair. He wondered how people could still retain their sanity after seeing creatures as hideous and repulsive as this last one.

In a few minutes the rest of the members of the seance returned somewhat reluctantly, sheepish at their lack of courage, but glad he was not injured in any way. Pulling themselves together, they sat down again and pleaded with the spirits to be kinder and more peaceful in their operations. As though the benign ghosts had been standing by attentively awaiting such an appeal, soft hands immediately caressed and patted their cheeks.

These hands then took substance and Rhodes counted as many as twelve above Mrs. Manrow's head. Thus ended the two Vigilante's first confrontation with the supernatural.

Rhodes and Paul returned to the house the next evening and the one following for repeat performances which happened with only slight variations from the original seance. Both men discovered that lively action could commence anytime with or without a circle of human hands, but that the joining of them produced quicker results. The duo insisted afterwards that they found no premeditated fakery or prepared trickery of any kind.

For many months more the spirits constantly persecuted the Manrows. Flower pots continued to be hurled regularly against the walls smashing them to bits, containers holding water and other liquids weren't allowed to stay upright long, and at various times live goldfish were scooped out of small glass aquariums and tossed about on the floor like confetti.

The Colonel avoided the kitchen like a plague. On one of his entries the unseen forces launched a heavy meat cleaver that whizzed past his head and imbedded itself deeply into the wall within inches of the terrified owner. Razorsharp cutlery knives thrown with the deadly accuracy of a professional carnival expert followed the first onslaught against him, and though none it seemed were meant to hit the Colonel, a few shaved him close enough without injury to raise his blood pressure quite a few points.

The ex-army man confided to Rhodes one day with a great burst of emotion. "By the Lord Harry it's a miracle that my hair isn't snow white by now. But I'd rather be shot than scared to death!" Gradually however the spirits withdrew themselves from the Manrows and bothered them no more. But until the house was torn down in 1919 to make room for the latest in apartment houses, the dwelling on Russian Hill was always referred to by elderly San Franciscans as "The House of Deomons!" ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: This Is San Francisco by Greg Falconer, Chicago, 1921

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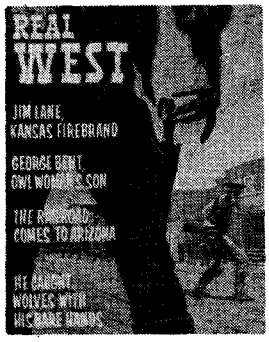
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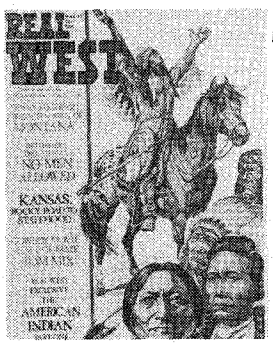
George Bent, Owl Woman's Son

The Railroad Comes To Arizona

He Caught Wolves With His Bare Hands



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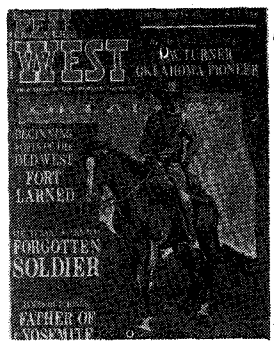
Cowboy Movie Hall Of Fame--Tom Mix



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James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

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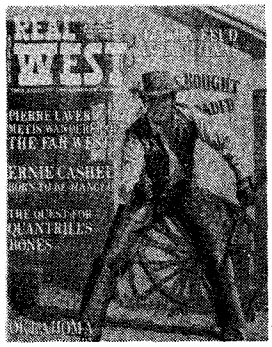

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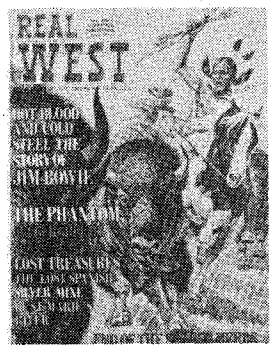

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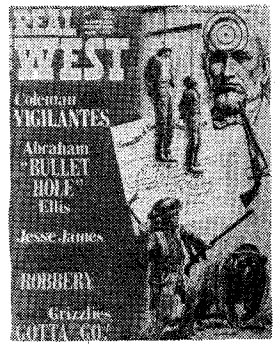

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Abraham "Bullet-hole" Ellis

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The Grizzlies Gotta Go

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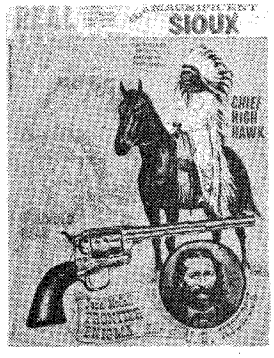

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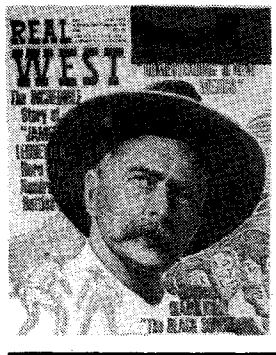

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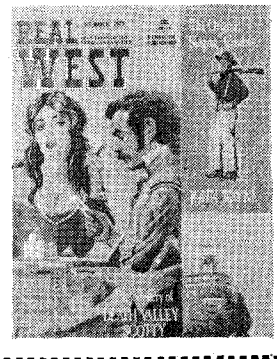

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DESERTER ISLAND

(continued from page 56)

all canoes to ashes.

The farce was not ended for, critically short of supplies, Capt. Wellesley announced that the *Daedalus* had to depart for San Francisco, and cavalierly dumped Gov. Blanshard at the fort, thence to return to Victoria through his own efforts. And with that, HMS *Daedalus* sailed northward, intending to round the Island for the open Pacific. But not before a final skirmish ended ignominiously, with an officer and two seamen being wounded in a brief exchange of cannon and musket fire when the hungry man-of-war was forced to disengage and continue on to California.

On Nov. 18, 1850, a month after the Fort Rupert debacle, Blanshard submitted his resignation to the colonial office. Stung by what amounted to little more than a "paper" post, he continued to perform his duties as he saw them until his resignation was accepted. Then he left the colony forever. It was a sad end to a gallant attempt at filling an impossible office. But it was not to be the end of the tragedy at Rupert.

This final, bloody scene was enacted the following summer when HMS *Daphnae,* Capt. Fanshawe commanding, brought white man's justice to northern Vancouver Island with a vengeance. With the loss of their first village, the Nahwitties had invested great effort and ingenuity in building a formidable fortress on an island in Bull Harbor.

Chief Factor James Douglas touched upon the "battle" in a letter in August, saying that the tribesmen "have been rather severely handled by a boat party of 60 men and officers (under Lieut. Lacy) from the *Daphnae,* who surprised their village and carried it by assault, in the midst of a severe fire from the natives — with very trifling loss, say two men slightly wounded, who have since recovered."

Douglas described the camp as having been "very strong, and protected with stockades, which they thought impregnable, and were consequently rather surprised when they saw it carried by a body of white faces..."

When the bluejackets had swarmed over the walls, they again found the occupants had slipped away, leaving only their dead — including old Chief Nancy — and wounded. As before, the navy fired all homes, canoes and food stores. Concluded Douglas: "They have sustained a very severe loss. The tribe is now completely dispersed and are reported to be somewhere on the west side of the Island."

Still Her Majesty's law had not been satisfied, for the actual murderers of the three deserters had not been captured and Blanshard, who had accompanied the *Daphnae* on the raid, posted a reward for their arrest. As it turned out, the Nahwitties had had enough and, dispersed and disheartened by the navy's justice, ordered the wanted men to surrender themselves. When the fugitives naturally objected to this, two were slain, the third making his escape. To make up the necessary number, a slave was killed and the bodies taken to Fort Rupert.

Concluded Douglas in another letter: "The mangled remains of the criminals were taken to Fort Rupert, and after being identified by the chiefs of the Quakiolth tribe, were interred near the Fort, so that there is no doubt as to their having met the fate they so justly deserved."

Her Majesty's Navy would find it necessary to call at the northern outpost again in future years, answering native recalcitrance with cannon fire, but, officially, the case of the Fort Rupert murders and the naming of the Deserter Islands was closed.

One, however, did not forget Gov. Richard Blanshard. Having already submitted his resignation, embittered by the ineffectual role to which he had been assigned, and, quite likely, saddened by his part in the Rupert incident, he complained of Magistrate Helmcken's competency. Although he had appointed the doctor himself, Blanshard regretted his choice in dispatches to the colonial office, saying that Helmcken had not fulfilled the office with impartiality, having instead acted at all times in the interests of his employer, the Hudson's Bay Co. This state of affairs, Blanshard charged, in effect made an HBC employee "judge in (his) own case ... " as most of the legal problems which arose were those between the company and Indians.

And with that, Fort Rupert's tragedy became history. ●**RW**

H.M. STANLEY AND THE OLD WEST

(continued from page 61)

SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY, after an extremely adventurous life, had the curtain lowered on him at six o'clock, May 5, 1904, with his loving wife at his side. His last word, *"Enough!"*

One thing remains yet to be said. And history has the last words. It was Stanley's wish that he be interred in Westminster Abbey by the side of the missionary he'd found in Dark Africa. This did not occur. The Rev. Joseph Armitage Robinson, Dean of Westminster Abbey, refused. Funeral services were held in the Abbey and interment was in the village churchyard of Pirbright, Surrey. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY, edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley; Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, copyright Dorothy Stanley, 1909.

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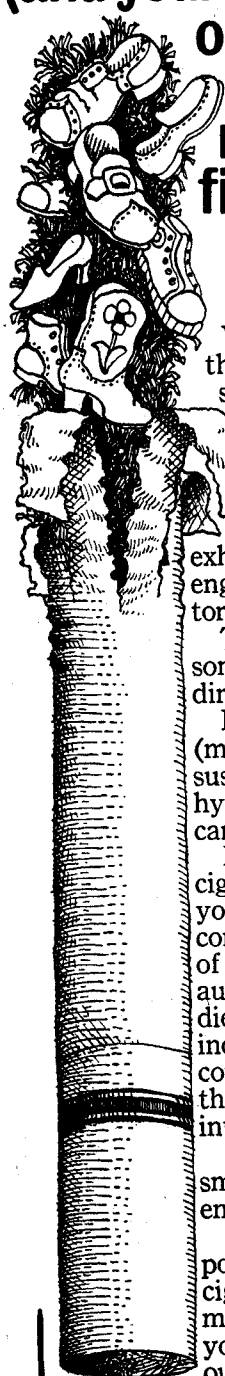
If you're going to gripe about the quality of the air you breathe,

at least take your cigarette (and your foot) out of your mouth first.



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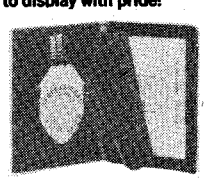

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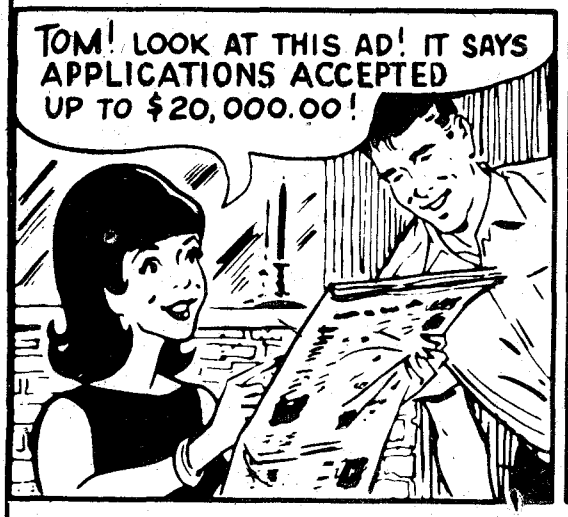

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her –out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

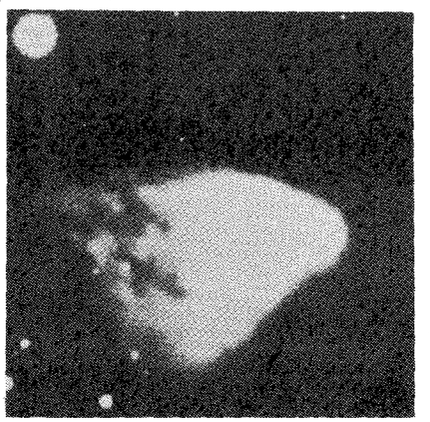
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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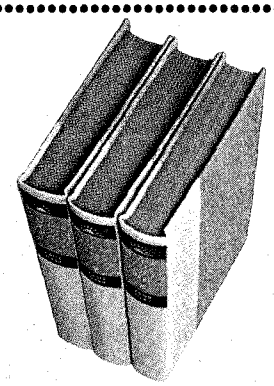

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